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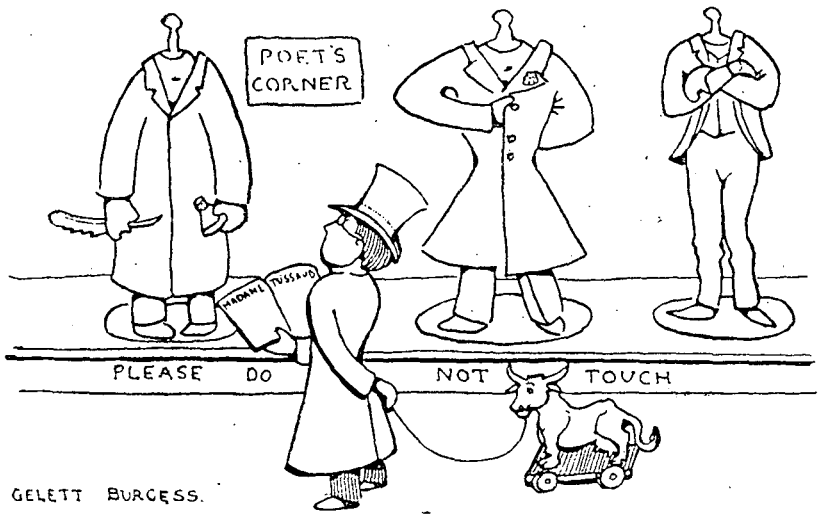
CHRONICLE AND COMMENT



Mr. Gelett Burgess, who continues to astonish the natives in what he calls the "little burg of London" (all on account of that Purple Cow) has contributed some "impressions, oppressions, depressions, or what you will" to our English contemporary, a few samples of which we have transplanted, with two of his whimsical drawings, to keep his memory green among us. At the time of writing he had been in London three weeks and had met only seven literary Londoners, and was beginning to have a suspicion that his Guide Book and Map had been edited by some "Old Subscriber." Quoting Stevenson to the effect that "Sight-seeing is the art of disappointment," he goes on to say that the shops and galleries of Little Literary London hold many illusions. "I came to see demi-gods and heroes, and was escorted, trembling, into a sort of Madame Tussaud's, where the figures, whose photographs I had seen, bulged awkwardly with stuffing. I want no more of the men and women who did, for the cream of the exhibit live, like Chatterton, in fifth-story attics, and *shall* do. I have seen more than enough, too, of good Americans gone wrong,—too long resident here to know that their native country has overtaken their memories and theories. I was also, I confess, somewhat disappointed in the London woman-who-writes. She is ubiquitous in America, where every little school-girl contributes to the magazines. It is more serious work here, for one must have a certain amount of grammar and rhetoric at one's fingers' ends, which would sadly endanger the blithe carelessness of feminine diction in the United States. But how-

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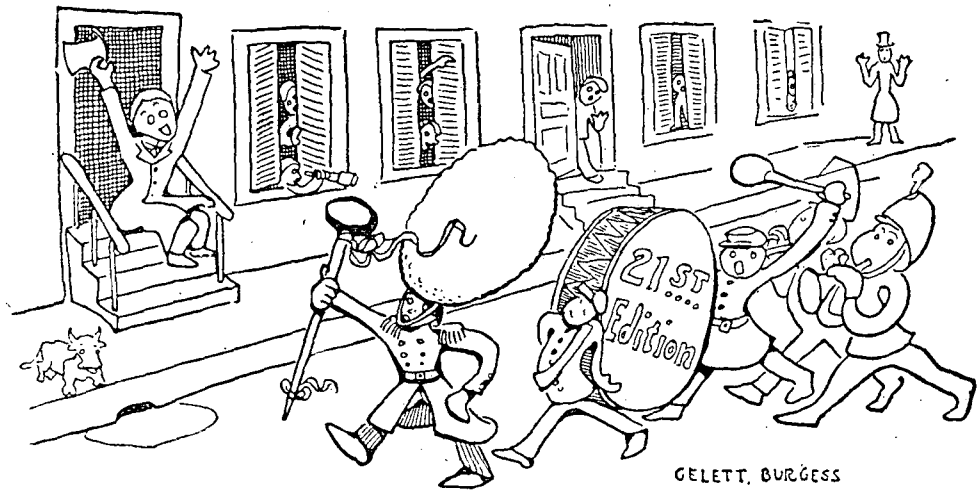

ever one may generalise about men, to attempt to adapt that process to women is madness, for the same reasoning that seems to prove them all different, can be made to prove them all alike. Yet, if I remember rightly, there was more than one who cast down her eyes in delicious confusion, and murmured, '*Dear* Burne-Jones!'

"I turn to page 67 of my *Guide to Literary London*, and I read: '*There are bigger bounders on Fleet Street than Marie Corelli.*' Which brings me to the latest catch-word in this marvellous townlet. Marie Corelli! I have heard so much in her dispraise, that I am altogether predisposed in her favour, and at another word I shall determine to read one of her books. It is not always well to read the books of the figures you expect to meet at this Literary Madame Tussaud's, but I am much mistaken if she would not bear the test as well as some others, and I have the singular advantage of being in no way prejudiced in her despite because she sells enormous editions. I doubt if she needs a defender, but in this open letter I offer her my blade. There are other names, whose prominence offends the elect as the refrain of a popular song annoys the musician, and they make an ostentatious to-do about the literary barrel-organs that grind out penny praises. I am of the newer cult myself, whose pose is to affect barrel-organs, and cheap discords genuinely rendered amuse me. And so Hall Caine, with all the impudence of a youthful tourist, I cheer from the doorstep, while the procession of your sandwich-men goes by through the streets of Little Literary London to the suburbs of Notoriety where high prices prevail, and the more heartily for the glory of your drum-major, and the fact that, behind the shutters of the Sour Grapes Inn, I see an hundred eyes peep forth at your triumph, slanging the show with the *argot* of the sixpenny review.

"But I must quell my enthusiasms for the spectacles of the town. Try as I may, once having been indulged with a visit behind the scenes, I cannot take the performance seriously, and so I repay my old victimisation in kind. I am not here, after all, to amuse, but to be amused, and I will not be outdone in impertinence. Literature is dead in London, and I am not afraid of ghosts."

Some animadversions resulting from the successful issue of the Goncourt Academy and the failure of a proposed English Academy of Letters have stimulated the suggestion that if any millionaire is generously inclined to cherish literature, the income might be appropriated very wisely in two opposite directions. Part should go to reward authors like George Meredith and Israel Zangwill for having written; the rest should be used to induce Marie Corelli, Hall Caine and Company not to write. N. B.—The trustees would have to be good men of business.

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Mr. Hall Caine's picture of clerical life in *The Christian* can scarcely claim the merit of sobriety or accuracy; but he has scored rather neatly off the Archdeacon of London, who ventured to assert, within the sacred limits of the island itself, that no such worldly and vulgar archdeacon as Mr. Caine's Canon Wealthy had existed or could exist in London. To which Mr. Caine replies that he had some difficulty in preventing a London newspaper from declaring publicly, "and of course erroneously," that Canon Wealthy was a portrait—or a caricature—of Archdeacon Sinclair himself!

We understand that in all probability Mr. Hall Caine's next novel will be published in parts. This is the old method of Dickens, Thackeray, and Trollope, and is, of course, profitable, although the sacrifice involved in giving up the serial rights in England and America is very considerable. The title thought of at present for the story is, we believe, *The Drunkard*. Mr. Caine arrived in New York on September 11. He is here to superintend the production of his dramatised *Christian*, in which Viola Allen is to star as Glory Quayle.

Mr. Anthony Hope has just finished a novel which is devoted to a very delicate and penetrating study of Disraeli. It is a new development in the novelist's career and will be anticipated with great interest.

Professor George Adam Smith has made good progress with his life of Professor Drummond. The biography will be ready before Christmas and will be sold at a popular price.

Few books have met during the last few years with the unanimous praise which Mr. Joseph Conrad's *The Children of the Sea* has elicited. One of the last notices we have read appeared in the *Criterion* the other day. Clark Russell's purple velvet storms and Pierre Loti's pale sentimentalism are contrasted with the honest briny fiction of Captain Marryatt and Mr. Conrad's "grim and rattling story of the sea." The storm in *The Children of the Sea* is "one of the finest storms in literature." Again "Mr. Conrad's fascinating book of sailormen and the sea" contains "two hundred and eighteen pages, and only one dull one—and that's the blank fly-leaf." Better still is the compliment implied in the comparison with Herman Melville, "the great realist of seafaring life." "Here you find the same direct observation. The realism is that of *Typee*. There is the same sympathetic knowledge of foc's'le Jack, and withal the story is told in pike-pointed words that Melville himself would have approved." The writer's enthusiasm for Melville—his *Omoo* and *Typee* especially, stories of the South Seas—is well placed. "I should like to see them reprinted," he says. But when he adds: "The last edition, I believe, is that of 1850—and it was published in London," he is mistaken. There was an American edition published in 1892 with a frontispiece portrait of the author, and a biographical and appreciative introduction by Arthur Stedman prefaced to the volume containing *Typee*. This edition was again reissued in a cheap paper-covered form two summers ago by the American Publishers' Corporation, from whom we presume copies may still be obtained. The neglect, we fear, does not lie so much with the publisher as with a fickle and capricious public. That Melville's strong, realistic tales of the sea should now be almost forgotten is one of the strange anomalies that occasionally happen to books that have every reason to be long remembered.

Miss Virginia Woodward Cloud, whose verse is familiar to readers of THE BOOKMAN, has a volume of ballads, told in the spirit of Cowper and Goldsmith, called *Down Durley Lane*, coming out this month. Miss Cloud has caught successfully the gallop and swing of the quaint old-time ballad, and the merry folk who dance and pipe "down Durley Lane" will appeal to the enthusiasm of youth and to lovers of fun by their contagious merriment and eager zest in the hey-day of living. The Century Company has made a beautiful book of *Down Durley Lane* by embellishing the ballads with a series of delightful pictures by Reginald Birch, who has given a spirited interpre-

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tation to the refreshing humour of the ballads. Miss Cloud is to be congratulated on the success of her illustrator; Mr. Birch's creation of character is as genuine and original as that of the verses from which he derived his inspiration. Nothing more remarkable has ever been done by this artist in pen and ink, and these charming drawings bring him nearer, perhaps, to the work of Hugh

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Thomson than that of any other in this field. We reproduce through the courtesy of the publisher Mr. Birch's frontispiece, which contains a gallery of all the figures who pass down Durley Lane.

A literary incident of exceeding interest is recalled by the present agitation for an Anglo-American alliance, and illustrates the view not only of intelligent Englishmen, but of cultured Englishmen generally, who have made the history of Federal government a special subject of investigation. Nearly forty years ago Professor Edward A. Freeman of Oxford University planned an extensive survey of the history of Federal government, covering the subject from the early Achaian League down to the then latest development in the United States of America. The first volume appeared in 1863, and has, for a long time, been unobtainable. We know of a student interested in the subject who recently searched in vain for a copy of Professor Freeman's book and who was informed that the only way in which he might obtain one was to get hold of an author's presentation copy. This he succeeded in doing and we are permitted to reproduce the title-page, which tells its own story. The book was suppressed when the issue of the war overturned Professor Freeman's rash conclusions, and during his lifetime it was never republished. Since his death, however, an edition has been published by the Macmillan Company, the title-page of which was reconstructed and, as might be expected, the words "Disruption of the United States" do not appear.

From the Author

HISTORY

OF

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT,

FROM THE

FOUNDATION OF THE ACHAIAN LEAGUE

TO THE

DISRUPTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY

EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A.

LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD.

VOLUME I

GENERAL INTRODUCTION—HISTORY OF THE GREEK FEDERATIONS

"Could the interior structure and regular operation of the Achaian League be ascertained, it is probable that more light might be thrown by it on the science of Federal Government, than by any of the like experiments with which we are acquainted" THE FEDERALIST, No. XVIII.

MACMILLAN AND CO

London and Cambridge

1863.

The Memoir of Bismarck, by Dr. Moritz Busch, will be published immediately by the Macmillan Company. These secret pages of the great chancellor's history were written by Dr. Busch during twenty-five years' intercourse with him. They throw a flood of light on many vexed questions of European politics during the past sixty years. Some years ago it was rumoured that Bismarck had sent his personal memoirs to England with the view to their publication without restriction after his death. It has been hinted with some reason that Dr. Busch's memoirs are those to which this rumour

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referred. It seems that there may be some truth in the rumour if we may believe the statement that great excitement and consternation has been caused in high places in Germany by the approaching publication in England and America of Dr. Busch's *Memoir*. Dr. Busch's intimate familiar relations with Bismarck and the Chancellor's almost reckless freedom of speech have given us what are probably the most important secret political memoirs of the century. The volumes will contain some interesting photogravure portraits of Bismarck, and other illustrations.

It is still rather early in the day to sift the mass of post-mortem fiddle-faddle that has accumulated since the death of Mr. Gladstone, but it is a pity that the few really good things should be neglected on account of the company they keep. As a great man draws near his end, the copy-makers, big and little, prime themselves, and when the end comes there is straightway such a blast of obituary heroics that his memory is almost staled before his poor old bones are decently interred. This has been the case with Mr. Gladstone, and it would have been the case with Prince Bismarck if the latter had not had a complexity or perversity which somehow has defied the vulgarisers. Of the few really good things which have been written about Mr. Gladstone, the best, it seems to us, are contained in an article contributed by an American, Mr. Norman Hapgood, to the July *Contemporary*. Mr. Hapgood has a very clear perception of Mr. Gladstone's limitations, and while he shows delicacy and dignity in pointing out these limitations, he insists on maintaining his critical independence even on the mourners' bench. He does not carry the *nil nisi bonum* principle to the point at which discrimination leaves off and deification begins. And this is right, for the *manes* of the departed are really not comforted a whit by the abrogation of our common-sense. We can judge the great man who has just died quite as fairly as the great man who has been mouldering these hundred years, if we will only divest him of all death-bed glamour and divest ourselves of the enthusiasm of imitative woe. Death does damage enough without compelling the survivors to lie about the deceased. Nor need we regard every dead great man from the point of view of a widow speaking for publication. Mr. Hapgood is fair-minded, but he is quite free from mortuary gush.

There is another quality in this article of Mr. Hapgood's which is as rare as it is delightful. This is its air of ease and certainty, its freedom from any appearance of knowledge hastily scraped together for purposes of immediate display. He seems to be a critic by nature and breeding rather than a critic by pose; and he is not in the least afraid of his own thoughts. His knowledge of the subject has been with him for some time and he is on good terms with it. That Gladstone's greatness was a matter of quantity rather than of quality; that he lacked a sense of proportion and dragged all sorts of little things before a stupendous moral tribunal; that he had no subtlety in his composition, no appreciation of form and expression, and little sense of humour, are all things which have been vaguely felt by many, but which have rarely been so well put, and never so convincingly supported by instances and illustration. In this article Gladstone appears as the spokesman of the commonplace and as the hero of educated and ethical mediocrity, but above all as a sort of personified energy of the masses, and it is in this last capacity that Mr. Hapgood sees his greatness, for his activity was irresistible, and the simplicity and sincerity of it all without a shadow of suspicion. He was a great, crude force, and it is as a force that he will be remembered, for in spite of his reputed scholarship and eloquence, he was but imperfectly articulate, and in spite of his reputed many-sidedness he had no mastery in the domain of things morally indifferent. In literature surely it will be admitted that of the material afforded by his experience even a moderate talent would have made a better use.

Speaking of the use which talent makes of literary material, we shall watch curiously for the effects upon our writers of the war. The material is there and plenty of it,—dramatic, pathetic, heroic and humorous,—but who are the men to work it? Those with reputations already made

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will doubtless try their hand at it, and scenes will be laid at Santiago and Manila. Considerable literary use will be made of solid shot and rapid fire guns, and Spanish cruisers will "poke their noses," as the newspapers say, into a great many pages, but unfortunately this part is mere stage business. It is doubtful if any of our literary veterans will catch the real spirit of the thing, the fineness of it, the pity of it, the absurdity of it. It would take a genius to do that, and while our known writers are skillful enough in their way, each seems so limited to his particular field that it is hard to fancy his doing very much out of it. Just now the whole thing is in the hands of the journalists, higher or lower, who see nothing except what they think their diverse publics would like to have them see, and accordingly fill the magazines and newspapers with determined picturesqueness. As war amateurs they have a keen scent for "heroes" and these heroes have a remarkable family likeness. They are always either yelling like devils or alleviating an exaggerated nonchalance under fire by copious profanity. When not making heroes they devise war epigrams. The war epigram seems to be a single brief sentence spoken under fire and containing the word hell. But though they do their best, they will not succeed in making the war ridiculous or subtracting a jot from the honour which a single brave man has fairly won. The heroes themselves probably take it all as a joke. They are apt to regard war in a rather matter-of-fact way.

The matter-of-fact point of view is very well presented in a paper contributed by Mr. Park Benjamin to a recent magazine. He sums up the causes of the defeat of Cervera's fleet as follows: "Gun platforms which ceased to be platforms as soon as ignited; machinery which failed to drive the ships at maximum speed because no one on board knew how to make it do so; guns capable of projecting 4,827 pounds of steel per minute throwing it into the ocean and not against the enemy; and this combination of inefficiency crushed by a weight of steel bolts hitting it at the rate of nearly 6,720 pounds per minute. This is how the naval officers account for the most instructive defeat of modern times. And this is why they do not care anything about the controversy of whether it was an 'admiral's' battle or a 'captain's' battle, or whether one commander or another said quotable epigrams—celestial or infernal—after the fight, or whether he did not. Its lessons are plain and they will be heeded."

A new edition of *Great Words of Great Americans* edited by Paul Leicester Ford is being prepared for immediate publication by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The same firm announces a new and revised edition of *Earthwork Out of Tuscany*, being impressions and translations by Maurice Hewlett. It will contain a new preface and a number of illustrations especially designed for this edition. Mr. Hewlett's range, limited by this work in the first instance to artistic and critical circles, has been recently widened by his popular romance, *The Forest Lovers*, now in its fourth edition.

Earthwork Out of Tuscany was published in 1895 and was Mr. Hewlett's first book. The title page of *The Forest Lovers* gives the title of another book by him, *Pan and the Young Shepherd*, as having already been published, and this erroneous statement (for the book is not yet published) has caused both booksellers and bookbuyers some bewilderment since Mr. Hewlett's growing popularity stimulated a warmer interest in his work. As a matter of fact *Pan and the Young Shepherd* was written and accepted by Mr. John Lane previous to the appearance of *The Forest Lovers*, but its publication was postponed until the autumn. The fact, however, seems to have been overlooked while the proofs went through the hands of author and publishers and so the title page appears with its misleading information. On another page will be found an article with extensive extracts from advance sheets of *Pan and the Young Shepherd*.

Mr. Charles W. Chesnutt, whose remarkable story called "The Wife of His Youth," published in the July *Atlantic*, we commented on in our August number, has been in Boston and New York

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during the past month, meeting some friends and making arrangements for the publication of his work. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company will publish next spring a volume of "darkey conjure" stories by Mr. Chesnutt, and the author has also in hand a novel dealing with coloured conditions which will see the light later on. Some of these "conjure" stories appeared a few years ago in the *Atlantic*, and are among the best things that have appeared in this field of literature. Mr. Chesnutt's work may not always conform to the popular taste, but there is a classic note in its artistic touch and literary expression which gives it an enduring quality. Consequently, we believe that Mr. Chesnutt's first book when it appears will attract wide and serious attention.

From the press of Messrs. H. S. Stone and Company there has come to us a daintily bound little volume, entitled *The Shrine of Love and Other Poems*, by Lucien V. Rule, which has attracted our attention. It is with the sonnets which constitute the "Shrine of Love" that we are especially concerned. The "Other Poems" may be dismissed in a word as very ordinary. The most remarkable thing to note about these sonnets is the number of them, there are about one hundred and fifty, all dwelling on the same theme—the development of a soul beat upon fiercely by the rending and healing wings of Love. The "Shrine of Love" is another "story of my heart." The sonnets are in their scheme and spirit akin to the "Monna Innominata" of Christina Rossetti, the "House of Life" of her brother, Dante Gabriel, and the "Portuguese Sonnets" of Mrs. Browning. And when the unequal measure and uncertainty of poetic quality which mar and break the sustaining power and imaginative reach of these sonnets have been admitted, there is still a nobility of conception, a loftiness and purity of thought, and a warmth and depth of emotion, with fine feeling for poetic form to be accounted for, which claim for them serious attention. They are perhaps too painful in their naked pathos, and are lacking in artistic restraint, illustrating by its absence what Walter Pater called the value of reserve in literature. But there are lines which frequently strike the true note of poetry, and not a few of the sonnets are fine in their unity and blending of thought and expression. Take for example this sonnet:

Yet will I wish thee well, and set the right
Of my great love aside, at thy desire;
Yea, at this word, will quench devotion's fire,
And leave its altars in eternal night.
I will submit, though in the very sight
Of Heaven itself, whose gates I longed to gain;
And, at thy wish, will all my hopes restrain.
I will go forth at thy desire, to fight
Alone life's endless and unequal fray;
Will bid my soul be dumb when day by day
It wakes to call thee with despairing cries.
Yea, I will wish thee well though all the skies,
The hills and streams, which seemed to say before
That thou wast mine, now whisper so no more!

Another sonnet which is still finer in language and poetic form is "Autumn," on page 80, which want of space alone prevents us from quoting. One more word of criticism. We deprecate very much the use of "stage directions" which are intended to connect the story; they are wholly unnecessary.

The autumn publications promise to redeem largely the barren output of the spring. Still when the year's estimate comes to be made up it will be found not to compare favourably with that of the previous year. Nor is the war altogether responsible for this decrease. Books are subject to the same tides of being which govern the ebb and flow of the lives of their authors. Basing our calculations on these laws of production we should anticipate for next year an unusually rich harvest in the book market. To take fiction alone, which nowadays bulks most largely in our literature, Mr. Barrie's *Celebrated Tommy* ought to come along before the end of 1899; we know that Mr. Quiller-Couch has at last completed after many years a long novel which will begin to appear in *Scribner's* in January; Mr. Hall Caine, who has rested from his labours in fiction for a year back, or has at least been too much absorbed in the dramatisation of *The Christian* to give his new book a reasonable time for incubation, is due with one of his lurid romances next year, while Mr. Zangwill, who as well as Mr. Caine,

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is with us at present, can scarcely put his public off another year with a book of short stories. From Mr. Crockett it would be asking too much to expect anything from even his prolific typewriter for some time to come, as so far this year we have counted four—or is it five?—new hair-raising romances by him. On the other hand, there is a novel which Ian Maclaren has had on the stocks and which ought to see the light very soon, as nothing in fiction has appeared from him since *Kate Carnegie*,—the book of short stories announced for this season having for the most part been written and printed two years ago. As Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. George Moore have only recently disturbed the public by fresh evidence of their polemic powers in fiction they may easily claim suspension until 1900. For the same reason Mr. Harold Frederic whose *Gloria Mundi* is about to appear in book form after running as a serial in the *Cosmopolitan* may be let off next year. Henry Seton Merriman has so accustomed us to one book per annum that we may look for a successor to *Roden's Corner* during the course of the next twelvemonth. These are some of the novelists in England who may or may not for solid reasons be expected to contribute to the entertainment of two countries.

On this side of the water the signs of forthcoming fiction are equally vigorous. To be sure we have our doubts of Thomas Nelson Page to begin with, for *Red Rock*, his first novel, by the way, now in course of serial completion, has still to appear in book form, and neither the spur of poverty nor the prick of ambition exist for this southern child of fortune. But of Richard Harding Davis we have not the suspicion of a doubt; for *The King's Jackal* following so fast on the heels of *Soldiers of Fortune* assures us that this young man is wise in his generation and intends to make hay while the sun shines; indeed there is danger that next year he may give us more than one book, for the things that he has seen and heard as a war correspondent must be effervescing in his brain and clamouring for utterance. On the same principle we might look for a realised *Red Badge of Courage* from Stephen Crane, were it not that we have learned to distrust announcements of any work from him until we see it with our own eyes. Mr. Henry B. Fuller has disappointed us so often that we are not willing to take chances on his appearance, which is long overdue, but certainly there ought to be a novel of some importance from him next year. Is the glory departing from Chicago? There is Robert Herrick, of course, and George Ade and Stanley Waterloo and others of that ilk, but they do not console us for the silence of Mr. Fuller. Mr. James Lane Allen and Mr. Cable (we have their word for it) are both engaged on novels which in all likelihood will be published next autumn; Mr. Crawford has relaxed this year upon a serious work on Rome, and after this little recreation will probably surprise us with a new novel for each season in 1899. There is every reason to believe that the resourceful inventiveness and intellectual ingenuity of Mr. Henry James and Mr. Howells will not fail us. Although Miss Wilkins's best work is done in her short stories, a volume of which has recently refreshed us, it is beyond reason that she should be expected to acknowledge the fact, so we may look for another of her exquisite short story nuggets beaten out into the thin gold leaf of a long-drawn-out novel. Mrs. Burton Harrison and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett are, we believe, working hard, and have still an eye on the future. We notice, by the way, that Mrs. Burnett's publishers insist that she shall retain in her books the name by which she has become known to the reading public, as since her divorce she wishes to be known as Frances Hodgson. Mr. John Fox, Jr., whose first novel, *The Kentuckians*, appeared last winter, is absorbed in a new book, and Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, who has just finished *A Sister to Evangeline* expects to complete the third volume of his romantic trilogy of French Canadian life next year; it is also possible that Mr. Gilbert Parker after publishing *The Battle of the Strong* this autumn may favour us with another of his strong romances, or at least with a volume of his delightful short stories. Mr. F. J. Stimson has given no certain sound since *King Noanett* made him so prominent three years ago, and Mr. Hamlin Garland seems likewise inclined to rest on the laurels won by his *Rose of*

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Dutcher's Coolly issued in the spring of 1896. Others there are whom we might mention, but enough instances have been given to afford an approximation of what we may expect from well-known and popular authors before the end of the century.

The old established Boston firm of Roberts Brothers has ceased to be—Messrs. Little, Brown and Company having acquired the title and goodwill of the business. Messrs. Hardy, Pratt and Company, a new firm issuing from the old, have secured the subscription books of the late firm, among which the Balzac is the mainstay. The young firm announces that it intends to add other publications to its list very soon, but will confine itself in the meantime to the subscription business. Mr. Pratt, who was with Messrs. Roberts Brothers for a number of years, is the son of Bronson Alcott's eldest daughter, known as the "Meg" of *Little Women*.

The fifth volume of Thackeray's works issued in the Biographical Edition this month contains the *Sketch Books* with a frontispiece portrait from Maclise's drawing of Thackeray made about 1840. Mrs. Ritchie's Introduction is, as usual, replete with good things about her father who figures at this period as Mr. Titmarsh. The *Paris Sketch Book* was published in 1840 by Macrone, who was also godfather to another first book by a young author, called *Sketches by Boz*. When the *Irish Sketch Book* came out in 1843, Thackeray wrote, "'Boz' has written me a letter of compliments, and the literary people like it generally very much." White, who promised to review it in *Blackwood's*, "pulled a very long face" over it. There is a letter to his grandmother written in 1845 in which he names the Old Testament among the books he is reading, and this brings to Mrs. Ritchie's remembrance a memory of Mrs. Carlyle's telling her that when Thackeray came to stay at the end of Cheyne Row, they were first made aware of his being there by a note which a potboy brought over, asking for the loan of a Bible. Mrs. Ritchie found among some old papers the first dedication (to Charles Lever) written in her father's handwriting for the *Irish Sketch Book*, and as the published version is cut down she gives us the interesting original in her introduction.

One of the choice bits of Thackerayana in this Introduction is some offhand remarks which he makes in a letter to Mrs. Procter about Tennyson.

> "Alfred Tennyson," he writes, "if he can't make you like him, will make you admire him—he seems to me to have the *cachet* of a great man; his conversation is often delightful, I think, full of breadth, manliness and humour; he reads all sorts of things, swallows them, and digests them like a great poetical boa-constrictor as he is. . . . Perhaps it is Alfred Tennyson's great big yellow face and growling voice that have made an impression on me; manliness and simplicity of manner go a great way with me, I fancy."

This was in 1841. Turning to a volume of letters written by George W. Curtis which have just been published by the Messrs Harper, we find a charming passage about Tennyson's early lyrics in a letter dated in 1843—two years later—which we are tempted to quote. The youthful Curtis has been passing some days by the sea at Newport, R. I., and has been impressed by the grandeur of the sea, by "something sublimely cheerful about the ocean. . . stored with woe, and so constantly suggestive of that ocean, life, whereon we all float," and he is pleased to find that Nature confirms his judgment of Tennyson. He writes:

> The little poem that closes one of the volumes, "Break, break, break," is so exquisitely human and tender, with all its vague and dim beauty, that the waves dashed to its music, and silently the whole sea sung the song. Just so the jottings down of poets, the few words that must be said, though the Nature which they sing is so limitless, and inexpressible are the blossoms of poetry and all literature. Will not the little song of Shakespeare's, "Take, oh! take those lips away," be as immortal as *Hamlet?* Not because chance may print them together but because it is as universal and more delicate an expression. That charm pervades our favourite, Tennyson. There is no rough marked outline, all fades away upon earnest contemplation into the tones of his songs, into the colours of the sky. . . . When I have been into nearer conversation with Nature I have little to say, but my life is deepened. The poet is he who, with deepened life, chants also a flowing hymn which utters the music of that life. You will understand why the little poem see... to me so fine, therefore.

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One of the most convincing passages about war which the late Mr. Gladstone ever penned was evoked by Tennyson's slurs on peace in the opening stanzas of *Maud*. With characteristic impulsiveness and force he attacks the poet in this wise:

As the most wicked mothers do not kill their offspring from a taste for the practice in the abstract, but under the pressure of want, and as war always brings home want to a larger circle of the people than feel it in peace we ask the hero of *Maud* to let us know whether war is more likely to reduce or to multiply the horrors which he denounces? Will more babies be poisoned amidst comparative ease and plenty, or when, as before the fall of Napoleon, provisions were twice as dear as they are now, and wages not more than half as high?

President C. K. Adams recently complained that our American historical novels gave us an inadequate idea of the Revolutionary War, declaring that from the publication of *The Spy* to the publication of *Hugh Wynne* there had been but little "representation in fiction of the dominant characteristics of the war for independence." Some of those who have seen the manuscript believe that a worthy third to Cooper's and Dr. Mitchell's vigorous stories will be found in *A Lover's Revolt* which Messrs Longmans, Green and Company will publish shortly. This historical tale (in which the fields of Lexington and Bunker Hill figure) is the work of a veteran of the civil war, who is also a veteran novelist—Colonel J. W. De Forest, the author of *Overland* and of *Playing the Mischief*.

Apropos of the new edition of Daudet, which Messrs. Little, Brown and Company will publish soon, we notice that the London *Literary World* takes a contemporary to task for inaccurately stating the genesis of Daudet's celebrated figure, Tartarin of Tarascon. Tartarin, it appears, was the third and not the second name under which the immortal type figured. The original story was published by Daudet in 1863 at the beginning of his literary career, and was then entitled *Chapatin, le Tueur de Lions*. Six years later the same story was expanded into the book as we know it now, and appeared as a *feuilleton* in the *Petit Moniteur*, under the title of *Barbarin de Tarascon*. Daudet had great misgivings as to the reception it would receive at the hands of the public and published the book anonymously. There is still a letter extant in the possession of his friend M. Charavay, in which Daudet expressed his fears, and in concluding suggested a bit of log-rolling which shows that he was—human.

My Dear Friend—I am publishing anonymously in the *Petit Moniteur* a fanciful story, entitled *Barbarin de Tarascon*. It is the story of a Provençal Don Quixote, whose exploits in France and Algieria I am relating by which means I am enabled to make a "comical Algieria," a subject that has not yet been thought of. Do me the service of quoting, without naming me, the following passage regarding the habit southern folk have of lying. I will do as much for you.—Ever thine,

Alphonse Daudet.

The new novel upon which Marie Corelli was engaged when the death of her step-brother interrupted her work a short time ago is to be a longer and more serious book than any which she has yet written. We understand that in it she has taken up questions connected with the inner workings of the Catholic Church at Rome. She has just completed contracts for its simultaneous publication in England and America.

Dean Farrar is busily engaged upon a new book, to be entitled *The Life of Lives; or, Further Studies in the Life of Christ*, which will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. Dean Farrar, we understand, has approached his subject from a new point of view, and deals with fresh aspects of the New Testament life. An inspiring book of remarkable interest may be expected, and one which may easily rival in popularity his *Life of Christ*, which was probably one of the most widely read religious books of the last generation.

There was an erroneous statement in the interesting note about a Burns discovery which appeared in our July number. The copy of Gibbon's *Rome* containing the Burns autograph is not in the possession of Mr. R. B. Adam, of Buffalo, as was stated. The credit should be given to another person in Buffalo who, however, desires to withhold his name. It is very natural that the source from which the information sprang

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should be identified with Mr. R. B. Adam, who is known as a Burns enthusiast, and who holds the copyright of the Burns Correspondence with Mrs. Dunlop, published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company in the spring.

Mr. Le Queux's *Scribes and Pharisees*, which has just been published, is an entertaining story of literary London. Mr. Le Queux has considerable power in telling a story, as is shown by his excellent and interesting book, *Whoso Findeth a Wife*. He has a good subject, or at least a subject that attracts people. There is a good deal that is amusing, especially the acount of sub-editorial work on a London evening newspaper. By the way, we are afraid that the newspaper which Mr. Le Queux has in his eye, and, in fact, the characters as well, are rather too easily identified. Mr. Le Queux should perhaps consider also whether the portrait of Mr. Crockett is quite a fair one. There are the usual passages about the manufacture of artificial reputations. This is one of the things that do not happen. No clique of men can manufacture a reputation for anyone who is devoid of talent. If Mr. Le Queux does not agree with us it will be easy for him to put us down by quoting an instance. Mr. A. P. Watt, the eminent literary agent, comes in for a very flattering notice. He is described as the King of Fiction, and an interview with him is depicted:

> A few minutes later he was shown into a private room, and found himself in presence of a tall, grey-bearded, elderly man of refined, courteous manner, who spoke low, and listened attentively to Rosmead's story. Around this room were large portraits of popular authors, signed and framed, souvenirs from his clients, for, as is well known in Literary London, Mr. Howden, by acting as an impartial go-between between author and publisher, had succeeded in doubling, trebling, and even quadrupling an author's earnings. In pursuing his just and upright course, much hostile criticism had, of course, been directed against him by minor publishers, who were jealous that the author should obtain his fair share of profits; but respectable and responsible publishers remained his friends. Notwithstanding that, through the past decade he, with his son as partner, had lived down criticism, and now held control of the whole fiction market. Through that office passed nearly the whole of the manuscripts of well-known writers; therefore publishers, when they wanted a book by a certain author, applied to Mr. Howden for it.

Such is the mode of modern literary business.

One of the most remarkable and picturesque figures of the century is Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, whose informing and interesting book *The Wonderful Century: Its Successes and its Failures* was published last month. Dr. Russel Wallace entered upon his seventy-sixth year in January last and is of Scottish descent, being directly connected with the ancient Wallace clan. In the fifties Dr. Wallace's name was linked with that of Darwin in the discovery of the theory of natural selection which both had been working out and arrived at almost simultaneously. Asked recently by a visitor who was interested in his connection with Darwin, whether present day science is supporting Darwin's theories, he replied: "Certainly; Darwin is supported by competent judges, but latterly so-called naturalists and biologists have rapidly increased, and among the less clear-thinking of these there is a great tendency to quibble and make difficulties where really there is none. Darwin's fundamental principles have never been shaken. For myself, I have complete confidence in them, and in the permanent influence of his work."

"But you reject some of his conclusions?"

"Yes. Sexual selection resulting from the fighting of males is indisputable, but, differing from Darwin, I do not believe there is any selection through the choice of the females, and the drift of scientific opinion is towards my view. Again, I do not believe in the transmission of acquired characters, the evidence seeming to me to be against it, and this is the chief point on which there is a growth of scientific opinion against Darwin. The discussion is still proceeding, naturalists now being about equally divided. Herbert Spencer takes the same view as Darwin, but Mr. Francis Galton and Weissman between them have almost certainly proved the non-heredity of acquired variations. But neither of these questions affects Darwin's fundamental principles." Dr. Wallace's hope for the upward development of the race is in free human selection. "When women are thoroughly educated and free, and have not to struggle for a bare existence, or

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to sell themselves either in marriage or out of it, there will be real sexual selection, and the result will be most beneficial to the race, for the great majority of men and women, especially women, admire what is good, great, and benevolent, and dislike what is mean and bad."

DR. ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE.

From his latest photograph.

To a remark that evidently the faculty of appreciation has not died out at all in him, as it did to some extent in Darwin, Dr. Wallace responded: "Darwin was a continuous worker at his one great subject; I am not. I should not be happy without some work, but I vary it with gardening, walking, or novel reading. Even when in the midst of writing a book I never cease to read light literature." He spoke of Jane Barlow, who was recently at his home in Parkstone, near Bournemouth, as "one of the most delightful writers of the day." He particularly enjoyed *Irish Idylls*. He said that Henry Seton Merriman's *Sowers* was one of the most striking and vivid pictures of Russia he had ever read. Meredith Dr. Wallace can't read. He admires Hardy's earlier stories, but he does not care for his later books. "I dislike," he says, "the whole pessimist school of writers. I have read two of Hall Caine's books, *The Manxman* and *A Son of Hagar*, and they are full of misery, horror, pain, trouble. I hate it; that is not human nature. Blackmore is a great genius. Last year I again read *Lorna Doone* and went to explore the Doone Valley. Of course we had been told there was no such place, but we could not believe that; all the surrounding places are so accurately described. Now," genially, "I don't think a writer ought to mislead one like that." He has a great admiration for Dickens, and is glad that so many competent writers and critics still uphold him. Dr. Wallace does not read much poetry, though he appreciates good verse, and is very fond of Tennyson and Kipling. Few men of his generation have had a more rich and varied experience than Dr. Wallace, and none is more deserving of the happy, peaceful eventide which he is now enjoying. His travels and adventures in early life seem to have hardened his physique, and no symptom of feebleness, physical or mental, is perceptible. Our visitor was charmed by the native sim-

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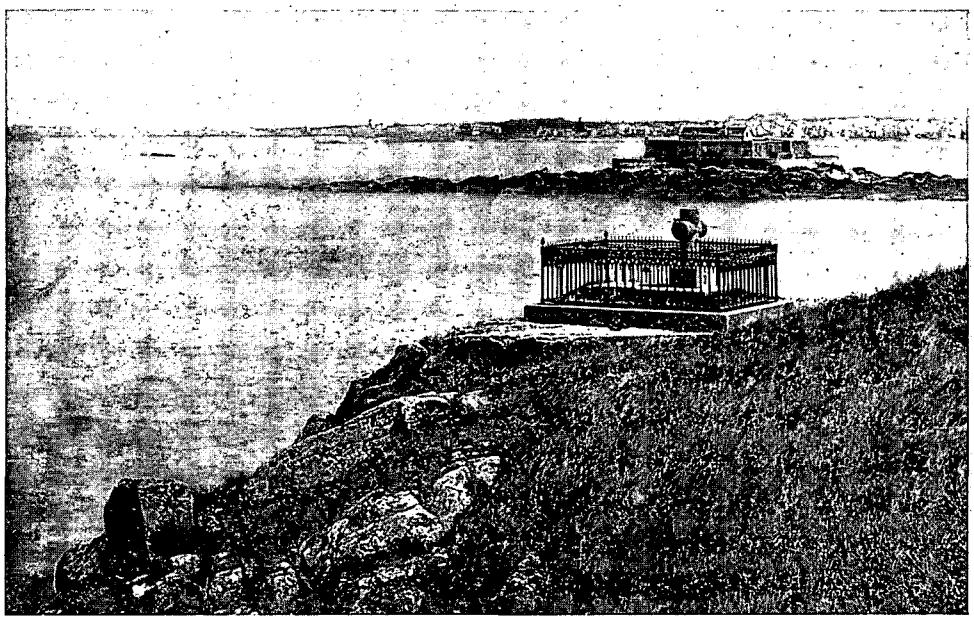

THE TOMB OF CHÂTEAUBRIAND AT SAINT MALO.

plicity and modesty of his speech and demeanour; he seems never to regard himself as one of the notable men of the century. He has been urged to employ his leisure time now in writing his reminiscences, which would rank among the most interesting and valuable records of the time. "If I live long enough I may write an autobiography," he says, "but I am not very good at that sort of thing." Meantime, the work which we have just received from his hand is well worthy of the attention of all those to whom it is addressed—"who have at heart the progress of true civilisation and the welfare of humanity."

In connection with the account of the Châteaubriand festivities given in the article on Literary Paris in this number we reproduce a recent photograph of the poet's tomb at Saint Malo.

An American poet has emulated Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who presented his poem "Recessional" to the London *Times* without remuneration. We understand that Mr. James Whitcomb Riley has written a patriotic poem about the American flag, which will appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*, to which magazine he offered it on condition that it should be published without payment. Whether or not Mr. Riley was cognisant of the fact that Mr. Kipling had done the same thing, it is with pride that we acknowledge the tribute paid to his own nation by making a present of his poem to the world.

Mr. H. G. Wells, we are grieved to hear, has been very seriously ill during the last month. At the time of writing a slight improvement has been shown, but about the middle of the month it was feared that an operation would have to be performed for the internal malady from which he has been suffering. The necessity for this will, it is hoped, not now occur, and with a few months of excellent nursing at the house of a medical friend in Kent, where he is at present invalided, there is good reason to believe that he will soon be well again. Cycling has to be blamed for an aggravation of the cause of Mr. Wells's illness. In all probability Mr. Wells will make his home permanently on the south coast, as his medical adviser insists on a warmer climate and gravel soil. When taken ill Mr. Wells was engaged on the novel at which he has been working so long, and he hopes to finish it as soon as he is allowed to sit up in bed.

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We regret to hear that Mr. Stephen Phillips has also been laid aside through illness. A long poem from his pen appears in the *Nineteenth Century*. It is a new version of the story of Endymion. As soon as his health is restored Mr. Phillips contemplates a still more important piece of work, more ambitious in character and scope than anything he has yet written.

The probable title of Mr. Neil Munro's new novel will be *The Paymaster's Boy*, which will be the serial feature of *Good Words* for next year. It deals with the West Highlands, the same district in fact which forms the background of the opening chapters of *John Splendid*, now nearing its close in *Blackwood's Magazine* and THE BOOKMAN. The period is the beginning of the century, at which time large numbers of officers and men who had been through the Peninsular Wars returned to the Highlands. "I make much play with old half-pay officers," says Mr. Munro, "and hope to keep up a good dramatic interest from first to last, although the tale is not one of adventure in the ordinary sense so much as a novel of Highland life, manners and character. My plan is to treat of the Lowlands of Scotland in a totally different manner from that in which it has been depicted already by some of our writers. The central *motif* of the novel is an attempt to realise the character of a boy hill-bred, sensitive, imaginative to a marvel, poetical to a miracle, wistful, and, I think, quite new in literature so far as I can tell from my own reading. There will be a love plot begun early and carried out to the close. You may or may not consider it an advantage that the tale will have very little broad Scots in it; it is not spoken, as you know, in the Highlands except a word now and then, but a restrained use of the local Highland idiom gives, as in *John Splendid*, the proper impression of the local speech without being unintelligible to the ordinary English reader." Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, who will publish *John Splendid* this autumn, have also secured Mr. Munro's new novel.

Miss Gwendoline Keats, who writes under the pseudonym of "Zack," was born in Devonshire some thirty years ago. She was, we understand, "discovered" by Mr. Blackwood, who published a number of her stories in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and, despite the fact that certain critics shook their heads doubtfully

MISS GWENDOLINE KEATS ("ZACK").

over her Devonshire dialect, he persisted in his belief in his literary protégée and produced her first book, *Life is Life*, with an optimistic faith that has been upheld and since confirmed by the readers and reviewers on both sides of the Atlantic. Whatever her popularity may be, Miss Keats has achieved a distinct success. This augurs well for one who has only recently taken to literature, although she has done some work in the drama, and is now engaged in writing a play. *Life is Life* was reviewed at length in our last number.

Mr. Israel Zangwill, of whose proposed visit to this country we spoke over a year ago, has been in New York during the past month, and is in process of being engineered as a lecturer on the American platform by the unfailing and inexhaustible Major Pond. Mr. Zang-

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Yours without prejudice
I Zangwill

From his latest photograph, by Mendelssohn, London.

will has done a great deal of lecturing in various parts of the world, and within the past eighteen months he has lectured in Palestine, Holland and Ireland. He will in all probability make his *début* in the New York Lyceum on or about the eleventh of October with one of two lectures which he has prepared for the occasion—"Fiction the Highest Form of Truth" or "The Drama as a Fine Art." His more popular lectures and readings, however, will undoubtedly be drawn from the Ghetto, the field in which he has distinguished himself as a master in literature. Few books during these many years have compressed within their pages so much of the tragic, the pathetic, the grotesque, the humorous, in depicting the hidden aspects of the life of a suffering and oppressed race as do *The Children of the Ghetto* and *Ghetto Tragedies*. *Dreamers of the Ghetto*, his latest book, reveals Mr. Zangwill to us on a higher spiritual plane. In delicacy of treatment, keenness of analysis, warmth of colour, delineation of character and visualising portraiture he has never done anything better. But for those who wish to know Zangwill the wit, the humourist, the epigrammatist, the brilliant juggler with words and ideas, his packed volume, *Without Prejudice*, published about two years ago, must be consulted. Mr. Zangwill expects to remain in this country for six months.

Mr. Zangwill received a clipping from the *Jewish Chronicle* the other day which greatly amused him. It appears that some curiosity had been aroused about a little town in the West which goes by the name of "Zangwill," and the clipping referred to contains a letter from a correspondent in response to inquiries on the subject. We obtained Mr. Zangwill's permission to copy this letter, which runs as follows:

> Your request to give the readers of the *Jewish Chronicle* some information about the rise and progress of the little town of Zangwill, reached me in Kansas City. The little town is situate on a ranch in Oklahoma Territory.

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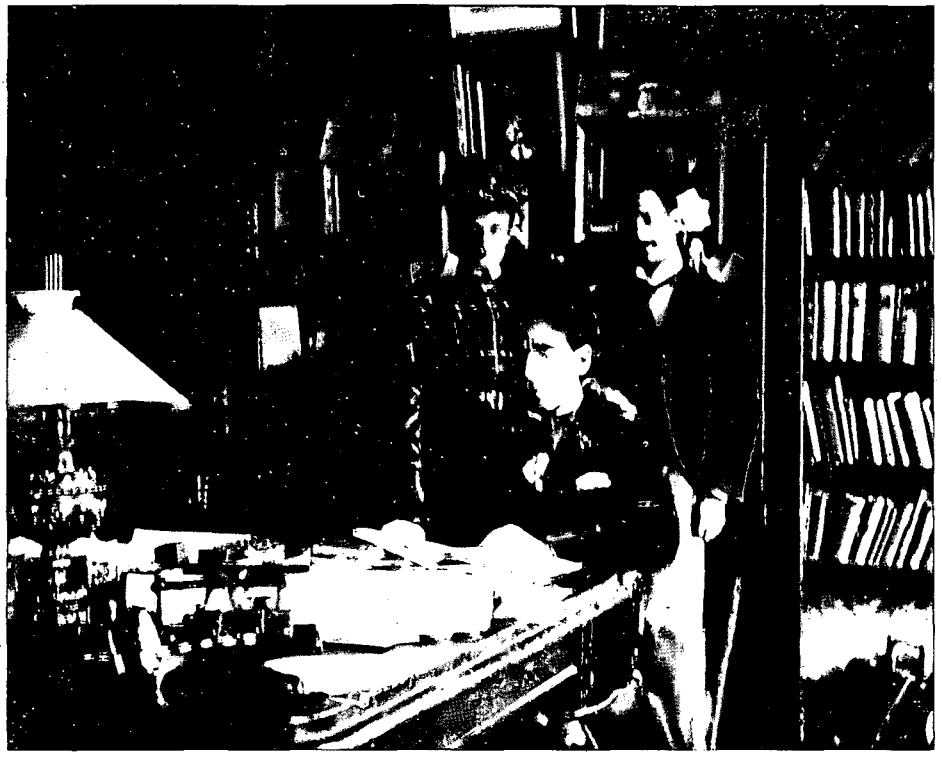

A CORNER OF MR. ZANGWILL'S STUDY IN LONDON. HIS BROTHER, LOUIS ("Z. Z.") AND MRS. J. B. POND ARE STANDING BEHIND MR. ZANGWILL.

It is fourteen miles from a railroad town, and is surrounded by alternating bodies of land covered by heavy forest trees and beautiful rolling prairie lands.

Up to September 16, 1893, the land upon which Zangwill stands was known as the Cherokee Outlet, or "Cherokee Strip," and was the home of the Indian and all that that implies. Now the whole country is thickly settled by farmers and stockmen.

Zangwill is 310 miles southwest of Kansas City, and 24 miles southwest of Enid, the county seat of government, of which another brother of mine is the Court Judge.

I have five brothers and one sister, all of whom are very great admirers of Mr. Zangwill's works. When we were deliberating upon a name for our town, I suggested "Zangwill," and my sister at once declared that Zangwill it should be, and all the boys approved. And so we adopted the name because of all the living writers we enjoy Mr. Zangwill's writings the most.

There are several hundred patrons of the post-office, and I feel sure it would only have amused Mr. Zangwill if he could have heard the questions the "natives" (I mean the "urbanites") asked; and the ridiculous ways in which they first spelled the name. Some complained because we could not find some Christian and American to honour (?), etc., etc.

I do not know if this is what you want, but I assure you it has been a pleasure to me to answer and endeavour to comply with your request. We are Bohemians and dilettantes over here and cannot write a letter.

FRANK W. ANDERSON.

Some American publisher should follow the example of the English firm, who, the other day, under the title of *The Celibates' Club* united the stories of *The Old Maids' Club* and *The Bachelors' Club*, which brought Mr. Zangwill a measure of fame some years ago, and which have appeared in this country in various pirated editions. In the new preface which Mr. Zangwill has written for this book a suggestion of his philosophy of humour is obtainable. Too many writers, he says, hasten to assume the statue in their own lifetime, and to compose their public features to a non-human frigidity. But to be non-human is not to be immortal; it is your Martin Tuppers and your University prigs who never descend to a jest, not your Shakespeares and your Heines. The stock critic, Mr. Zangwill adds in a pungent

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vein, with that suburban insight of his cannot understand that a serious man may be humorous, still less that a humorous man is always serious. Mr. Zangwill, in stating his case, is caustic, paradoxical and sound. It has been suggested, by the way, that the difference between his theory of humour and Mr. Meredith's idea of the Comic Spirit would be an interesting subject for contemplation and illustration. After Mr. Meredith, who was obviously influenced in some degree by Molière, we fancy that Mr. Zangwill who in his turn has been influenced largely by Heine, will be found to possess the largest philosophic sense of the most thoughtful conception of humour which the work of the new generation has revealed.

At the recent Tolstoy celebration held on September 9 in this city in honour of the great Russian novelist's seventieth birthday, Mr. Zangwill's speech was the treat of the evening. It was the first time he had risen to address an American audience, and he fascinated his hearers by his insinuating delicacy of tone, his deft play of wit and epigram, his lightning-like transitions from grave to gay, all transfused with a fine idealism, sounding the sure note of sanity, and borne along smoothly on a flowing stream of talk. These are some of the things he said:

Tolstoy has now taken up an idea that all art for art's sake is immoral and wrong, while in his first years he was guilty of that crime, of writing merely for art's sake. Now I say that art for art's sake as commonly understood is commonly misunderstood, for art for art's sake seems to me a shorthand expression. People think that art for art's sake means that you can get your art in some back room and that your art has no relation to humanity, but the word "art" in itself already means something that is created to stimulate human souls. Art for art's sake is really for humanity's sake. This art for art's sake is really the highest way in which a man can influence his time. Those who employ the phrase mean to reject thereby the dependence of art upon any particular dogma. Art is greater than all dogmas. Every dogma has its day, as every dog has its day. On the other hand, art which does not stimulate life is merely pretty, merely decorative. All that you will express if you have not sincere emotion behind you, is the pretty-pretty, and the pretty-pretty is merely the petty-petty.

Authors look on literature, they say, as a darling with a dowry, and they do get money out of it; literature brings money to us, but we love her for her looks. . . .

The reason why Tolstoy moves us so much is that he is not a mere visionary. He is not a dreamer, although it sometimes looks so. There are many persons who are saints in soul really, and see the world through their own halos and are deceived by every one, so that they do not see the world at all. So many persons obtain the reputation of being seers merely by not seeing; none can say that of Tolstoy, whose critical analysis of life and things in his brilliant novels, proves to us that he understands this world in which he yet sees such divine possibilities. He says that the great thing in life is self-sacrifice. He has, it seems to me, some affinities with St. Augustine, who also saw a good deal of life and was also as great a sinner in this respect as Tolstoy confesses himself to be. I was looking over the *Confessions* of St. Augustine the other day, and I saw that he turned against his early love of the theatre, just as Tolstoy turned against his early love for art. . . .

When a man of the world like Tolstoy who has seen life, turns around and begins to speak of self-sacrifice, we prick up our ears more than if we were merely listening to a professional speaker. He is a witness for the spiritual in life, a witness *sans peur et sans reproche*, and the doctrines of Christ which Tolstoy repeats are not really so absurd and paradoxical as Christians tell us.

Even Tolstoy's doctrine of non-resistance is quite cogent if understood within certain limitations. If, in other words, a person with a certain moral training and a certain amount of character—if such a person smites you on the cheek and if you then turn the other cheek, then that person by your turning the other cheek is liable to be ashamed of himself. What is that place?—the Bowery? —If you turn the other cheek to a Bowery boy you will not find him think so much of you, but if you turn it to a man of comparatively moral character, a man who is accustomed to morality, that man is liable to be struck just by not being struck. Therefore the doctrine of non-resistance becomes quite possible, plausible—and all you have got to do is to be very careful not to turn the other cheek to the wrong man. . . .

Mr. Zangwill concluded his address by quoting (with apologies) his own lines:

Yet dreams are half deeds and this solid world
Is built on visions; wherefore let no scorn
Greet those who in the midnight grope for morn,
And dream that war's red banner shall be furled,
And war's foul reek of blood and smoke be curled
No more about an earth renewed, reborn.

The *Mail and Express* made an amusing blunder when it reported Mr. Zangwill as saying that Tolstoy was "a wit-

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ness for the spiritual in life, a witness semptore, a son of reproach (laughter)." What he did say, of course, was that he was "a witness *sans peur et sans reproche*," and there was no "laughter," as how could there be? But the reporter evidently took it for one of Mr. Zangwill's witticisms, and trusted in Providence for the rest.

The other speakers of the evening at the Tolstoy dinner were Ambassador Stewart L. Woodford, the Hon. W. S. Caine, M.P.; Ernest Howard Crosby, Joe Jefferson, Richard Watson Gilder and Abraham Cahan. Dr. Henry M. Leipziger presided, and in his opening remark sounded a note, which was echoed among the speakers during the evening, in connecting the recent peace message of Nicholas II. with the life and teachings of Tolstoy. The following cablegram to Tolstoy was read by Dr. Leipziger:

> Count Tolstoy: One hundred Americans dining in your honour send greeting.

Later in the evening, one of the speakers, Mr. Caine, hinted at the apparent incongruity of the occasion when brought face to face with Tolstoy's principles, and suggested that it would have been carrying out almost to the letter what they were there for in fact had the cablegram read thus:

> One hundred gentlemen dining one hundred New York beggars send greeting to the great prophet!

Letters of regret were received from a large number of persons, Mr. Howells in his letter stating that "Tolstoy's writings and his life have meant more to me than any other man's." Further, he said:

> Tolstoy's literature, his matchless art, his fiction, which makes all other appear so feeble and false, is merely the flower of his love of men, his desire to be true to them. All that he has written, so far as I know it, is of one effect with all that he has been since he came to his moral consciousness. I cannot separate his æsthetics from his ethics, for he has himself known no difference in them. But it seems to me that in his fiction he works more instinctively and vitally, and I believe that in this he will work longest. As a teacher he has put in contemporaneous terms the wisdom which has always been in the world for the conduct of men; but as an artist he has divined things concerning nature and character in mystical heights and depths unreached before, and has portrayed life with an unexampled truth and fullness.

The versatile young journalist, dramatist, novelist and historian, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, who paid us a short visit in the spring of 1895, will again land on these shores in a few weeks. Mr. McCarthy is to deliver a series of lectures under the auspices of Major Pond during the months of December and January. Three of his subjects are "The Victorian Epoch in English History," "The French Revolution" and "Omar Kháyyám." The young ex-member of the House of Commons is not only qualified for his task as a lecturer through his historical researches published in this country by the Harpers, but he is known as a finished platform speaker and an entertaining talker on the topics with which he is familiar. Mr. McCarthy, it may be said, was the first to translate the *Rubáiyát of Omar Kháyyám* into English prose.

The Macmillan Company's announcements include a new book from Mrs. Alice Morse Earle entitled *Home Life in Colonial Days*. Mrs. Earle has already gained distinction as a fascinating chronicler of early American life and manners, and few writers carry the imagination back to the family traditions of olden times with the force and graphic power which she exercises over the minds of her readers. Miss Grace King has also a new book which will be published this month by the same firm. The title is *De Soto and His Men in the Land of Florida*, and is a story based upon the Spanish and Portuguese accounts of "conquest" by the brilliant Armada which sailed westward under De Soto in 1538 to subdue the natives and bring this country under the Spanish crown. From the same house there will appear shortly *Tales of the Enchanted Isles of the Atlantic*, by Colonel Higginson, dealing with the romantic traditions of the Happy Islands of the West.

An illustrated edition of Mr. Crockett's *Men of the Moss-Hags* is now in preparation. The pictures are from the pencil of Mr. Charles E. Brock, one of the most spirited of black and white artists in England.

Mr. William Canton's delightful books for children, *The Invisible Playmate* and

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W. V. AND THE MAN.

W. V : Her Book have been bound together in one volume in a new edition revised and rearranged by the author. As a protection for the rights of the author it may be well to quote Mr. Canton's authorisation prefaced to this volume:

> This book, for the publication of which I am indebted to Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, contains *The Invisible Playmate* and *W. V: Her Book* in the definitive and only form in which I desire to offer it to the good-will of the American people.

Two years ago when *W. V : Her Book* originally made its appearance, Claudius Clear said of Mr. Canton's work, "There are some books and there are some people that approach you with such winning simplicity and charm that you love them without at first thinking much about admiring them. It is only when you have had time to understand them that you begin to see that they have qualities which call forth other feelings than those of affection. It is only on a second reading that you begin to understand that you are handling a work of genius. In the literature of children Mr. Canton's work will take a high and permanent place."

Mr. John Lane will publish immediately a new story by Gertrude Atherton called *The Californians*, which was finished two months before the writing of *American Wives and English Husbands*, published in the spring, had been commenced. Mrs. Atherton has gone into the country in Hertfordshire for a time in order to write twelve short stories which she has promised to contribute to several London magazines. *American Wives and English Husbands* is now in its third edition.

The young Irish novelist, Mr. Shan F. Bulloch, has at the last moment changed the title of his new novel. Instead of being issued as *Paying the Piper* as previously announced, the book will bear the title of *The Barrys*. It is to be dedicated to Mr. Quiller-Couch.

Mr. Quiller-Couch's new magazine, the *Cornish*, has so far done very well, the orders for the second number being better than those for the first.

Great Souls at Prayer is the title of a very interesting collection of prayer of all

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times. The lay element is largely represented, and the book ranges from St. Augustine to Christina Rossetti and Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. James Bowden, of London, is the publisher.

The present issue between China and Great Britain would seem to be a reason for the publication of several interesting books on the Celestial Empire. One of these is a new and revised edition of Boulger's *History of China* and is published by the Macmillan Company. Another is an entirely new work entitled *Through China with a Camera*, by John Thomson, F.R.G.S. There are over one hundred illustrations, perhaps by far the finest reproductions from photographs of Oriental life and scenery which have yet been published. The book has just been issued in a handsome manner by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company. From the Messrs. Harper comes yet another volume on *China in Transformation*, by Archibald R. Colquhoun, with maps, diagrams and other illustrations.

A new novel by Mr. W. Pett Ridge, entitled *Mord Emly*, will be published immediately by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. Mr. Pett Ridge has also written a new serial story.

AFTER THE CHARGE

"Ye who have crowned endeavour with success have gained a trivial victory;
We who have striven on to failure have our great moments of despair."
—PAUL KESTER in the July BOOKMAN.

"Fool, fool," I cried, "or madman sure is he,
Crazed by his failure, thus to call it great;
Or, meanly striving to conceal his shame,
A craven, cringing 'neath the frown of Fate!

"Curst be this juggling sophistry, that dims
To more courageous souls their beacon light,
Robs high endeavour of its just reward,
Confuses loss with gain, and wrong with right!"

I read again, and "Pardon, pardon" cried.
"Great heart, forgive, for I have done thee wrong!
Not for the still-undaunted in the fray,
But for thy stricken comrades was thy song.

"Filled with sweet sympathy that self forgets,
Viewing thine own sad hurt with brave disdain
Thou hast laid bare thy cruel wound, to teach
Thy bleeding fellows to forget their pain."

O friend, dear friend, my brother in the cause,
Your hand! Now, by this close, close grip I feel
Once more that stir within my fate-scarred breast
That sets my flabby sinews firm as steel!

"The mighty passion that we call defeat"
Shall breed new courage, teach us to endure.
"Great moments of despair?"—Great but in this;
To temper hearts and make success more sure!

Come, comrades, thus we'll bind each other's wounds.
Now to our feet. The precious day's not done.
Bravely again shoulder to shoulder smite—
Oft near the sunset are great battles won.

A. T.

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THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

The theatrical season on which New York has entered promises to be an encouraging one, if only because it will be superior to the last. No foreign star of high price is expected, but the average will be raised, and it is the permanent level rather than sporadic brilliancy which makes the value of a city as a dramatic centre. No manager and no actor has a worse outlook than last year, and most have better. The first place, as usual, belongs to the Irving Place Theatre, which, for this town, combines the highest repertory with the wisest training. Agnes Sorma will return in January, giving us a new play by Ibsen, and doubtless many of her older successes. No actress who has visited our shores in many days illustrates better the height to which fair talent can be carried by fortunate discipline, and she fits into our local German troupe as if she had always been part of it. Ritter von Sonnenthal, another German actor of good repute, plays here at Easter in *Nathan der Weise* and Schiller's *Wallenstein*, two of the proudest masterpieces in German literature, and the stock company gives *Uriel Acosta*, an eternal favorite with German and especially Yiddish theatre-goers.

Richard Mansfield, who last season began with a clever play and ended with a flaccid one, attempts *Cyrano de Bergerac*, a bold and praiseworthy venture, whatever the outcome. Julia Arthur, spurred on by her ideals, will not waste another season with *A Lady of Quality*, that triumphant debauch in philistinism, but will measure her talent with the great ones of her profession by offering all at once such a wide and difficult series of tests as *As You Like It*, *La Dame aux Camelias*, *Infidele*, and *Ingomar*, giving *A Lady of Quality* only enough to satisfy her contract. What a change and what a victory! Miss Arthur's will and talent defied many obstacles, some of them made by hostility, the inside history of which will never be printed, and her marriage to a wealthy man only makes easier the position of artistic independence already conquered. Annie Russell, refined, subtle, and misunderstood, returns from a London triumph to a position on the American stage long kept from her by illness and managerial distrust. She, too, won her opportunity by persistence and tact. Lavedan's play, in which she first appears, is of "the new comedy" in France, in which psychology delicately handled takes precedence of broad action and the larger imagination, a good thing, if not the highest. Surely Miss Russell is fitted to that species of art. Possibly her wings might support her in a still loftier region, and we may yet see her in the richest legacies of the past as well as in the ablest efforts of the present. Mr. Frohman's English associations may lead to incalculable good for our stage. His advertisements show how valuable he deems British sanction, and if he is swayed by the London critics, as he apparently has been in the case of Miss Russell, he will sway in a cheering direction. Temperamentally we are perhaps better fitted to rival Paris in the theatre than are our cousins, but until our material is arranged by education, in which the British have the start of us, we can profitably go to school to London. Another promise for which Mr. Frohman is to be thanked offers Maude Adams and William Faversham for a week in the spring in *Romeo and Juliet*. Poor Miss Adams! Who can envy her the success that threatens to swallow up her young life and condemn her prematurely to the fate of Denman Thompson? Perhaps Juliet will rescue her. Money and newspaper fame are well, but is it wholly fantastic to believe that a broadly based and growing art is better? Lady Babbie for a few months is well enough—but years!

These are a few of the brightening signs of the year, and they point to what we should anticipate and encourage. Of the English-speaking stock companies the Lyceum makes the most interesting announcement, a new comedy by Pinero. The play is forever the foremost thing, and next to it the elastic and alluring rôle in an inferior piece, but concoctions which are neither good drama nor the framework for exceptional acting rôles can say little for their existence. Mr.

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Drew, Mr. Mansfield, and Miss Rehan, for instance, mean much to us when their talents hold up to the general view something which the world can profitably behold, but if such artists choose to lower themselves to *The First Violin*, *One Summer's Day*, or cheap French farce they are not to be taken as seriously as less gifted persons living in a higher plane. An actor without ideal may be let alone in peace with the other coiners of gold. Last year an American girl, after little more than a year on the stage, made a sensational success in New York. Was she satisfied to exploit her beauty and vigour in whatever brought her money and notoriety? No; she studied always, learned part after part, searching among old plays and new, asking perhaps only one performance to see, with the help of a few friends, whether the rôle meant progress in training and understanding, and now she has sacrificed, temporarily, money and conspicuousness for broader training. That in acting is what deserves our help, alike in encouragement and in discrimination. With one talent or ten, the player to be studied is he who uses what he has.

However, the season has been open two weeks when these reveries are penned, and a word must be said of the result. The revival of *Secret Service* at the Empire is beyond comparison the most interesting event of the opening weeks. The acting alone, or the construction alone, would make it notable, but the combination, a distinct type of dramatic art almost perfectly interpreted, gives something rare on our stage, a play at once very original and very strong. Actors, dramatists, and critics, amateur or professional, could hardly see the piece too often, if they wished to learn all its lessons, not by any means to accept all indiscriminately, but to understand, because it is worth understanding. One may like or dislike Mr. Gillette's acting method, he can hardly fail to admire the perfection of its development. If a literary analogy is not too remote, this player might be called the Mérimée of acting; cold, yet producing warm feelings in the observer; apparently natural and disdainful of the theatrical, yet alert, active, and deeply theatrical every second. Using only his head, he still touches the heart. His power of holding the stage is hardly to be surpassed. He never sticks out and he is never forgot. He enters quietly, perhaps stealthily, and you look at him. He seems to be doing nothing, but he is doing many things. He is taking certain attitudes and avoiding others, making a hundred subdued movements of his frame or head or face to reflect every change in the situation. He hardly ever lets down; never in his movements, only occasionally in his delivery. Most actors begin to act at one point, stop at another, begin again, and so alternate between life and death. To enact standing still successfully is one of the most difficult histrionic feats. Players who inexorably hold their audiences are—except in low comedy—by temperament incapable of relapse. Fortunately Mr. Gillette is not alone in this sustained dramatic existence, for although he is the best actor in his company most of his leading companions are steadily vital and correct. Miss Perry, who has just come to notice on the stage, is so sincere, sweet, and direct that her future will be watched with hope, and, if it is not rash to be exact on a first impression, she ought to practise on letting her feelings go a little more in emotional situations, while still firmly holding the reins. Mr. Gollan's half villain, Mr. James's negro, and Mr. Smith's telegraph operator are among those finished studies in secondary rôles which we see oftener in France and Germany than in England and the United States; and they add to my belief that we are to be an acting race.

As the play itself belongs to a new species with which we are not yet entirely familiar no final word is likely to be said about it for some years. It belongs more exclusively to the stage than the French well-made play, as exemplified in Dumas, Augier, or even Sardou, and it could hardly enter the library as a piece of literature unless it were written with some such skill as has gone into the best short stories. The scene in the telegraph office, for instance, is a remarkable piece of stage craft, wonderfully acted by Mr. Gillette, but it evidently cannot be transferred to paper unless by the pen of a Maupassant or Stevenson. What will this growing tendency toward elaborate silent effects mean in the life of our plays? What would the closing scene of *Shore Acres* look like in a book? These

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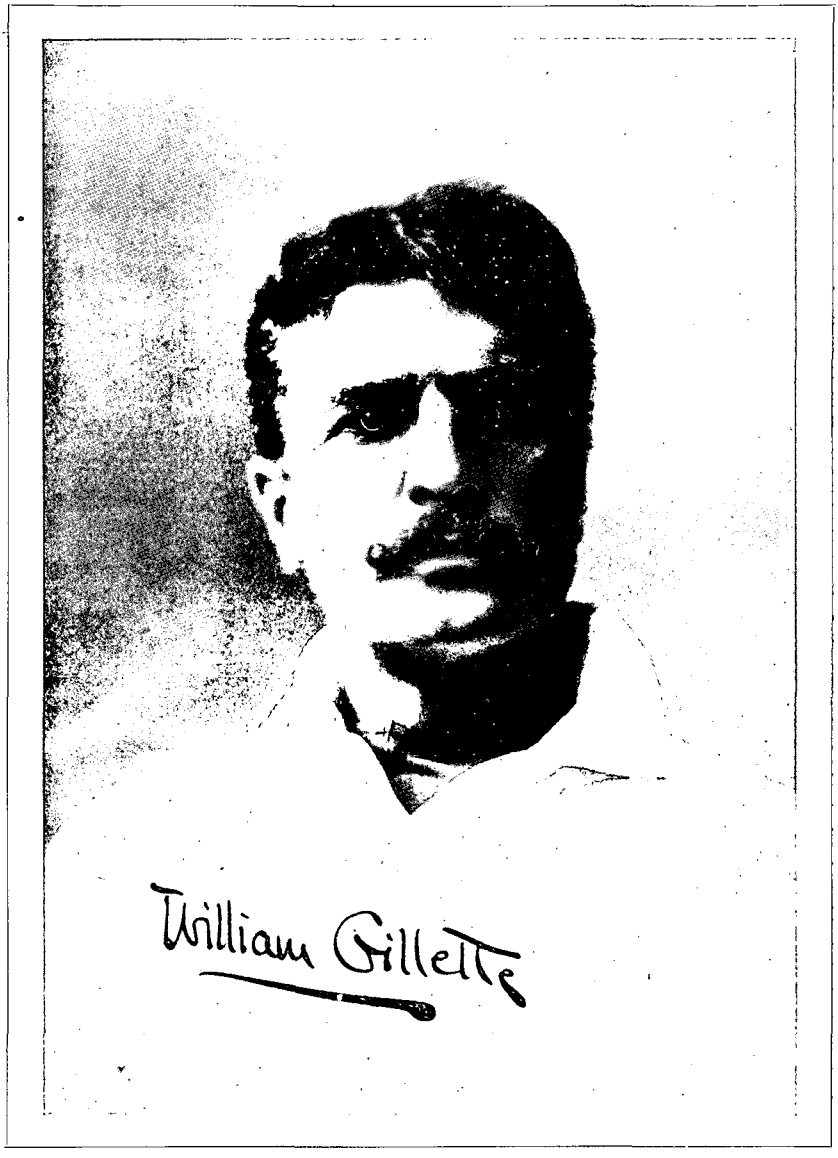

WILLIAM GILLETTE, IN "SECRET SERVICE."

From a new photograph by Pach Brothers.

things must vanish from the public as soon as the play temporarily quits the stage. If everybody did not read *The School for Scandal, Hamlet, Tartuffe, Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, they would not reappear decade after decade upon the stage. Now everybody cannot read a play that appeals wholly to the eye. George Bernard Shaw is trying to combine the drama and the short story, but his stage directions are often so undramatic and analytic, more fit for political economy than for art, that they do more harm than good. Perhaps the truth is that the combination is impossible, and that plays which are not essentially contained in the dialogue are doomed to youthful death. Fleeting or lasting, however, *Secret Service* is art, lacking, to be sure, some elements of strength, such as a close causal connection between the main plot and the comic relief, but yet

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one of the most significant performances of the decade.

Anthony Hope's first dramatic effort, *The Adventure of Lady Ursula*, promises somewhat more than it performs. Novelists whose abilities have reached maturity in their occupation have been turned suddenly to drama, so that it is not easy to decide how far to look upon them as beginners and how far as finished products. Mr. Hope's play happens to be firm structurally just where its dialogue is sharpest and most progressive. Happens? Possibly not. Possibly when a situation is really grasped the workmanship is naturally solid, in its larger and its smaller aspect. At any rate, from the moment that the characters begin, just before the first curtain, to act and talk in the present, instead of ladling out information about the past, until the drama foreshadows its end, at the conclusion of the third act, the dialogue is as superior as the movement is to what comes before and after. This dependence of each dramatic element on the theme must always exist to some extent. *The Adventure of Lady Ursula* is a play in two acts, with two encumbrances. Ibsen is a stronger model than the Frenchman in this matter of opening scenes. He reveals the past only through deeds and words which have an interest in the present. He doesn't shovel ancient history at the audience for fifteen minutes and then start. He allows just that part of former incidents which is needed to shadow itself forth through the progress of the present. Stage reality differs deeply from reality beyond the theatre door, but its laws are no less absolute. When we look at the first scene we wish to see something happen, not to hear a story. As to the last act, Miss Harned may be to blame for its ineffectiveness, for her pantomine at the close of the third reveals what is to come and makes the spectator willing to go home. Mr. Hope is a welcome recruit, for he is neat and light, and not without wit which amuses though it does not linger.

Of minor events, *A Day and a Night in New York* is the most interesting. It is not leavened with good taste—far from it—but it is significant and funny. Mr. Hoyt is the Mark Twain of the American stage, with a difference in favour of the comic novelist. Just as we take a deeper interest in Mr. Clemens than in writers of more delicacy, because he is natural, alive, and representative of our Republic in its present stage, so Mr. Hoyt, with less talent, is witty, good-humoured, fatalistic, frank, agile, formless, vulgar—as we are, the great American people; material for profound art if not yet ready for it. Is it not probable that our literary genius, when it disengages itself, will be humorous, as the nation is? What Mr. Hoyt has, mixed with clay, will be sifted out and used in purified form by the truly national artist.

Norman Hapgood.

HUMOUR

He who seeks to know me well
Looks not for a cap or bell;
He who seeks to know me better
Learns me not by line or letter;
He who holds my wings in thrall
Never looked for me at all.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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COUNT LYOF TOLSTOY.

From his latest photograph.

THE DAWN OF THE RUSSIAN NOVEL

I.

From the beginning of this century dates the sudden dawn and marvellous expansion of the singular literature which exerts over some minds so powerful a fascination. One requires but little imagination to foresee that it will exercise a still greater influence, when the more thoughtful among us come to realise all the significance of this manifestation of Russian thought.

To-day the Russians are our masters in a new school; we can sit at their feet and learn. To many, the name of Russia in the immediate past has been associated only with crude ideas of Nihilism, of attempts to assassinate the Czar, and of a people half barbarous and plunged in

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utter ignorance. But of this shackled giant slowly awakening to a consciousness of power, and who seems destined to bestow upon our old Europe the divine gift of new ideas, if not of a new religion, they know nothing. They may have perused from curiosity, some samples of this strange new literature without seizing upon its inner sense, without realising the extent of the threatened upheaval. As yet, it is too early to prophesy events. We can but study tendencies, and mark the men who have been the depositories of the sacred fire of patriotism and regeneration.

Amongst these I shall refer only to the great names which stand out as types and resume in themselves the development of Russia during the last half century. In them we shall find concentrated and sublimed the tears, the aspirations and the yearnings of a whole people. If its joys are bitterly ignored, it is that, in truth, they cannot be said to exist. Forced by circumstance, the Russians have raised the novel to the exalted position which it holds with us moderns as the faithful chronicle of the history of to-day—the position claimed by such literary authorities as Balzac, Flaubert, the Goncourts, Maupassant and Zola.

England can scarcely be called the initiator of this new departure, although to her it is often attributed. The English novel is domestic; the Russian novel is national, in the broadest sense of the word. Whosoever, therefore, wishes to construct in the future the history of Russia during this wonderful century, or trace up to their source some of the most astounding beliefs and events, will have to turn to these romances for documents. And the reason is very simple. In Russia, owing to brutal censorship exercised over the press, there was no other channel in which could run the floods of daring eloquent thoughts that all at once swept over the country. It was the only channel not open to suspicion. Autocracies are proverbially stupid, and the Russian Czardom proved no exception. It allowed to pass in this form, the barbed words which were to sting the conscience of a race deprived for centuries of its birthright, and arouse it to attention—mind, I do not say to action—therein at present lies the weakness of the Russian temperament. With an immense capacity for reflection Russians have, as yet, manifested but limited capacity for action.

The Russian novel contains, therefore, within itself such poetry, history, and psychological studies as the world has never seen equalled for minuteness and

STEPNIAK.

accuracy; mystical reveries; satires so deadly true in their aim, so bitter in their hidden wrath that the publication of one sufficed to overthrow the hideous anachronism of serfdom; a despair so profound and subtle that it manages to penetrate even our materialistic envelope; a seeking after the mystery of existence with a persistency and intensity that are simply appalling in audacious conception; finally, the restless searching for an explanation to the cruel problem of life, the cry of the soul for a religion, for guidance and for peace.

Nothing is sacred to these investigators, to these bold, indefatigable searchers of the human heart. Or rather, all is sacred, but not by them considered beyond discussion; and these original minds, true products of a "virgin soil," have invested with new meaning all the old problems of existence.

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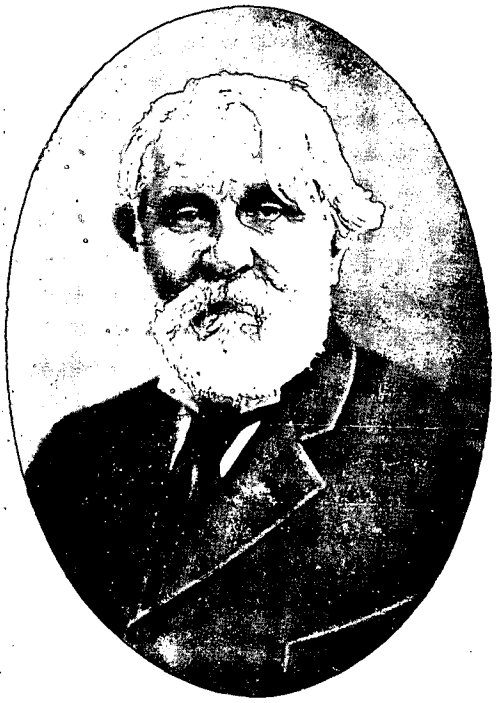
The same adverse fate which brooding over their unfortunate country has condemned it after a long and painful travail, to give forth only the echoes of the anguish which tortures it, has in like manner, inexorably maimed and shortened the lives of its most brilliant chil-



TURGENIEFF.

dren. In no country could such a list of fatalities be enumerated, as overtaking contemporary talent. To mention only some of these: Kykeiff was hanged as a conspirator in 1825; Pouschkine, Russia's greatest poet, was killed at thirty-eight years of age in a duel; Griboedoff was assassinated at Teheran; Lermontoff, a well-known and promising writer, was killed in a duel in the Caucasus at the age of thirty; Venevitinoff died broken-hearted at twenty-two, his end hastened by insults and outrages; Koltzoff, at twenty-three, died of grief caused by family troubles; Belinsky, at the age of thirty-five, died of misery and hunger; Dostoievsky, after sentence of death, when twenty-two years old, for a slight offence was sent to the mines of Siberia forever; Gogol committed suicide when only forty-three; and Stepniak, the Nihilist, forced to flee from Russia, was accidentally killed in London, in December, 1896, whilst crossing a railway track.

If, as is said, there comes "misfortune to those who stone their prophets," then we can understand to a certain extent, why the misfortunes of Russia are darker and deeper than those of any other land.

Until the commencement of this century, there was no such thing as a national literature in Russia; in fact, one could scarcely say there existed any national feeling. The mass of the nation was made up of voiceless slaves whose unintelligible murmurs had never been interpreted. The upper or governing classes prided themselves on introducing customs and modes of thought, borrowed from France and Germany, as little national as possible. Since any light, even borrowed light, is preferable to the dense darkness of ignorance, the scanty education which the universities then afforded the youth of that epoch, evoked longings for something higher, and many left their native land in order to steep themselves more fully in the metaphysics of Germany or the humanitarian philosophy of the French Revolution. The germ was deposited. It had but to fructify and develop—not into a servile imitation of well-known models, but into that rare and powerful literary efflorescence which we are considering at the present moment.

At first, it must be admitted that even amongst those who possessed undoubted genius, the influence of European thought is clearly manifest; and, in the works of Pouschkine, the first poet of any eminence, the trace of Byron is unmistakable. At the same time it should not be forgotten that after the deceptions due to the non-fulfillment of radiant hopes—hopes engendered by the teachings of Rousseau, and startled into activity by the terrible years of 1789-91—a wave of reaction and despair swept over many souls of a similar bent, with almost irresistible force. For instance, Goethe gave to the world *Werther* and *Faust*, than which there are no gloomier contributions to modern pessimism; Byron drew from his lyre sounds that were not wholly theatrical, but represented a state of mind common to many; in France, Châteaubriand took up the same theme, and these great men had many imitators.

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So late as the middle of this century, the reverberation of these painful chords still continued in the works of Alfred de Musset, and in some of the early works of George Sand, we fail to find the joyful note which is the prelude of a brighter day. I will not here discuss the reasons of the disappointment which swept over humanity. We can destroy rapidly, good and bad together; but we can reconstruct only by dint of infinite pains and patience, and it is a truth we often forget in our haste to regenerate the world.

The Russians have adapted the modern realistic or naturalistic form of novel around which so many storms have raged, to new and great uses; and it is to their credit that they, backward in all else and indebted to the West of Europe for every intellectual stimulus, have produced and fashioned a marvellous instrument of culture and progress. Nothing in either the literatures of France, Germany or England can equal this particular product of the Russian soil. The novel in these countries has not had the same function to fulfill, that is, to enlighten, comfort, counsel and reform. "To amuse" is not even taken into consideration. And the result! An immense country has been gradually revolutionised, educated, uplifted to such an extent, in so short a space of time and under conditions so disheartening that it is impossible to forecast the splendid future of this race, when its sons and daughters shall live in liberty; in fact, in the enthusiastic opinion of some admirers, the *intellectual* as well as the *material* empire of the world will some day be divided between the Anglo-Saxon and the Slavonic races, two peoples very diverse in their aims and natures. The Russian, dreamy, poetical, subtle, devoid of prejudice, and wonderfully receptive, absorbing all learning with ease, with talents of an artistic order, ardent though indolent, profoundly melancholy and religious. The Anglo-Saxon, practical, energetic, not given to dreams, rather materialistic than mystical, with a passion for justice, highly intelligent and educated, a dominating and aggressive race, whose talents do not run in an artistic direction, who, on the whole, take a joyous if limited view of existence, and who are not much tormented by conceptions of the Infinite. It is true that these two races contrast with and complete one another, and typify in themselves all the best attributes of humanity. A mighty harmony might arise from their collaboration in the work of progress. Yet it must never be forgotten how greatly mankind is indebted to the Latin races for the grace, harmony and lucidity of their productions; as also to those less-known but piquantly original flowers of genius which blossom now and then among less widely known, but not less interesting peoples.

At present, overburdened by the wealth of woe surrounding them, and by the many wrongs to be redressed, the Russian prophets and writers have not said their last word. Their first is a thrilling one, it is perhaps best expressed by the word compassion. Blake's lines well convey this spirit:

> Mutual forgiveness of each vice,
> These are the gates of Paradise.

"To pity" means "to help," and who knows where that new solidarity, gradually growing up between nations as between members of groups may not conduct us! Even in Russia, slight gleams of the aurora which will some day overspread her, may be discerned, although still more evident are the warning signs of that terrible tempest which, before clearing the air, will cause thrones to shake and scatter the sanctioned abuses of centuries far and wide. She will not, in that day, not far distant, forget the prophets and martyrs, her heroes and saints. She will not forget those who opened up glorious paths of difficulty and duty, who caught and fixed all the scattered gleams of light into one glowing focus, and stamped with the unmistakable mark of genius, the nationality and aspirations of a great people.

Grand, imperishable, among many lesser lights will shine the names of Gogol, Pouschkine, Dostoievsky, Tourgenief and Tolstoy, types of all that is best and most characteristic in modern Russian literature.

To Gogol belongs the honour of having the first gathered together and enshrined as only genius can, the most beautiful of the innumerable legends, tales and folk-lore in which Russia abounds. He it was who first translated the dim complaint of the crushed

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millions, their pathetic poetry, their measureless patience, their vague longings. The whole extent of their wrongs he perceived better than they themselves could, and by such works as *The Revisor* (a model of destruction by sarcasm and irony), and *Dead Souls*, he succeeded in overturning a system. Many abuses are left, but some at least are dead or slowly dying. It is impossible for me, however tempted, in a short sketch like this, to enter into the method of treatment of these two famous works. The student must be referred to the original. As evidence of his wonderful precision of detail, power of delineation and ironical sallies, it suffices only to observe that in Russia, scores and scores of passages have become proverbial—as for instance the reproof administered by a corrupt official to an underling: "You rob too much for your grade," which excites roars of significant laughter in Russia where the allusion—owing to the widespread red-tapeism and corruption—is full of savour. Of course, here, where robbery, bribes and misappropriation of public money are unknown, such a taunt would be quite pointless. When Gogol read his manuscript of *The Revisor* to Pouschkine, the latter remarked—so great was the sense of desolation which overcame him—"God! what a sad country our Russia is!" That was sixty years ago—it is still a sad country, as witness the last social studies of Tolstoy's. One arises from their perusal no longer American, English or Russian, but a human being only, profoundly troubled, conscience-stricken, asking: "Is it possible such misery exists?" When we thought we knew the depths—there are still deeper depths. Yes, what is to be done? Who will answer, who will shed a ray of light upon this gloomy picture? To Tolstoy there is only one answer: Sympathy, help, but *intelligent* sympathy and *intelligent* help.

For the moment one feels rather a thousand revolutions, and blood running in streams, and a thousand crimes of reprisal against such oppressors, who doubtless sin unknowingly in their crass obtuseness, than a continuance of so much unmerited poverty and suffering. This is the attitude that conducts us to what is vulgarly called active Nihilism, that is to say, to the stake or to Siberia. Tolstoy himself, it has conducted to poverty and renunciation, but is his answer to the enigma, the whole answer? In "What is to be done?" the author starts with bags of money to relieve the wretchedness with which he is being continually haunted in Moscow. It is not difficult to guess the result—deception—the misery is not touched; nay, it is sometimes aggravated. Then come the harrowing pictures he knows so well how to draw—no artistic touches these, but true, profound, human, eternal. Our brothers and sisters there before us, our own flesh and blood palpitating, quivering, most pitiful of all, uncomplaining. Unknown heroisms, unwept, obscure martyrdoms! What wonder if Russian ears catch only the burden of heavy days! How can it be otherwise? Whether Tolstoy has or has not discovered the true remedy for this state of things is a matter of opinion. But he has borne his part nobly, and has sown seed which will bear fruit.

I have passed, not without reason, from Gogol to Tolstoy, to instance the similarity of spirit yet not of method, which unites these two natures so opposite in other respects—a love of country and a keen appreciation of the causes which undermine and impair that country's greatness. I will refrain from quoting those thrilling descriptions of Gogol illustrative of the limitless vast plains of Russia and their beauty, so real, so perceptible to the Muscovite soul. Amongst so many gems, each one more wonderful than the other, how to choose? "Night in Ukraine," "An Invocation to the Steppes," to "Russia," and many more. Love of country has perhaps beyond and above all else, excited man's best endeavours and called forth his highest achievements.

There is one theme only which lifts us higher, and that is humanity, both in its spiritual and material aspects. But it is doubtful whether for humanity in the abstract there can ever be aroused the same kind of enthusiasm as is felt for home and country.

Melville Joyce.

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THE ONE FORGOTTEN

A spirit speeding down on All Souls' Eve
From the wide gates of that mysterious shore
Where sleep the dead, sang softly and yet sweet.
—"So gay a wind was never heard before,"
The old man said, and listened by the fire;
And—" 'Tis the souls that pass us on their way,"
The young maids whispered, clinging side by side,
So left their glowing nuts a while to play.

Still the pale spirit, singing through the night,
Came to this window, looking from the dark
Into the room; then passing to the door,
Where crouched the whining dog afraid to bark,
Tapped gently, without answer, pressed the latch,
Pushed softly open, and then tapped once more.
The maidens cried, when seeking for the ring,
"How strange a wind is blowing on the door!"

And said the old man, crouching to the fire,
"Draw close your chairs, for colder falls the night,
Push fast the door, and pull the curtains to,
For it is dreary in the moon's pale light."
And then his daughter's daughter with her hand
Passed over salt and clay to touch the ring,—
"The old need fire," she murmured, "but the young
Have that within their heart to flame and sting."

And then the spirit, moving from her place,
Touched there a shoulder, whispered in each ear,
Bent by the old man, nodding in his chair;
But no one heeded her, or seemed to hear.
Then crew the black cock, and so weeping sore
She went alone into the night again;
And said the grey-beard, reaching for his glass,
"How sad a wind blows on the window-pane!"

And then from dreaming the long dreams of age
He woke, remembering, and let fall a tear.
"Alas! I had forgot—and have you gone?—
I set no chair to welcome you, my dear."
And said the maidens, laughing in their play,
"How he goes groaning, wrinkled-faced and hoar,
He is so old, and angry with his age,—
Hush! hear the Banshee sobbing past the door!"

Dora Sigerson Shorter in Blackwood's.

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BISMARCK AS AN EDITOR

Taking a newspaper from his pocket, smoothing out its pages upon the lid of the high desk in front of the orator's tribune and instantly becoming absorbed in the records of the day,—thus Herr von Bismarck braved the storm created by his first appearance in the Prussian *Landtag*, on March 17, 1847, the cat calls and cries of "Sit down."

The representative from Saxony province calmly turned over a leaf to contemplate the tail end of the leader. In Germany, leading-articles usually cover a page and a half, minus the strip set aside for the *feuilleton*.

"We will not listen to this *Junker*. He was not even born at the period under consideration!"

"The mad Bismarck," as he was then called, kept on reading.

Finally the marshall of the *Landtag* restored order and the new member, pocketing his paper, plead guilty to the indictment of being quite a young man,—"Only thirty-two,—not my fault, I assure you, gentlemen."

"Ever since," said Prince Bismarck some forty-three years after the episode related, "I have had faith in the press,—the right kind of press. The old *Spenzer'sche Zeitung* saved me from losing my temper at a most critical period: after all, newspapers have their uses; I never lost sight of that fact during my official life."

In the year 1848 we find Bismarck busily engaged in writing letters to the newspapers, political leaders most of them, corrections others. In 1849 he was known to be part owner of the *Kreuzzeitung*, the reactionary organ, and minor newspapers of a similar tendency were founded and subsidized by him and the party he represented throughout Prussia. He wrote for them, he made speeches in their favour, and he collected money for the maintenance of the royalist press.. When, four years later, he entered the diplomatic service, he had to give up his editorial chair in a dozen or more sanctums. But his caustic pen did not rest. His letters to friends and sympathisers, published with and without permission, now became the mainstay of public opinion as expressed in the loyal newspapers. Some of his winged words, such as, "Austria is not an empire, but merely a government," travelled from one end of the globe to the other and back again.

When in 1862 Bismarck assumed the Prussian Premiership, the liberal press characterised him as an "empty-headed scribbler," "a puffed-up braggart." But as, at the same time, he obtained control of the government's bribery funds, the royalist press entered upon an era of prosperity. Heretofore Bismarck had fed it with flashes of genius; now he smote its competitors by reserving the news for *his* papers exclusively. It was a journalistic *coup d'état*. Backed by newspapers that were newspapers and which the majority of the people had to read, whether they agreed with their opinions or not, Bismarck could afford to ignore the legitimate rights of the Prince of Augustenburg after 1864, and two years later could enter upon the unpopular war against Austria, taking the sinews of war from the public treasury without a shadow of right.

"Not a penny for this ministry!" cried the deputies.

"His Majesty has been graciously pleased to empower the President of the Ministry to appropriate the necessary funds for the mobilisation of the army," answered Bismarck's papers. When, twenty-four hours later, the opposition press spoke of "Napoleonic measures" and "violation of the constitution," it was too late. The troops were moving. The war was on.

From the middle of 1867 until March, 1890, the day of his dismissal, the funds for editorial work and for influencing public opinion placed at Bismarck's dis-

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posal exceeded the sum of two millions of marks per year,—the revenues of the sequestrated fortune of King George of Hanover and certain appropriations for secret purposes. This was the "reptile fund."

Ah, the oceans of black tears wept over the "reptile fund!" The press of the world joined the German liberal papers in protesting against this scandal. "But," said Prince Bismarck when it was all over and after he had retired to Friedrichsruhe,—"what of it? Let us assume for argument's sake that I spent during the last twenty-three years of my chancellorship forty-five millions of marks in editing, printing and subsidizing various newspapers—thanks to my direction of the press, Europe enjoyed twenty years of peace, and war in Europe costs, according to the calculations of 1870 and 1871, eight hundred millions of marks per year."

From 1872 to 1890 Bismarck was quasi-editor of the *Cologne Gazette*, the *Berlin Post*, the *North German Gazette* (*Allgemeine Zeitung*), the *Hamburger Naehrichten* and the *Berlin Political News*. The *Cologne Gazette* reflected Bismarck's political opinion, passing it off as its own, for the sake of the exclusive news furnished to its home office and to its correspondents in all parts of the world by order of the Chancellor. If there was an epochmaking or interesting bit of intelligence in Wilhelmstrasse, the *Gazette's* special wire carried it to the Rhenish Cathedral City before even the heads of departments in the Chancellor's office heard of it. And wherever German ambassadors, ministers and consuls resided, they had to think of the *Cologne Gazette* immediately after their chief had been informed of the political news and gossip at hand. No wonder the *Cologne Gazette* grew to be regarded as a second London *Times*. The *Post* received for its support news of the second class, and besides "patronage," the *Hamburger Nachrichten* had to be content with an occasional bit of intelligence, while the *Berlin Political News* disseminated routine matter for the Chancellor. The *North German Gazette* did the illustrious statesman's dirty work.

Though received by some ten thousand persons daily, this journal never had a *bona fide* circulation. Its subscribers were, and are now, government officials and—editors. Yes, editors! In Bismarck's times no German editor could get along without the *North German Gazette*. He might miss the Cologne paper and the *Post;* it is not always essential to print the news in the Fatherland, but it meant certain death for a newspaper not to know with whom the Chancellor was quarrelling, against what persons he was intriguing or whom he chose to regard with especial favour at a given time. The *North German Gazette* furnished this sort of items red hot, day by day. For their sake the paper was bought by editors throughout Europe—none would be without this political scandal-monger, professedly as much opposed to sensationalism as any High Church organ, but if need be as "yellow" as any of our up-to-date penny journals. "At the time Pindter" (the ostensible editor of the *North German Gazette*) "placed so and so many columns of white paper at my disposal," was one of Bismarck's standing phrases. He used it frequently when speaking of the political history of the last two decades.

In 1889, when I represented one of New York's famous newspapers in Berlin, I called upon the editor of the *North German Gazette* one evening, about ten o'clock, to verify, if possible, some rumours concerning the Empress. I stated the facts, as I had heard them, and the great editor listened attentively.

"My dear sir," he said, after reflection, "we are making *politics* in this paper. Mere news, such as you seem to have got hold of, does not concern us. If it be true, you will find it probably in our evening edition—to-morrow."

"As a maker of politics" the *North German Gazette* published, on the evening of March 17, 1890, the news that Prince Bismarck had resigned. But while the guests in the cafés and hotels of the better class (the semi-official paper is kept on file in every well-to-do place of public resort),—while anxious burghers were fighting for the paper that alone had the news and yet refused to make capital out of this unprecedented "beat" by issuing extras and supplying the dealers—while every wire leading out of Berlin was hot with messages, guesses, prophecies—the real editor of

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the *Norddeutsche* presided at a ministerial council. Bismarck's letter to the Emperor, containing his offer to resign, was dated March 18,—the editor had had twelve hours' start of the statesman. On March 20 the *Reichsanzeiger* published Bismarck's resignation. On the 21st the princely editor of the *Norddeutsche* called the German Emperor a liar. He declared in most emphatic language that, contrary to the official statements issued, His Majesty had made no efforts whatever to retain him in office. And he kept hammering away until March 23, inclusive. The day after, Herr Pindter, Bismarck's own creature, refused to accept "copy" from his old master.

The *Post* and *Cologne Gazette* had discharged their editor-in-chief on March 20, on the plea "owing to unusual pressure upon our columns," etc., that is the very evening when the *Reichsanzeiger* introduced the Iron One's successor. And of all the five hundred odd Bismark organs throughout the Fatherland, of all the papers Bismarck had patronised by news, advertisements or money contributions, or by furnishing them talented editors free of charge,—of all his journalistic pensioners, only one, the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, remained true to him.

Early in the eighties Bismarck had ordered the imperial telegraph administration to permit the *Nachrichten* to establish a special wire between Berlin and its home office. He did this to oblige Dr. Hartmeyer, the proprietor, one of Hamburg's leading men. In after years, when the Prince spent a good deal of time in Friedrichsruhe, he used the *Nachrichten* occasionally in preference to the *North German Gazette*, first because it was nearer at hand and secondly because, like other editors, he considered it good policy "to stir up the animals" from time to time. But for all that, the *Nachrichten* was a queer sheet in 1890. Though extremely provincial, it disdained news matter not smacking of high politics, of trade or finance. Even now one may stop in Hamburg for a week without seeing the Bismarck organ.

Grieved, infuriated, full of burning contempt for the press that had turned him down over night, the Prince entered his Tusculanum on the evening of the 28th of March. Since the desertion of the *North German Gazette*, he had not looked at a paper. He would have nothing more to do with them; would fight his battles from the rostrum of the Herrenhaus and of the Reichstag." Then Dr. Chrysander brought him the *Hamburger Nachrichten* of the last ten days,—marked copies. Chivalry was not dead, then! Here were friends, who had never asked him for a penny—in coin or kind—and whom he had treated rather shabbily, except in the case of the special wire,—and they had come forward in his defence most nobly. A telegram invited Dr. Hartmeyer and his chief

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editor to lunch at Friedrichsruhe next day. And then and there the compact was entered into, that made Bismarck editor-in-chief of the blanket sheet.

"The *Cologne Gazette* I edited with a club,—'you blow my horn, or your supply of information will be cut off'; a shovel did well enough for the *Norddeutsche:* it swallowed any bait,—frog or canard,—but in your *Nachrichten* I take actual pride. I regard it like one of my own properties in need of improvement." Thus, or in similar words, Prince Bismarck expressed himself toward Dr. Hartmeyer time and again since the old provincial journal became a great political organ with provincialism still clinging to its coat-tails.

I asked a Hamburg Senator, an intimate friend of Bismarck, why, of all papers, the Prince had selected this antiquated, prejudiced and dull sheet. He cited the reasons already set forth and added: "You must know the *Nachrichten* is an old, established and very rich paper and though obviously benefitting by the Prince's contributions and by his generalship, no one dare charge Hartmeyer with sordidness. And Bismarck likes to think that people are serving him for his own sake. If, at the same time, there is a financial profit, well and good. But to lift a newspaper out of the sloths of pecuniary despondency by granting it interviews or giving it information, that is entirely out of the question. If Dr. Hartmeyer had been a struggling proprietor, instead of a rich man by inheritance, his partisanship for the Prince would scarcely have helped him to a single interview. It is a way wealthy people have."

Dr. Grube, one of the minor editors of the *Nachrichten*, who goes to Friedrichsruhe off and on to report festive occasions, corroborated the above views, adding, "Bismarck is above all a grand seigneur. He likes to be placed before the world as a wholesouled, generous lord of the feudal kind. Nowadays even the meanest criticisms of his political career, the nastiest insinuations against his character merely amuse him,—but let any one call him 'stingy,' or even suggest that he does not live up to the dignity of his position, and he will become terrible in his wrath."

Dr. Hofmann, the political editor of the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, is easily the most polished gentleman in the German newspaper profession. He is between thirty-five and forty years of age, fine looking and as fashionable as any secretary of legation. As his allowance for expenses was practically unlimited, he was able to flatter his chief's grand seigneur notions in every particular. Bismarck resembled Frederick the Great, his political ideal, in many respects. Like the philosopher of Sans Souci, he cared nothing for dress himself, and, like him, he insisted upon a certain solid splendour of costume on the part of persons admitted to his presence. The great Frederick would not allow his administrator of taxes to appear before him in the same coat twice; the lord of the Sachsenwald liked to see his sub-editor in three different suits of clothes per day. Dr. Hofmann travels first class like an American, or a Prussian minister of state; he used to distribute liberal backsheesh among the Prince's servants, and the more telegraph tolls the merrier! Such recklessness flattered Bismarck, for this great man, who refused to accept the letter from Governor Culberson (which played such a part in the Bryan campaign of 1896), when first presented at Castle Friedrichsruhe because it was not fully franked—there were twenty pfennigs due on it—fairly delighted in keeping the wires hot at some one else's expense.

I have the Culberson story from Dr. Hofmann, who had it from the Prince, who said "Unfranked letters are not accepted in this castle. If my colleague of Texas gets back his message, that will teach him a lesson and I will learn his reason for writing me soon enough."

Hofmann corroborates Dr. Grube's remarks set forth in a preceding paragraph. "One day," he says, "I came upon the Prince in his library when he was drinking from a bottle, and I was about to withdraw when he hailed me. 'Doctor,' he cried, 'you shall have an explanation on the spot. Not for a single moment will I allow you to think me a boor. Schwenninger ordered me to drink champagne in this fashion so as to get the full benefit of the carbonic acid. But I assure you, guzzling *à la* hod-carrier goes very much against my grain."

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One of the most cutting articles Bismarck ever published against Caprivi in the *Nachrichten*—in the summer of 1892—was on the topic of gentlemanly conduct. It criticised "the habit of the new Chancellor to threaten his predecessor with prosecution for this, that and the other."

"When Prince Bismarck was still in power," continued the editor of the *Nachrichten* in self defence, "he often had occasion to differ with Field-marshal Count Moltke, and these differences often assumed quite a serious character. Did these gentlemen threaten each other? The very idea of such a thing would have struck both as monstrous, if not as ridiculous. Men of birth, who live in atmosphere of European statesmen, never stray from the path of polite intercourse."

The editorial chair of the *Hamburger Nachrichten* at the Friedrichsruhe office was a lounge. It stood in the Prince's writing room, which is the largest of his suite of three chambers, embracing, besides, a bedroom and a library, the latter exceedingly small. The rooms are situated on the ground floor of the Manor House and are connected with each other. To reach the first of them, the library, one has to pass through the schoolroom of Prince Bismarck's grandsons, the young Rantzaus, and a little ante-chamber where the Prince's outdoor garments hung on antlers serving as a clothes-rack.

Bismarck edited his paper lying on a high-backed lounge, his feet and legs, up to his knees, wrapt in a red plush coverlet. At his right elbow stood a small mahogany table, bearing this inscription on a little metal plate:

The Preliminaries of the Peace between Germany and France were Signed on this Table at Versailles, Rue de Provence 14, Feb. 6th, 1871.

The polite, but narrow-minded Chrysander was at once "office-boy" and secretary. His first duty was to open the voluminous parcels with newspaper clippings, suggestions, queries and articles written for approval, correction, or—the waste basket, sent in by managing editor Hofmann from Hamburg by special messenger every morning in the year.

Hofmann read the newspapers with a view to "Bismarckiana." A half dozen scissors-editors worked under his direction and cut out every item, important or insignificant, relating to the Prince, or his policy, that appeared in any newspaper or magazine the world over. The printed intelligence, or absurdity, might tell of things that happened twenty or forty years ago, or it might rehearse facts applying to the present incumbent of the Chancellor's or foreign minister's office—if by a single iota it could be so turned as to suggest a connection with Bismarck's personality, or his public life, the editor-in-chief must see it, and woe to the man overlooking or undervaluing what might seem to him only a bit of idle gossip.

Dr. Chrysander read aloud the German and French clippings and the translations of items that appeared in Spanish and Italian newspapers. The cuttings from the English and Russian press the Prince read himself. He understood Russian quite well and I can appreciate his refusal to let Chrysander massacre the Queen's English, for, while I do not underrate Carl Schurz's eminence as an English scholar, I must say I never heard a German speak such beautiful English as Bismarck.

Pipe in mouth, and a pencil half a yard long in his fingers, the Prince listened attentively. If an item warranted the trouble, he held out his hand when Chrysander had finished and studied the clipping word for word, afterwards delivering his critique in some such phrase as "good," "sane," "ought to be encouraged," or "rotten," "a confounded lie," or simply "ox," "ass," etc. If an article enraged him, or if he was especially interested in the writer or newspaper, he was liable personally to mark the clipping with his approval, or disapproval. Then his long, soft pencil descended upon the margin vigorously to inscribe with short, powerful strokes an epigram, such as he delighted in coining all through his public life. If for the instruction of the managing editor ampler directions were needed, or if the Prince had but some coarse, contemptuous criticism to offer, the marking of the paragraph was left to Chrysander.

So it happened that in 1892 Eugene Richter's *Freisinnige Zeitung* published a well written attack upon Bismarck that accused the Prince of inconsequence,

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at the same time backing up the charge with numerous examples of Bismarck's political inconsistencies. Right there managing editor Hofmann had scented an opportunity for a vigorous rejoinder and consequently had begged his chief for minute instructions. But Bismarck thought otherwise:

"Do these cattle imagine that a man, standing at the helm of a great empire, can act in the same way year in and year out? The statesman is subject to changes of the times and of the political currents," he cried, "but to expect tap-house politicians to understand that would presumably be asking too much."

Like a good editor Bismarck settled all editorial questions submitted to him on any given day by return of mail,—that is to say, all that he wanted to dispose of. Sometimes he deemed a letter of instructions necessary; very frequently he called Dr. Hofmann to a conference. Hofmann had, of course, no opinion of his own. The Prince did all the talking; the managing editor absorbed his thoughts, drank in his words as a sponge does liquid. If it was a very important, or very new matter, he asked permission to jot down the leading article or paragraph that was to appear. Consent was readily given, and the Prince revised the manuscript, often changing the meaning of the whole, or improving on his own previous statements. This the Doctor did not mind, but he positively trembled when his chief insisted upon writing an article himself, or upon dictating one to Chrysander. Visions of prison gates, of challenges and prolonged press wars rose before his cautious soul, for the old thunderer, though engaged on a respectable provincial sheet for nearly eight years, had not yet learned to purr, or to call a spade other than a spade, or, perchance, a "confounded" spade, or worse.

It is almost beyond belief, but Editor Bismarck occasionally permitted himself to be "edited" as he laughingly said, "by mighty small potatoes." The man who wielded the Fatherland's press laws so vigorously for nearly thirty years, was easily persuaded to desist from using all too resolute language when his words seemed to threaten the safety or personal comfort of a sub-editor.

The reader may remember an article on "Count Herbert Bismarck," which was published by the *Hamburger Nachrichten* several years ago and cabled and telegraphed all over the world. It condemned, in most energetic terms, the notion entertained "even by some decent papers," that Count Herbert Bismarck might be induced to re-enter the imperial service "while his father" (the ex-Chancellor) "remained on the retired list." The article was Bismarck's own, but when Dr. Chrysander delivered it to managing editor Hofmann, he pointed out to him half a dozen or more "corrections" made by himself, Chrysander. The "corrections" had materially interfered with the "Iron Chancellor's" virile language. "The Prince has stood all that," said the secretary, "and will probably accept further suggestions; only the passage 'even some decent papers' *must not be touched.*" It went in unchanged, and those four words created more havoc than anything Bismarck had published for a twelvemonth.

I have called the *Hamburger Nachrichten* antiquated, prejudiced and dull. It is but fair to exculpate Prince Bismarck from faults of omission or commission in this respect. He possessed the keenest sort of newspaper sense, but while the proprietor of the *Nachrichten* gave him full control of the editorial and news columns, he interposed a most submissive, but firm *non possumus* every time suggestions for the general improvement of the paper were made. Thus Bismarck proposed the introduction of a department styled "Public Opinion the World Over." "All the editorial scraps Dr. Hofmann sends in could be printed there successively day by day with just as few words of comment as they deserve," he argued; "it is ridiculous to honour each squib separately with a heading and introduction. By the present method we sometimes, unconsciously, turn a mouse into an elephant." Dr. Hartmeyer was shocked. "At Your Highness's service, but——" and then followed a string of objections of which this—"A novelty,—it would upset our tradition" was the most formidable. In the end, "upstairs," despairing of his ability to raise "downstairs" to his own progressive heights, dropped the matter.

The Prince took his editorial work so seriously, that he would not be disturbed while engaged in it. While the Princess

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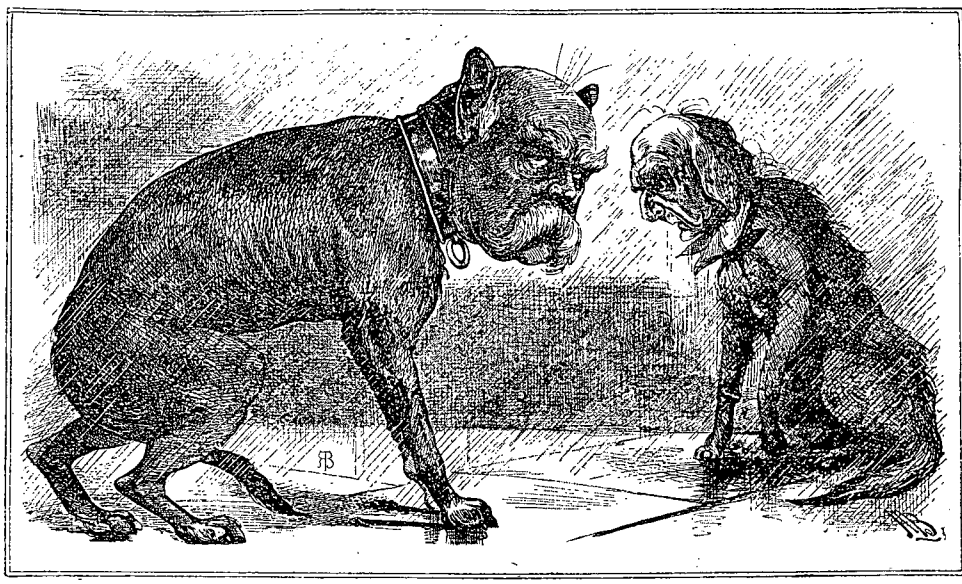
was alive, even that beloved Frau's occasional visits to the sanctum were liable to be repelled by an "*Aber, liebes Kind.*" If the Prince received extraordinary news from his friends in the diplomatic service of all countries, or through other sources, he dictated an article embodying the information to Chrysander and sent it to Hamburg. The post office is but a few steps from the castle and opposite the spot where the trains stop. Trains to Hamburg run at frequent intervals. So the Prince's letter could be delivered within an hour. If it was too late to write, Chrysander ran up to Hamburg after



BISMARCK AND GLADSTONE OUT OF OFFICE. (FRENCH CARICATURE).

supper and set the *Nachrichten* corps of stenographers at work.

"He is smart enough, but I am no slouch either," was one of Bismarck's quaint sayings, repeated over and over again, while he sat listening to Chrysander reading the clippings. Once it happened that the assistant followed up his chief's remark by reading from the *Official Gazette* this item:

> Many newspapers seem to think that Prince Bismarck is behind each one of the *Hamburger Nachrichten's* utterances. This is an erroneous idea. The Prince has at times inspired the *Nachrichten*, but must not be held responsible for the general political attitude of that sheet.

"*Donnerwetter!*" cried Bismarck, "I thought I was pretty smart, but, I see, the Kaiser is no slouch either." The ex-Chancellor shrewdly surmised that His Majesty caused this notice to be published in order to throw cold water on his (Bismarck's) editorial labours and, though it involved an attack upon him, he could not help admiring the manœuvre. As a matter of fact the *Nachrichten* has not printed one single line since March 28, 1890, that did not emanate from Bismarck or had not previously been approved by him directly or by inference.

Yes—no rule without exception. It did once, and the editor-in-chief promptly collected the scalp of the offender. Five or six years ago the foreign editor wrote an article criticising Gladstone for some political act, and an hour after the paper had reached Friedrichsruhe, an autograph letter by the editor-in-chief was travelling towards Speersort Square, Hamburg, as fast as a special delivery stamp could carry it. These are extracts from the document:

> I don't want to take sides in English politics. I never intimated any inclination on my part for Salisbury. I am neither a partisan, nor an enemy of Gladstone's political creed, why then should the *Nachrichten* attack Gladstone? Of course I shall be held responsible for that foolish article, while its writer has nothing to fear.

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I, the innocent party, will be torn to pieces by the British press. Let Dr. Hofmann call at once. Measures must be taken to forestall the re-occurrence of such asininities.

The foreign editor was discharged.

Editor Bismarck was at his best, when questions of international importance came up. The following article, which appeared in number 50 of the *Hamburger Nachrichten* (1892) was dictated by him to Dr. Hofmann, who had been called to Friedrichsruhe to act as secretary-extraordinary.

The statement of a London paper that a regency must be appointed if the King of Prussia suffers of cancer—this statement is senseless in the extreme. The idea originated on English soil, and the news that the government in power under William I. adhered to that view is a canard. Whether this canard was manufactured for political purposes, or in the interest of a certain medical person, we will not assume to decide. Neither the Hohenzollern houselaws, nor the Prussian constitution, contains a paragraph upon which such an imputation could be based. We are in a position to state positively that no Prussian ever ventilated the question of the establishment of a regency. We can also give assurance that the negotiations (held at Charlottenburg Castle during the visit of the Queen of England there) ended with the most energetic rejection of the plan, which at the same time was regarded as impossible. And mark: these conferences were not the results of German initiative. To assert the contrary, is to lie. The friends of Mackenzie are publishing this lie in the interest of his personal, or medical reputation. We repeat: the succession of Emperor Frederick has never been questioned for one single moment.

Whether the Prince was at home or abroad, his editorial duties had precedence of everything else. Dr. Hofmann submitted his budget of clippings by mail, his queries by letter, by telegraph or in person. In late years he sometimes accompanied the Prince on journeys; on other occasions, he merely sent one or two expert reporters along, holding himself ready to rush to his chief's side at a moment's notice. In the telegrams between the home office and the editor, Bismarck was always referred to as "S. D." (*Seine Durchlaucht*—His Grace). These newspaper people were never allowed to lose sight of the fact that their chief was a great lord as well as an overpowering genius.

During my apprenticeship as a Berlin correspondent I have often thought the *Nachrichten* the slowest of slow coaches, for not infrequently the paper kept silent for a week or ten days on the most important questions,—even such that directly concerned the ex-Chancellor. "I assure you, we didn't sleep on any of the occasions you mentioned," said Dr. Hofmann some time ago before Bismarck's death when I discussed this matter with him in a little beershop opposite the *Nachrichten* office, "but it often happens that when I, and my colleagues, and the rest of the newspaper world are particularly impressed by a current event, by a question, or a piece of intelligence,—that just then our princely chief feels in the mood to treat the matter as a huge joke. Bismarck has ruled the world so long and so successfully, he has coped with such heavenstorming difficulties, his mind is so broad, his knowledge so vast, his insight into affairs so far-reaching and his acquaintance with all important people of all countries so intimate, that things which upset the ordinary mind, which appear enormously interesting to you and me, in short as demanding immediate settlement or adjustment, it happens, I say, that such Chimborazos of our imagination scarcely have the dimensions of molehills in Bismarck's eyes. To give one example of many: when in June, 1892, the *North German Gazette*, then Caprivi's and the Kaiser's organ, published its historic attack upon Bismarck to punish him for his criticism of the government, we were completely nonplussed. The Prince was in Kissingen and as it seemed to me that the *Nachrichten* must answer instanter, I put the article on the wire at once. That happened on June 29 at 10 P. M. At the same time I asked whether I should come to Kissingen for consultation. We kept the presses waiting four hours,—there was no response that night. I was at my desk again at 7 o'clock next morning. No news from Kissingen. Late in the afternoon, when the forms for the evening edition had gone down, there came a telegram from Chrysander reading as follows:

S. D. disdains to take the matter seriously. Treat the article as one of Pindter's doings. But first see what the other papers say. Dr. Hofmann not needed here.

"I did as my chief ordered," continued Dr. Hofmann, "and soon saw the wisdom of his course. Caprivi and the government never recovered from the ridicule we heaped upon their attack by branding

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it as a fabric of that horse-marine. Pindter, by the way, was no longer connected with the *Norddeutsche* then. He was living in Copenhagen, knowing little of what happened in the world."

When Prince Bismarck visited Munich several years ago, the Prince Regent, agreeable to the Kaiser's wishes, closed his door against him, whereupon His Highness, quickly resolved, intimated to Ferdinand of Bulgaria, then stopping at the Bavarian capital, that he would be pleased to receive him. Now Ferdinand had been looking for a chance to ask Bismarck's advice for several years, so the result was a visit of state in a gorgeous coach and four with outriders, ministers, adjutants and secretaries. Managing editor Hofmann entirely lost his composure when this information reached him by his own correspondents and by Reuter in addition. Following his chief's direction, he had made fun of the "Coburger" ever since that gentleman entered the political arena. There was a dish of crow. But it had to be swallowed, —and if Bismarck could stand it, Hofmann could.

The defence of Bismarck's friend Crispi and the persistent running down of such men as Minister von Boetticher and Minister von Miquel—whom the ex-Chancellor honoured with his particular hatred—were likewise ticklish tasks for the managing editor. He had to suppress news, he had to "doctor" news and had to clothe much unparliamentary language, used by the Prince against these persons, in fitting terms without losing any salient points. But that was not all. Sometimes it pleased the Prince, for political reasons no doubt, to engage in a little Jew-baiting. Then such an all-around *mauvais sujet* as Ahlwardt had to be upheld. "It is bitter," said the *Nachrichten* people, "but what are we going to do about it?"

After retiring from active politics, the German libel laws—some of them his own creations—lost all charms for the Prince. In 1896 some hyperpatriotic citizens of Mannheim petitioned Bismarck to prosecute the editor of a Socialist sheet, which had heaped vulgar indignities upon him, but though the ex-Chancellor hated the disciples of Lassalle, he paid no attention to this singular request. "I wish I had never uttered that epigram: 'journalists are men who missed their vocation.' It is wrong, and I regret the popularity it attained,"—thus Bismarck expressed himself to Dr. Hofmann time and again after taking hold of the *Nachrichten,* adding: "I have learned to respect newspaper-men as a class, they are bright and grateful, characteristics that do not at all apply to our bureaucracy."

Bismarck "made" Blowitz by granting him an important interview long before the clever German had achieved international reputation; but when the ceremony of swearing allegiance to the Republic turned Blowitz into a rabid Frenchman, the Chancellor had no more use for him. He ordered his numerous papers to attack and ridicule the *Times* correspondent, and Blowitz became the type of the "yellow journalist"—in the eyes of continental readers at least—long before that term was thought of in America.

"He lies as he goes along, or telegraphs," is a "winged word" credited to the Chancellor. It was born in the days when he needed the whole "reptile" press to save Germany from going to war with France a second time. "I do not remember ever having said: 'Decent people do not write for me.' If I did use the phrase, the words were probably wrested from their context." Editor Bismarck wrote the above to another editor, shortly after his dismissal.

Henry W. Fischer.

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LIVING CONTINENTAL CRITICS

VIII.—Anatole France.

M. Georges Pellissier, who, if not exactly a shining light among contemporary critics, is uniformly sane and temperate in his judgments, has devoted some interesting pages of a recent volume of *Etudes de la Littérature Contemporaine* to a discussion of "Dogmatism and Impressions," the two rival camps into which French criticism is naturally divided: and he points out that ever since the days of Boileau the tendency has been steadily away from the former, and toward the latter school; in other words, away from the tenets of Ferdinand Brunetière, and toward those of Jules Lemaître and Anatole France. It does not, however, need any very profound critical acumen to realise that the distinguished editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, with his inexorable logic, his carefully formulated theories and his exalted conception of criticism as an exact science, is far less representative of the life and thought of the French nation to-day, than the studied freedom, the veiled irony and the indulgent scepticism of the author of *Le Jardin d' Epicure*.

Jacques Anatole France, who has been so long and so generally known by his penname that we are apt to forget that in earlier days he was Anatole Thibaud, is a Parisian by origin as well as choice. "Parisian in all his soul and all his flesh," as he phrases it. He was born and bred in the little book-shop kept by his father, almost under shadow of Nôtre Dame; and he often refers to the *quais* where he grew up, and "where the old books mingle with the landscape," *quais* which he cannot pass to this day, without a pang of mingled joy and sadness: "because I was born there, because I passed my infancy there, and because the familiar figures which I saw there in bygone days, are now vanished forever." And growing up in this atmosphere of musty tomes and faded parchment, he imbibed that reverence for books which made him what he is to-day, the ideal man of letters, and bibliophile to his finger-tips. It also helps to account for the surprising breadth of his general knowledge, small part of which can be accredited to his three years' course at the Collége Stanislas. M. France often speaks regretfully of his early education, of wasted hours and of novels read between the leaves of his Greek lexicon; but few of his readers will be apt to censure a system which, good or bad, has borne such admirable fruit.

His first contribution to literature, a short study upon Alfred de Vigny, appeared in his twenty-fourth year, and was followed in 1873 by a small volume of *Poèmes Dorés*, and three years later by *Les Noçes Corinthiennes*, which confirmed the favorable impression already made. In the score of years which have intervened, and during which his talent has steadily matured, he has worked placidly, methodically and without undue haste, along his chosen path, giving the world something less than one volume a year,—romances, *contes*, and essays, but all pervaded with the same flavour of subtle irony and amused scepticism: "Bibles of modern incredulity," as René Doumic has aptly styled them.

Anatole France's right to a place among contemporary critics rests mainly upon a series of articles which originally appeared in the Paris *Temps*, and which were subsequently reprinted in four volumes under the general title of *La Vie Littéraire*. In the preface to the first of these volumes, he sets forth in his usual entertaining and candid fashion his theories regarding literary criticism. His creed, so far as he can be said to have any, is of the simplest: he reduces the whole art to a matter of individual taste. A critic's judgment of a book is, in his eyes, at best only the expression of a personal opinion; the possibility of reducing criticism to an exact science, or of adopting a purely objective attitude in estimating literary work, he absolutely denies.

"As a foundation for criticism," he says, "they talk of tradition and of universal con-

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sentment. There is no such thing. The weight of opinion, it is true, favours certain works; but it is in consequence of a prejudice, and not at all from choice, or as a result of a spontaneous preference. The works which all the world admires are those which nobody examines. We receive them as a precious burden, only to pass them on to others, without looking at them. Does any-

ANATOLE FRANCE.

one really think that there is much liberty in the approbation which we give to the Latin, Greek and even the French classics?"

And of objective criticism, which forms the basis of Brunetière's whole system, he has this to say:

There is no such thing as objective criticism, any more than there is an objective art; and all those who flatter themselves that they put anything else than themselves into their works are dupes of the most fallacious illusion. The truth is that one can never get outside of himself; that is one of our greatest miseries. What would we not give, just for one minute, to see the heavens and the earth with the facetted eye of a fly, or to contemplate nature with the rude brain of an orang-outang? But it has been forbidden us. We cannot, like Tiresias, be man, and remember having been woman. We are shut within ourselves as within a perpetual prison. The best thing for us to do, as it seems to me, is to recognise this frightful condition with good grace and to admit that each time that we have not the strength of mind to hold our tongue, we talk only about ourselves. If he would be frank, the critic ought to say: "Gentlemen, I am going to talk about myself, apropos of Shakespeare, or Racine, or Pascal or Goethe." It is an excellent opportunity.

And accordingly, M. France does talk about himself abundantly, confidently and always entertainingly, not only in his critical essays but in everything which comes from his facile pen. And because Anatole France shows in his literary judgments such unerring good taste, and still more because he writes in an almost impeccable style, his readers are not to be blamed if they find his sparkling personalities preferable to the dogmatic and studiously impersonal utterances of Ferdinand Brunetière. Besides, he invariably leaves the impression of having written literature, and that is more than can always be said of the champion of objective criticism.

It is obvious however, that in a system which avowedly rejects accepted standards for the comparative anarchy of individual preference, the personality of the critic becomes of paramount interest. In an article devoted to Brunetière, it would be quite possible to confine oneself to his doctrines, and to discuss them in his own impersonal method: but an estimate of Anatole France the Critic resolves itself very largely into an estimate of Anatole France the Man. It must be admitted, however, that his is a complicated nature. Sceptic, erudite and moralist, poet, novelist and Epicurean, he does not lend himself readily to analysis. A *Benédictin narquois*, is the term which one critic has found for him, and perhaps it serves as well as another to define that attitude toward life which is the outcome of agnosticism grafted upon a nature strongly Catholic by inheritance and early training. It is a quality of temperament which he shares with Jules Lemaître: a quality in which both of these show their spiritual kinship with the author of *La Vie de Jésus*, and for which one of them has coined the name of "Renanism." "An intellectual anarchist," Lucien Muhlfeld defines him, in a recent volume. "Nothing resists his gentle criticism; he despises men, their customs and their laws." But this is going a little too far; it is hardly consistent with Anatole France's kindly nature to despise the world and

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its judgments: rather, he looks upon mankind with an indulgent, half-contemptuous pity. The world is not old, he reminds us: "it has existed in a solid state at most only twenty-five millions of years: and it is barely twelve million since it gave life to the sea-weed and shell-fish. Man came last; he was born but yesterday. He is still in the fire of his youth. We must not ask him to be reasonable; he needs to be amused with fairy tales." And by the term fairy-tale, M. France comprehends many things, The History of the French Revolution, for example, as well as *Puss in Boots* or *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius. "Leave us," he says, "the romance of history; if it is not true throughout, it contains some truth. I will even say that it contains truths which statistical history will never contain. Statistical history will never be other than an autopsy." As for truth, M. France thinks that on the whole it has no place in art: "We should demand truth of the sciences," he writes, "because it is their object; we should not demand it of literature, which does not and cannot have any object but the beautiful." And here is a characteristic passage, which underlies his whole system of æsthetics:

When the route is flowery, demand not whither it leads. . . . All end is hidden from man. I have inquired my way from all those, who, priests, savants, sorcerers or philosophers, pretend to be acquainted with the geography of the unknown. Not one of them has been able to indicate to me exactly the right path. And that is why the route that I prefer is that o'er which the beeches stretch the thickest foliage, beneath the most laughing sky. The sentiment of the beautiful conducts me. Who can be sure of having found a better guide?

Much emphasis has been laid upon M. France's scepticism, and with good reason, for it has not only tinged all his writings, but is becoming more accentuated in each succeeding volume. Ten years ago he could still write:

I have looked, I admit, more than once on the side of absolute scepticism; but I have never entered in. I was afraid of those two words: "I doubt"—words of such formidable sterility. Their force is such that the lips which have once pronounced them are sealed forever. If one doubts, one must needs be silent; for whatever one talks about, to speak is to affirm. And since I did not have the courage for silence and renouncement, I have wished to believe, and I have believed—at least I have believed in the relativity of things and in the succession of phenomena."

More recently, however, he has not hesitated to announce the more hopeless doctrine that "it is a hideous waste of time to seek for the truth," and that "the heavens, which were formerly considered incorruptible, behold nothing eternal, except the eternal crumbling of things." And in his recent *Jardin d' Epicure*, which comes the nearest of all his works to being a confession of his faith, he declares frankly: "We no longer have hopes of the immortality of the body; to console ourselves for the death of that belief, we have only the dream of another immortality, and that intangible, which we can enjoy only in advance, and which, moreover, is promised to very few of our number: the immortality of the soul in the memory of men." Yet of this immortality also, he is sceptical:

"Far from being infallible," he says, "posterity has every chance of being mistaken. It is ignorant and indifferent. I see passing, at this moment, on the Quai Malaquais, the posterity of Corneille and of Voltaire. It is promenading, gladdened by the sun of April. It goes, with veil over its nose, or cigar between its lips, and I assure you, it is troubling itself infinitely little about Voltaire or Corneille. Hunger and love give it quite enough to think of."

For the most part, M. France's scepticism is of the insouciant, laughing sort which makes him, as he has often been called, a "most dangerous antagonist to the spirit of faith and chastity"; yet he too sometimes has his dark moments of discouragement, moments when he questions whether it is not "wiser to plant cabbages than to write a book," and when he enviously watches the threshers of grain, "simple artisans of what is the work par excellence."

"What is my task by the side of theirs?" he asks. "And how small and humble I feel in their presence. What they are doing is necessary; while as for us, frivolous jugglers, vain players of the flute, can we flatter ourselves that what we are doing is even innocent, to say nothing of its being useful? Happy the man and the ox who trace their furrow straight. All the rest is delirium, or at least incertitude, cause of troubles and of cares."

But aside from these momentary infidelities, M. France shows a rare devo-

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tion in his cult of books. "Let us be bibliophiles," he says, "and read our books; but let us not take them from every hand. Let us be fastidious in our choice, and like the gentleman in one of the comedies of Shakspeare demand that they shall be well bound and that they shall talk of love." And still more characteristic is this passage:

> I would define a book as a work of sorcery from which escape all sorts of images which trouble the spirit and change the heart. I will express my thought still better: a book is a little apparatus of magic, which transports us amid the images of the past, or among supernatural shadows. Those who read many books are like hasheesh eaters—they live in a dream. The subtle poison which penetrates their brains, renders them insensible to the real world and leaves them a prey to phantoms, terrible or charming. Books are the opium of the Occident. They devour us. The day will come when we shall all be librarians, and that will be the end.

A fundamental article of his literary creed is that "all books, even the most admirable, seem infinitely less precious for what they contain than for what the reader puts into them." And in reading the various essays and reviews which go to make up his *Vie Littéraire*, we cannot help feeling that they owe their value, not to the merits of the books which he discusses, but to the thoughts which they have suggested to him, and which he in turn reveals to us. Taken as a whole his opinions on the great works in literature are what may be called normal; thus Shakespeare is "the poet of humanity; his place is everywhere, where there are men capable of feeling the beautiful and the true. He is like Homer, above the level of the people." But while he admits the claims of Homer and Shakespeare, Racine and Corneille, M. France is sufficiently catholic in his tastes to find something to praise in Bourget and Maupassant, Baudelaire and Verlaine. Although not in sympathy with the naturalistic school, he recognises that "Flaubert and the Goncourts inaugurated in a masterly fashion a form of methodical literature, and that Zola, with *L'Assommoir* and *Germinal*, has powerfully carried on the work begun." "But," he concludes, "it was easy to foresee the inevitable reaction; when we had read these books, and had said to ourselves: 'All that is true, very true, but it is also sad, and it teaches us nothing that we did not know,' we aspired to something else." With Zola he has little sympathy, although he admits him to be "unrivalled in painting washerwomen," and adds: "I will tell you confidentially that *L'Assommoir* has been my delight. I have read ten times, and with unmixed joy, the wedding of Coupeau, the feast of the goose, and the first communion of Nana. They are admirable pictures, full of colour, of movement and of life." The symbolists and the decadents, he confesses, are quite beyond him:

> Maria de Hérédia and Catulle Mendès have vainly tried to translate for me the sonnets of the new school. I understand absolutely nothing of them. I repeat, I find myself closer neighbour to a poor savage than to a decadent. I cannot conceive what impressionism is. Symbolism astonishes me. Perhaps you will tell me that that is what it was meant to do; but I do not think so. I believe that it is a disease. I even think that one may die of it.

For the most part Anatole France is a kindly critic, praising when he can, and touching upon what he regards as faults with an indulgent irony. The one notable exception is his attack upon M. Georges Ohnet, notable because coupled with that of Jules Lemaître, it interrupted the successful career of the author of *Le Maître de Forges*, and permanently destroyed his prestige in the world of letters. For this reason the article is worthy of being quoted at some length:

> I admit that hitherto I have had little acquaintance with M. Ohnet as an author. I could barely tell one from another all those romances with which he has filled the universe. I experienced in their regard a secret and sure defiance; I felt that they were not made for me, and I had an instinct that they were inimical to me. If I had trusted myself I would have died without reading a single line by M. Ohnet. . . . But I have read *Volonté*, and at first I was very unhappy. There is not a page, not a line, not a word, not a syllable of this book which did not shock, offend, sadden me. I had a desire to weep with all the muses. I had never before read so bad a book. That very thing gave it a certain consideration to me, and I ended by conceiving a certain admiration for it. M. Ohnet is detestable with equality and plenitude; he is harmonious and gives the idea of a form of perfection. And that is genius. . . . All that he touches becomes immediately sadly vulgar and ridiculously pretentious. The miracles of nature and of humanity, the splendour of the sky and the beauty of women, the treasures of art and the delicious secrets of souls; in short, all that makes the charm and the sanctity of life, be-

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comes in its passage through his brain, of a heart-rending commonplaceness. Then that is what he sees! That is what he feels! And yet he likes to live! It is incomprehensible!

But to know Anatole France at his best, one must read, not his essays on contemporary writers, still less those (fewer in number) on authors whose names are classic in French literature, but rather those which have for their theme the most unpromising of subjects,—a new dictionary, for example, a volume of archæology, or a collection of folk-lore,—anything which will serve him as an excuse for indulging in his inimitable reveries between its pages. He has a passion for all things which are simple, primitive and elementary; he loves above all, folk-tales and naïve *contes*: "Our novels are too many and too long," he says, "are not the shortest tales the most admirable? Those that are read forever are *Daphnis and Chloë*, the *Princesse de Clèves*, *Candide*, *Manon Lescaut*, which are no thicker than one's little finger. It is necessary to be light, in order to fly across the ages." In the whole range of literature the two writers who awake the greatest enthusiasm in him are Hroswita, the Saxon nun of the age of Otho the Great, who wrote plays, and "put her dainty thoughts in Latin verse with the candour of a little child," and Apuleius, whom he chiefly admires because he was "no mediocre impostor":

> I am going to tell you the whole truth: Apuleius is my sin. I love him without esteeming him, and I love him very much. He lies so well! He turns the universe upside down for you so neatly—a spectacle which fills us with joy in the hours of perversity. He shares so fully for the sake of satisfying it, that depraved taste for the absurd, that desire for the unreasonable, which each one of us carries hidden in a fold of his heart.

It is easy to understand, after reading this, why M. France finds such a fascination in ancient myths and early Christian legends, and why they enter so largely into his earlier writings. *Balthazar*, *Thaïs* and *L'Etui de Nacre* are fairly saturated with a spirit of paganism, and even *La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédaque*, in spite of its modern setting, leaves the impression that it is precisely the book which the author of *The Golden Ass* would write, if he were reincarnated. It is only in his latest works that M. France has begun to concern himself seriously about society of the present day.

Everyone who comes in touch with contemporary fiction, knows the story of *Le Lys Rouge*, for it marks a veritable revolution in his style. It is in fact a very creditable example of the *roman passionel*. Mme. Martin-Bellème is the wife of a cabinet minister, a cold, correct man, and in her eyes never anything more than the perfunctory husband. Soon after her marriage, however, she encounters Robert de Ménil, who succeeds in making life fairly tolerable for her. Unfortunately for himself, Ménil understands a good deal more about hunting than about women, and because he refuses to break his word to a friend, in compliance with her idle whim, she severs their relations and shortly afterwards makes the acquaintance of an artist Jacques Dechartres, who soon teaches her some new emotions. Dechartres knows very well that Thérèse has not only a husband but a "past," perhaps several of them, but she conceals the name of his predecessor, and it never even occurs to him to be jealous until by chance he learns that it is Ménil. Then he flies into a passion and breaks with her somewhat brutally: "I see him with you always in my thoughts," he tells her, and the story ends. Quite the customary romance of passion, you see, and not at all the book that one would look for, from a *Benédictin narquois*. M. France has often told us that it is the ladies of France who dictate the prevailing character of the French novel, and he has pointed out that even the robust Maupassant, in his latest works, *Une Vie* and *Fort comme la Mort*, yielded to feminine exigency and "obtained a *succès de salon*." It is clear that at last M. France prompted by the insistency of fair friends also aspired to a *succès de salon*, and hence *Le Lys Rouge*. It is the first time that he ever went systematically to work to devise a plot, and we can only admire the good will which he put into it; but it remains all too palpably a *tour de force*. If it deserved to live, it is not for the story, but for the frequent intervals of philosophic dialogue, and for the unique but quite superfluous character of Choulette, the

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bizarre poet and pious reprobate, whose prototype is palpably Paul Verlaine.

Somewhere in his writings Anatole France relates how he once visited a museum of anthropology, in company with a local savant, who answered with great readiness all his inquiries about the objects exhibited, until at last a question evoked the short reply that the object in question was not in his show-case. "This taught me," concludes M. France, "never to ask a savant what is not in his show-case." The ladies of France will do well to heed the moral of this anecdote, and never ask M. France for a second *Lys Rouge* since the *roman passionel* is evidently one of the things which are not in his show case.

One is reluctant to leave this author without some mention of his latest and in many respects his most significant works *L'Orme du Mail* and *Le Mannequin d' Osier*. But on the one hand they have little bearing upon literary criticism, and on the other they are works which cannot be dismissed cursorily. They show better than any other of his writings, that special quality of irony, which is all his own.

In conclusion, let us emphasise once more the quality of Anatole France's style. With the one exception of Maurice Barrès, there is no living French writer who so uniformly gives the impression that we are reading exquisitely smooth and faultless French prose, certainly none who can more safely be taken as a model. Unfortunately a style like his belongs to the order of genius which is inborn and cannot be acquired.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE AMERICAN LIBRARY AND THE DRAMA

The record of what the American library has contributed to the American drama is essentially a narrative of a modern, almost contemporary, movement. Neither our literature nor our stage is so old as to extend far beyond the experience of the seniors of this generation.

Before Washington Irving there was no fiction to speak of. The publications made on this side of the Atlantic were insignificant. For the most part they were devoted to educational and religious writings. The theatre up to the beginning of the century had not a large enough public to support any extensive or important body of actors, and in the northern cities its growth was impeded to the point of intolerance by the ascendancy of Puritanism. The first actors were, moreover, English men and women who acted the British drama exclusively. The first accretion of Americanism to the theatre came with the appearance of some few native actors. It was not until 1787, the 16th of April, at the theatre in John Street, New York City, that the first American play, *The Contrast*, a comedy by Royall Tyler, was acted. With the limitations of territorial opportunity as well as of public support, the early managers were at no more pains to find plays than to introduce the hitherto unacted classical importations from the British theatre. The resources were plentiful for half a century. Gradually the American drama denoted its beginnings, but spontaneity was not at a premium so early. Many of the plays were splendid poetic efforts, many of the melodramas were enthusiastically patriotic, but all of them were so antithetical to modern stage craft that they survive only in the library of the drama.

The first dramatisations of native novels was the crystallisation of many growths. The American novel has actually begun to be a factor in literature. The territorial and artistic scope of the stage had expanded with the phenomenal multiplication of the population. Nationalism and attendant self-confidence and assertiveness had begun to be in evidence. The American dramatist had appeared, and had for some time been working on the husks of themes left over by several centuries of English playwrights. So with novels to dramatise, an expanding stage demanding new material, a refreshing and invigorating be-

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lief in native possibilities, the indigenous dramatist fretting under the limitations of original themes often worked over, it was the rational sequence of things that in looking for new sources of inspiration he should turn to the stories and characters of American fiction.

The first dramatisation of which available records speak was that which awakened Washington Irving's *Rip Van Winkle* to a new life on the stage. John Kerr, of whom Ireland in his *Records* is silent, made the Catskill legend into a comedy in two acts, and J. H. Hackett—"Falstaff" Hackett, and the father of the J. K. Hackett of the Lyceum Theatre—produced the play in Philadelphia about 1822. It was not played in New York until April 22, 1830, when Mr. Hackett was again the Rip. Joseph Jefferson has preserved the Irving story fresh in the memory of this generation in an elaborated play in four acts, written by Dion Boucicault, but the famous comedian's half-brother, Charles Burke, was famous in this rôle as early as 1840. He wrote his own version, of which L. Clarke Davis says, in *Lippincott's* of July, 1879, "Burke's play follows closely the story of the *Sketch Book*, and lacks altogether the sweet humanity and the weird spirituality which pervade the combined work of Jefferson and Boucicault; it makes nothing of the parting from, or the meeting with, the child Meenie; but most of the dialogue, which was Burke's own, has been wisely retained."

From the time that the Sleepy Hollow legend was reincarnated until another great American novel joined it in a twin permanence on the stage, a period of thirty years, there were no dramatisations of moment, except those founded on certain of Fenimore Cooper's novels. The taste of those days was cast in heroic moulds, the stories of the sea and prairie had a contemporary interest and the enterprising dramatists seized upon them for plays which had a current, though transitory, vogue. The first of Cooper's novels to be transferred to the stage was *The Red Rover*, which was played first at the Park Theatre, New York City, on the first of May, 1828. On the 15th of January, 1830, a play called *Narramattah* was presented, avowedly taken from Cooper's *Wept of the Wish-ton-wish*. Eight years later on the fifth of February, in 1838, the Bowery Theatre was the scene of the *Nick of the Woods, or the Jibbinainosay*, pacing the stage again under obligation to Cooper for inspiration. George Fawcett Rowe made a stage version of *Leatherstocking*, which was acted, and *The Pathfinder* was also made into a play, but Ireland in his *Records of the New York Stage* and that other rare old chronicler, Rees, in his *Dramatic Authors of America*, are silent as to the authorship or time or place of production. It is interesting to learn that Cooper himself was not content with a subsidiary position in relation to the drama and made an original excursion into the field of dramatic authorship, with a comedy, *Upside Down, or Philosophy in Petticoats*, which, in 1849, was produced two or three times and has never been heard of since.

Charles Dance made a play of John Pendelton Kennedy's novel *Horseshoe Robinson, a Tale of the Revolution*, which was acted first on October 23, 1836, and there is a record of Joseph Jefferson's half-brother, Charles Burke, having acted Captain Tobin in *The Mysteries and Miseries of New York*, a dramatisation by H. P. Grattan of a story of the same name written by E. C. Z. Judson, a famous character in the journalistic and magazine world of New York half a century ago. Judson is more familiar to readers under his *nom-de-guerre*, "Ned Buntline." His play was a great success and was acted from September 4 to October 21, 1848, a very long run at that time. The Kennedy who wrote *Horseshoe Robinson* was a native of Baltimore. He was born in 1795 and died in 1870. His dramatised story carried the explanatory sub-title, *A Tale of the Tory Ascendancy*. His only other novels, now forgotten, were *Swallow Barn*, a story of rural life in Virginia, and *Rob of the Bowl, a Legend of St. Ingoes*, describing the province of Maryland in the days of the second Lord Baltimore; but he was a prolific writer in other branches of literature, having written a charming and authoritative biography of William Wirt, and many monographs. We may gather the character of the man succinctly from this paragraph from the *Nation*, referring to Tuckerman's *Life:* "The chief merit of the book is the attractive picture it gives of the best sort of Southern gentleman, well educated, of

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literary tastes, an honest politician, and a good lawyer."

During the season of 1851-2 there was produced at Purdy's National Theatre a play which became world famous. It has since made a fortune for more people, made famous and supported more actors, and has been played more times than any other play, except those of Shakespeare. It was Clifton W. Taylor's (or Tayleur, as the name is sometimes written) dramatisation of Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel of slavery days, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It is not written how successful the play was at that time, but it may be inferred that the ante-bellum political condition, the inherent dramatic value, and the appreciation and sympathetic interest for contemporary characterisation must have carried the remarkable play to instant popularity. An author named Aiken made another version which was given in New York City in July, 1853, and thereafter the presentations multiplied beyond computation. It has been said, and probably with mathematical accuracy, that since then there has not been a day when *Uncle Tom's Cabin* has not been played somewhere. In winter it has been seen in theatres and halls, in summer it has sought barns and tents. Through all the period of its success it has remained structurally crude and technically faulty, identical almost with its first presentations, and invention has, until lately, found no means to vary the old play except to multiply Marks, Topsy, Eva and the donkey by two, and the bloodhounds and angels by a somewhat more prolific numeral. Recently, however, a new version of the threadbare drama was produced. It was constructed in accordance with the modern laws and dramatic technique; the improbabilities of the action were supported by more logical situation; the stilted bombastic language received a natural and literary flavour; and actors of the new school re-created the rôles with the effulgence of their modern methods. It was curiously the first time in the nearly half century of uninterrupted popularity that the old story was received without acclaim. It was an instant and complete failure. The old version, sans even the glorification of the multiplication table, is still a gold mine. It is a remarkable and inexplicable circumstance.

Another play founded on one of Mrs. Stowe's novels was produced at the Bowery Theatre, New York City, September 29, 1856. It was *Dred, or the Dismal Swamp*, and John Brougham made the adaptation. The success of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* probably inspired the experiment, but Ireland says: "This was played for a fortnight, but did not secure the overwhelming reception that was anticipated." A version by Taylor was produced at the National Theatre the week before Brougham's at the Bowery and played during five weeks. On the 16th of October, of the same year, a third version of *Dred* was put upon the stage, the most remarkable feature of which, it is recorded, was the performance of Tom Tit by General Tom Thumb. It will be remembered that *Dred*, like *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, was a tale of slavery, and the managers probably thought that the affinity between the themes of the books would produce a proportion between the successes of the plays. In this they were mistaken, as have been so many imitators in the drama. The success of *The Mikado* and *Pinafore* has made all other Japanese and nautical operas grey in the shadow of apparent imitation, and after the Du Maurier and Lackaye Svengali any projection of hypnotic character upon the stage comes without the exhilaration of originality.

The principal if not the only dramatisation of American books coming immediately after Mrs. Stowe's were a "burlesque burletta," by Mr. Walcott, on Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, first performed on Christmas Day, 1856; a play first acted by Kate Bateman at the Bowery Theatre, March 19, 1859, which was founded on Longfellow's *Evangeline* and was written by Miss Bateman's mother; a drama made by J. T. Trowbridge from his own novel, *Neighbour Jackwood*, performed first at the Boston Museum in the fifties; and, about the same time, William W. Pratt's drama made from Timothy Shay Arthur's temperance novel, *Ten Nights in a Bar-Room*.

Coming this side of the earlier period of the drama's obligation to the library, which may be considered fairly closed with the appearance of *Ten Nights in a Bar-Room*, the field immediately expands and the number of stories dramatised becomes considerable. Two of the pioneers

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of the later period were Joaquin Miller's play, founded on his story, *The Danites*, and the play dramatised from Mark Twain's *The Gilded Age*, which John T. Raymond, as Colonel Sellers, made famous with his inimitable "There's millions in it!" Mr. Clemens's *Tom Sawyer* was put into dramatic form and his *Prince and Pauper* made a fairly successful drama, but it was probably produced less for its own sake than to give an opportunity to a precocious little girl who had come into prominence on the Fauntleroy wave. Frank Mayo made a beautiful play of *Pudd'nhead Wilson*, which is better known as a drama than as a novel, on account of the prohibitive price put upon it as a book after it had spent a successful course as a serial in the *Century Magazine*. There is a record of a fortnight run of Joseph Howard, Jr., and Augustin Daly's dramatisation of Henry Ward Beecher's novel, *Norwood*. Bret Harte has furnished the stage with plays and tales for plays. Annie Pixley played *M'liss* for years. Stuart Robson acted for a very short while in *Two Men of Sandy Bar*, and *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, done over by Boucicault, enjoyed but brief favour. The subsequent record is too involved to transpose chronologically. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has, perhaps, seen more of her stories put upon the stage than any other contemporary American writer. William Gillette made one of the most successful of American plays from her story, *Esmeralda*. *Editha's Burglar* was given just eleven years ago as a one-act piece, but Augustus Thomas elaborated it into a long play which was called *The Burglar*, and this is sometimes acted even to this day. Mrs. Burnett's *Little Lord Fauntleroy* made one of the most distinct successes of recent plays founded upon books. *A Lady of Quality* showed this novelist's ability as dramatist as well, and she made a direct excursion into the field of dramatic authorship in *The First Gentleman of Europe*.

Three of Archibald Clavering Gunter's novels have passed into dramatic reincarnation: *Mr. Barnes of New York*, *Mr. Potter of Texas* and *A Florida Enchantment*. It was as a dramatist, however, that he was first well known, and he is credited with having furnished Mr. Richard Mansfield with one of his most enjoyable characters in the little German comedy, *Prince Karl*. Mr. Mansfield himself made a dramatisation of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter* which was highly agreeable to refined tastes, and this novelist's son-in-law, George Parsons Lathrop, made a libretto of the Salem story, for which Walter Damrosch composed the music. Dramatic students produced in February of this year an adaptation in one act, called *Rappacini's Daughter*, from Hawthorne's *Mosses from an Old Manse*.

Richard Harding Davis's stories have not flourished on the stage. A one-act play, *The Littlest Girl*, taken from *Her First Appearance*, had a modicum of success, but the more apparently dramatic *My Friend Reagan* failed completely when presented some years ago by Mr. E. H. Sothern at the Lyceum Theatre, New York City, and *The Other Woman*, played five years ago, was not successful. *The Widow Bedott* papers were re-cast into an amusing entertainment; and the E. W. Townsend *Chimmie Fadden* sketches, first published in the New York *Sun*, were highly successful when made into a play.

Two of Opie Reid's Southern stories have furnished the basis for comedies. *A Kentucky Colonel* was first produced in August, 1892, at the Union Square Theatre, New York City, and *The Jucklins*, as dramatised by Augustus Thomas, is at present conspicuous in Mr. Stuart Robson's repertoire. A version of Edward Bellamy's *Looking Backward* was placed on the stage in Alliance, Nebraska, December 27, 1893, but it has not been heard of elsewhere, or since. Amélie Rives's *The Quick or the Dead* failed ignominiously after a trial of three weeks at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York City, in October, 1888; Charles Cary Eggleston's *The Juggernaut* was scarcely more successful as a play, and Frank R. Stockton's mystifying tale, *The Lady or the Tiger*, was the inspiration of a comic opera given by the McCaull Opera Company, May 7, 1888, at Wallack's Theatre, New York City. It had a life of nearly two months at this theatre and was reproduced on the road the next season. Mr. Stockton's *Squirrel Inn* was much less successful. The plays made from Anna Katherine Greene's *House with the Green Blinds*, and *The Leavenworth Case*, and F. Marion Crawford's *Dr. Claudius* were as shortlived as practical with the condi-

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tions under which they were produced. A success and a pseudo-success were the delightful one-act play from Rudyard Kipling's *The Light That Failed*, written and acted by Courtenay Thorpe at Daly's Theatre, New York City, in the Spring of 1891, and Augustus Thomas's dramatisation of F. Hopkinson Smith's Virginia idyll, *Colonel Carter of Cartersville*, first played at Palmer's Theatre, New York City, March 22, 1892. One of the current successes on tour is a remarkable little tragedy of Chinese life in America, *The Cat and the Cherub*, which in its original form was the first of the several charming tales of San Francisco's Chinatown, which Chester Bailey Fernald has written for the *Century*. Mr. Fernald was his own dramatist.

The balance of the list is interesting though the standard of resources and reconstruction have not always been lofty and the attending favour has been widely varied. It includes *A Foregone Conclusion; Red Queen*, from James R. McGarey's novel; *A Southern Romance*, dramatised from Dora Highbee's *In God's Country;* Captain Charles King's *Fort Frayne; Montezuma of Mexico*, dramatised by Colonel Prentiss Ingraham from his two novels *Merle of the Mutineer* and *Montezuma the Merciless;* Elizabeth Phipps Train's *A Social Highwayman; A Puritan Romance*, from Augusta Campbell's *Dorothy, the Puritan;* Gertrude Franklin Atherton's *Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-Hand;* Washington Irving's *Wolfert's Roost;* Mrs. Shager's *The Major's Appointment;* Col. Savage's *My Official Wife;* Anna Jefferson Holland's *Refugees;* Dr. W. A. Hammond's *Lal; Texas*, from Ann S. Stephens's *The Siege of the Alamo; Peck's Bad Boy*, from the sketches in *Peck's Sun; Thou Shalt Not;* and *Neues Leben* (*New Life*), founded on A. W. Tourgee's novel, *The Black Sea*, produced March 18, 1897, at the Irving Place Theatre, New York City.

The list is longer than was at first expected. Having in mind the novels and tales which have not been drawn into a dual career on the stage as well as in the library it may be believed that the dramatic foragers have selected with judgment, the question, in a case of dramatisation, being rather what to leave than what to take. A complete list of the American books which have furnished forth plays upon the stage is only a remote possibility. Records are too scarce and the chroniclers have been too few. Other instances than those mentioned herein there doubtless have been, but they are few and inconspicuous. The fashion in certain instances of changing the name of a book in placing it upon the stage has almost defeated the ends of research in earlier cases. Lately dramatists have had an eye not so much on the dramatic possibilities of the story as on its popularity and the consequent value of its name, now rarely changed.

Paul Wilstach.

THE FIRST BOOKS OF SOME AMERICAN AUTHORS

II.—Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Bryant.

While a student at college Longfellow contributed both poetry and prose to the *United States Literary Gazette*, a magazine published in Boston, from April, 1824, to September, 1826. In 1826, Messrs. Cummings, Hilliard and Company, the publishers of the *Gazette*, made up a selection of poems by American writers from the magazine, and published them in a little eighteenmo volume, bound in grey boards, with cloth back and paper label. The title of the volume was *Miscellaneous Poems selected from the United States Literary Gazette.* It contained fourteen poems by Longfellow, only five of which were afterwards included in authorised editions of his collected works. The little book is scarce, especially in a good, clean condition. Mr. Bierstadt's copy was sold in New York last year for $33, and Mr. Roos's in Boston for $29, and another copy was sold in Boston, in 1895, for $35. All of these were in the original binding. Mr. Arnold in his *First Report of a Book Collector* tells of "picking up"

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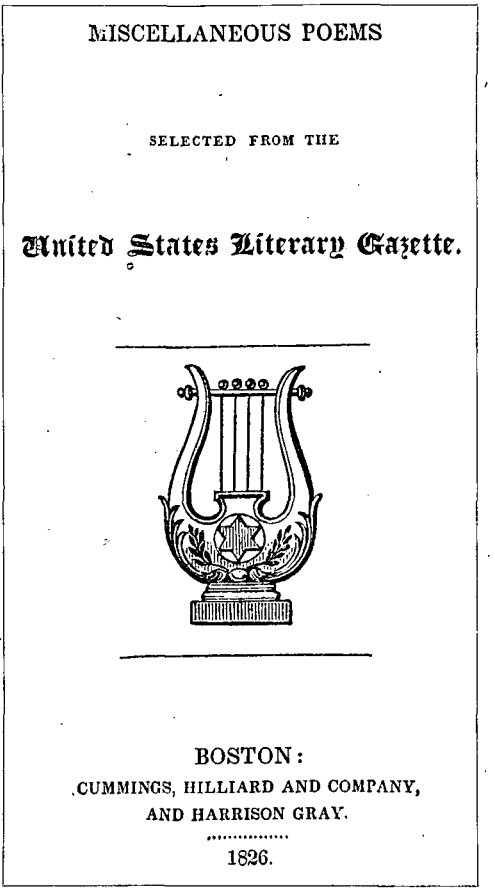
two copies in a Boston book-shop for $2.50 each.

For several years after leaving college Longfellow's printed work was confined to text-books for use in his classes in the foreign languages in Bowdoin College. The first book of his that may be considered as literature, and with his name on the title page, was not issued until 1833. This was a reprint in Spanish and a translation into English of "the most beautiful moral poem" of that language, the *Coplas* or "couplets" of Jorge Manrique. The translation had been just published in *The New England Magazine* for December, 1832. It was included in his *Voices of the Night*, and is found in all collected editions of Longfellow's poems. In this first edition the Spanish and English are on pages facing. The poem is preceded by an "Essay on the Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain," occupying twenty-seven pages, and is followed by nine sonnets, of which seven are found in his collected works. On the title page the translator is styled "Professor of Mod. Lang. and Lit. in Bowdoin College." This volume, which may be called Longfellow's first book, though of less interest to collectors than the *Miscellaneous Poems*, is a thin twelvemo, bound in blue cloth, with paper label. Mr. Bierstadt's copy was sold last year for $10 and Mr. Roos's for $8.

James Russell Lowell's first book, the *Class Poem* for the class of 1838 at Harvard, was published anonymously as an octavo pamphlet in a brown paper cover, the same year. He had previously published several poems and a number of prose articles in *Harvardiana*, the college magazine, of which he was one of the editors during his senior year. A few months before graduation, on account of not conforming to college regulations respecting attendance at morning prayers, he had been temporarily suspended from the college. This time, the last term of his last year, he spent at Concord, and it was there that the *Class Poem* was written, though it would seem that he had it partly prepared before his suspension. In the preface to the poem he refers to this enforced absence:

> Many of my readers, and all of my friends know that it was not by any desire of mine that this rather slim production is printed. Circumstances, known to all my readers, and which I need not dilate on here, considerably cooled my interest in the performance. Many of the lines, though in fact they would even then be indifferent good, I should prefer if possible to see in prose. *Sed Dis aliter.* Many were written merely as rough draughts, which I intended to have altered and revised, but the change of feeling, mentioned above, has prevented, and rough draughts they are still. There are a few grains of gold, or at least


MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

SELECTED FROM THE

United States Literary Gazette.

BOSTON:

CUMMINGS, HILLIARD AND COMPANY,

AND HARRISON GRAY.

1826.

> tinsel, in the composition, but the lead—oh, word infaust to poets!—will I fear, far outweigh them. A few passages have been omitted, whose space is sufficiently well supplied by asterisks.

This preface is dated "Concord, Mass., August, 1838." He was not present on class day, but received his degree. The poem is dedicated "To the class of 1838, some of whom he loves, none of whom he hates—by their classmate." In a note however, he states that "by the advice of friends the original dedication of this performance is suppressed, so that now, gentle reader, as Grumio says, 'it shall

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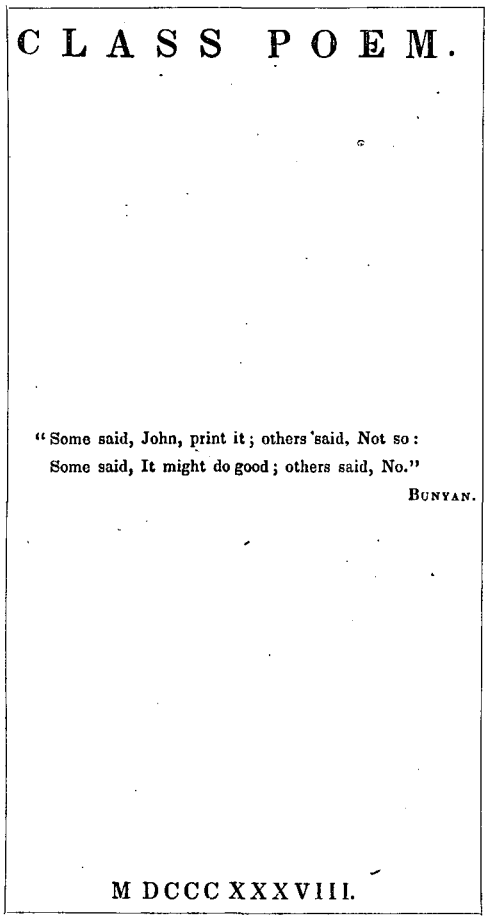
die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.'" The *Class Poem* was never included in any of his collected volumes of verse. We quote a part of Stanza X., which contains his invocation to the Muse:

Dim realm of shades! ere yet I take my flight,
To pierce the gloom of thy eternal night,
Where Cant, sublime upon her throne of brass,
Feeds every knave and feeds on every ass,
Oh let me breathe one last, one parting prayer,
To be my talisman of safety there.


CLASS POEM.

"Some said, John, print it; others said, Not so:
Some said, It might do good; others said, No."

BUNYAN.

M DCCC XXXVIII.

Oh thou! to whom, where'er my footsteps roam,
My restless soul would spread its pinions home,—
Reality! more fair than any seeming
E'er blest the fancy of an angel's dreaming,—
Be thou my muse, in whose blue eye I see
The heaven of my heart's eternity!
Oh, hover like a spirit at my side,
In all my wanderings a heavenly guide,
Then, if in Cant's dim mists I lose my way,
Thy blessed smile shall lead me back to day,
And, when I turn me from the land of night,
Thou, morning star of love, shalt herald light!

The pamphlet is scarce, Mr. Roos's copy having been sold in Boston last year for $38, and Mr. Bierstadt's in New York for $35. Both were in the original covers.

The next year, 1839, Lowell wrote: "If I could get any bookseller to do it for me, I would publish a volume of poems. Of late a fancy has seized me for so doing. If it met with any commendation I could get paid for contributions to periodicals." Still a year later, in November, 1840, he wrote: "I shall print my volume. Maria [Maria White, whom he afterwards married] wishes me to do it and that is enough. I had become tired of the thought of it."

The book came out the next year, probably in January of 1841. Its title was *A Year's Life*. It was published by "C. C. Little and J. Brown," the founders of the present Boston house of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, with the motto on the title page, "*Ich habe gelebt und geliebet.*" In February he wrote: "My book, you must know, is out. It has been received with distinguished favour. But as yet only two hundred and twenty-five copies have been sold." The volume is a sixteenmo, issued in light brown boards, with paper label. A slip of errata is pasted in the back. Of the sixty-nine poems and sonnets, which it contained, only eight are included in the final collected edition of his works. We quote a few lines from his "L'Envoi," which he did not retain:

"GOE, LITTLE BOOKE!"

Go, little book! the world is wide,
There's room and verge enough for thee;
For thou hast learned that only pride
Lacketh fit opportunity,
Which comes unbid to modesty.
Go! win thy way with gentleness:
I send thee forth, my first-born child,
Quite, quite alone, to face the stress
Of fickle skies and pathways wild,
Where few can keep them undefiled.
Thou camest from a poet's heart,
A warm, still home, and full of rest:
Far from the pleasant eyes thou art
Of those who know and love thee best,
And by whose hearthstones thou wert blest.

A Year's Life, Lowell's first book, is equally rare with the *Class Poem*. Mr. Bierstadt's copy was sold for $45 and Mr.

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Roos's for $41, both bound in the original boards.

Oliver Wendell Holmes began early to make verses, even before he wrote them down; in his own words, "perhaps for the reason given by the French poet, '*Je fis mes premiers vers sans savoir les écrire.*'" And he goes on to say: "I have often been asked what were the first verses I printed. I can't be quite certain on this point; but of one thing I am quite certain, that, so far as I know, no vestige of talent is found in any one of them." In the last edition of his poems published before his death he collected some of his earliest poems in an Appendix, which he called "Verses from the Oldest Portfolio." The first of these is a translation of thirty-eight lines from Book I. of the *Æneid*. This, he states, was written in 1824 or 1825 while a student at Phillips Academy, at Andover, It was probably, however, not contemporaneously printed. Bibliographers state that *The Harvard Register*, a periodical which ran through twelve numbers from March, 1827, to February, 1828, and which was conducted by members of the classes of 1827 and 1828, contain his earliest printed productions. But Justin Winsor, in his bibliography of the writings of the class of 1828, gives the names of the authors of almost all the pieces in that magazine, and ascribes none of them to Holmes. Mr. Winsor made up his bibliography from material bequeathed to Harvard College by Dr. Henry J. Bowditch, secretary of the class. He gives the authors of the articles in the *Harvard Register* from the class copy of the magazine annotated by Dr. Bowditch and from three other annotated copies, one formerly belonging to Charles Sumner. Holmes certainly was interested in the magazine and may have written for it. In a letter dated August 1, 1828, he wrote to one of his former classmates: "I won't send you any of the *Harvard Registers*, I believe; I don't think they were very great." And again in December, he writes the same correspondent: "Perhaps I will send you a *Harvard Register* some time or other."

Collectors of first editions of an author do not generally care for newspapers or magazines which contain articles by him. But if a printed volume, even if an "annual," contain a poem or an essay by the author, it is considered worthy to be added to the collection. The earliest volume known to us, containing a poem by Holmes, is *The Token*, for 1831. These "Tokens," issued annually, were edited by S. G. Goodrich ("Peter Parley") and were made up entirely from contributions by American authors. Hawthorne appears in all of the early volumes. The volume for 1831 contains a little poem by Holmes, of twenty lines, entitled "The Lost Boy." It was evidently written to order, the publisher supplying him with an engraving to which he was to write some verses. "The Lost Boy" is not included in his collected works and, as will be seen, the poem is without merit.

THE LOST BOY.

By O. W. H.

How sweet to boyhood's glowing pulse
The sleep that languid Summer yields,
In the still bosom of the wild,
Or in the flowery fields!

So art thou slumbering, lonely boy—
But ah! how little deemest thou
The hungry felon of the wood
Is glaring on thee now!

He crept along the tangled glen,
He panted up the rocky steep,
He stands and howls above thy head,
And thou art still asleep!

No trouble mars thy peaceful dream;
And though the arrow, winged with death,
Goes glancing near thy thoughtless heart,
Thou heedest not its breath.

Sleep on! the danger all is past,
The watch-dog, roused, defends thy breast,
And well the savage prowler knows
He may not break thy rest!

But although this is the earliest known to us, we are confident that it was not Holmes's first appearance in book form. For, in a letter to a friend, written on March 28, 1828, while still a junior at Harvard, he says: "I smoke most devoutly, and sing most unmusically, have written poetry for an annual, and seen my literary bantlings swathed in green silk and reposing in the drawing room." This "annual" may have been *The Token* for 1828, or it may have been some other volume. *The Token* for that year was bound in silk, but all the contributions to the volume were anonymous and no poem among them seems ever afterwards to have been claimed by Holmes.

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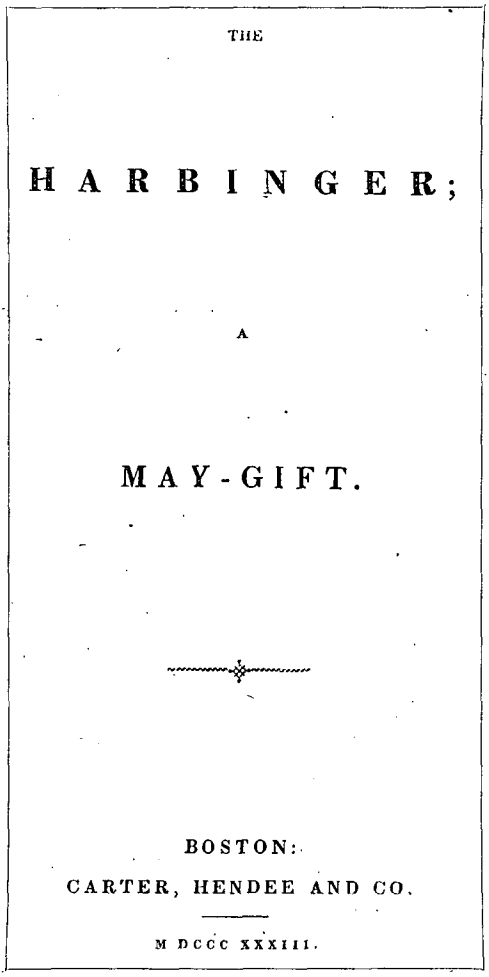
Holmes contributed seventeen poems to *The Harbinger*, published in Boston in 1833, and this is usually considered his first book. This "May Gift" was in three parts, the first by Park Benjamin, the second by Holmes and the third by John Osborne Sargent. Among Holmes's poems was included "The Last Leaf,"


THE

HARBINGER;

A

MAY-GIFT.

BOSTON:

CARTER, HENDEE AND CO.

M DCCC XXXIII.

undoubtedly one of the finest pieces he ever wrote.

His first appearance by himself in book form and the first book to have his name on the title page was the *Poems* of 1836, issued while he was trying half-heartedly, and not very successfully, to build up a medical practice in Boston. In this volume, the stirring lyric, "Old Ironsides" was incorporated in "Poetry, a Metrical Essay." "Old Ironsides" originally appeared in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, and was afterwards printed as a handbill and distributed in the streets of Washington. No copy of this separate issue seems to have survived. This poem has been the most widely read of his early productions, and was, perhaps, the real means of preventing the demolition of the U. S. frigate *Constitution*.

Some copies of this first edition of the *Poems* appear with both Boston and New York imprint. Mr. Bierstadt's copy was sold in New York last year for $16.

William Cullen Bryant tells us that he began to make verses when only eight years old. When about ten he received a ninepenny-piece from his grandfather for writing a rhymed version of the first chapter of the Book of Job. A little later he was appointed to deliver an address at the school examination. His subject was the progress of learning in general and of the school in particular, and was done in verse. These verses were afterwards printed in the county newspaper, the *Hampshire Gazette* of March 18, 1807.

His first book, *The Embargo*, was printed in Boston in the following year. He has himself left us an account of how he came to write it:

> Under Mr. Jefferson's administration, in consequence of our disputes with Great Britain, an embargo was laid in 1807 upon all the ports of our Republic which, by putting a stop to all foreign commerce, had a disastrous effect upon many private interests and embittered the hatred with which the Federalists regarded their political adversaries, and particularly Mr. Jefferson. I had written some satirical lines apostrophising the President, which my father saw, and, thinking well of them, encouraged me to write others in the same vein. This I did willingly, until the additions grew into a poem of several pages, in the midst of which the lines of which I had spoken took their place.

The following is probably a portion of the "satirical lines" he refers to. They are rather strongly worded advice to be given by a thirteen-year-old boy to the President of the United States:

> And thou, the scorn of every patriot's name,
> Thy country's ruin and thy council's shame!
> Poor servile thing! derision of the brave!
> Who erst from Tarleton fled to Carter's Cave;
> Thou, who, when menaced by perfidious Gaul,
> Did'st prostrate to her whisker'd minion fall;
> And, when our cash her empty bags supply'd,
> Did'st meanly strive the foul disgrace to hide;
> Go, wretch, resign the Presidential chair,
> Disclose thy secret measures, foul or fair.

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THE

EMBARGO,

OR

SKETCHES OF THE TIMES;

SATIRE.

BY A YOUTH OF THIRTEEN.

BOSTON:

PRINTED FOR THE PURCHASERS.

1808.

Go, search with curious eye for horned frogs,
'Mid the wild wastes of Louisianian bogs;
Or, where Ohio rolls his turbid stream,
Dig for huge bones, thy glory and thy theme.
Go, scan, Philosophist, thy Sally's charms,
And sink supinely in her sable arms;
But quit to abler hands the helm of State.

The first edition of 1808 is a small pamphlet of only twelve pages. It will be noticed that Bryant's name is not on the title page and that the poem is said to be "By a youth of thirteen." *The Monthly Anthology*, in noticing the book, said:

If this poem be really written by a youth of thirteen it must be acknowledged an extraordinary performance. We have never met with a boy of that age who had attained to such a command of language and to so much poetic phraseology. Though the poem is unequal, and there are some flat and prosaic passages, yet there is no small portion of fire and some excellent lines.

The Embargo was reprinted the next year, 1809, this time with Bryant's name on the title page. The second edition has a curious advertisement, unsigned, but dated February, 1809, and written in reply to the question of age raised by the magazine criticism quoted above. It runs as follows:

A doubt having been intimated in the *Monthly Anthology* of June last, whether a youth of thirteen years could have been the author of this poem—in justice to his merits the friends of the writer feel obliged to certify the fact from their personal knowledge of himself and his family, as well as his literary improvement and extraordinary talents. They would premise that they do not come uncalled before the public to bear this testimony. They would prefer that he should be judged by his works, without favour or affection. As the doubt has been suggested, they deem it merely an act of justice to remove it, after which they leave him a candidate for favour in common with other literary adventurers. They, therefore, assure the public that Mr. Bryant, the author, is a native of Cummington, in the county of Hampshire, and in the month of November last arrived at the age of fourteen years. These facts can be authenticated by many of the inhabitants of that place, as well as by several of his friends who give this notice; and if it be

THE

EMBARGO;

OR,

SKETCHES OF THE TIMES.

A SATIRE.

THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED AND ENLARGED.

TOGETHER WITH THE

SPANISH REVOLUTION,

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BOSTON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, BY E. G. HOUSE,

NO. 5, COURT STREET.

1809.

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deemed worthy of further inquiry, the printer is enabled to disclose their names and places of residence.

This second edition contains also a Preface, dated October 25, 1808, and at the end of the "Embargo" are the words, "Written April, 1808," which are not in the first edition. Seven other poems are appended. The whole makes thirty-six pages, including the preliminary leaves.

Both editions are rare, the first more especially. We know of only two copies extant, both in private collections in New York City, but there may be others, and, if there are, we would be glad to learn of their existence.

Neither the "Embargo" nor any of the other poems in the 1809 volume are included in the collected editions of the author's works. The earliest poem which he included was "Thanatopsis," which was first printed in the *North American Review* in 1817, and reprinted, with considerable changes, in the volume of *Poems* published in 1821.

Mr. Parke Godwin, in his *Life of Bryant*, says: "In his maturer years Mr. Bryant was naturally ashamed of his early political poems, both as poems and as expressions of opinion. I once asked him if he had a copy of *The Embargo*. 'No,' he answered, testily, 'why should I keep such stuff as that?' More lately, when I told him that I had succeeded in borrowing a copy from a friend, his reply was: 'Well, you have taken a great deal of trouble for a very foolish thing.'"

Luther S. Livingston.

THE PLAY OF THE IMAGINATION

It is interesting to study the personality of a man whose work is invested with freshness, charm and individuality, because such a study invariably makes us aware of that subtle and elusive skill in the use of all materials which is not technical but vital. That skill is impossible without special training, but it is not the product of training; it is not dexterity; it is not facility; it has the ease and grace of a harmonious expression of all that is distinctive and original in the man. No one thinks of technical skill in that moment of revelation which comes when one stands for the first time in the presence of a noble work; later one may study at length and with delight the perfection of workmanship disclosed in solidity of structure and in harmony of detail; but in the moment of revelation it is the essential and interior truth and beauty, which shine from form and colour and texture as the soul shines in a human face, and which evoke a thrill of recognition in us.

Now, this higher skill which dominates and subordinates the technical skill, this skill of the spirit which commands and uses the skill of the body, is born in the soul of the worker and is the ultimate evidence and fruit of his mastership. It is conditioned on the free play of the imagination through all the material which the worker uses. It involves that fusion of knowledge, intelligence, facility and insight which can be effected only by the constant use of the imagination. In statesmanship Burke and Webster are examples of this highest type of worker; men who not only command the facts with which they are called upon to deal, but who so organise and vitalise those facts that, in their final presentation, these facts possess the force of irresistible argument, and are illumined and clothed with perennial beauty as works of art. In like manner, in the pulpit, Chrysostom, Fénélon, Newman and Brooks not only set religious truth in impressive order, but gave it the appealing power of a noble and enduring beauty.

It is impossible to do a great piece of work unless one can form an image of it in advance; unless one can see it as it will finally appear. If one were limited in vision to the detail actually in hand, the whole would never be completed; that which makes the perfection of the whole possible is the ability of the worker to keep that whole before him while he deals with the detached parts. Without that power the worker is a mechanical drudge, whose work has no quality save that of dogged fidelity to the task. Now this power of keeping the whole

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before the mind while dealing with the parts, of seeing the completed machine while shaping a pin or a cog, of getting the complete effect of the argument while elaborating a minor point, resides in the imagination. It is the light which must shine upon all toil that has in it intelligence, prevision and freshness; and its glow is as essential in mechanical as in purely artistic work. Whenever, in any kind of work dealing with any kind of material, there is any constructive quality, any fitting of part with part, any adjustment of means to ends, there must be imagination.

Work which is done without imagination is so rudimentary that, at the best, its highest use is to save some one else a little drudgery. This elementary kind of work is often done by those students of literature who confuse the study of grammatical construction with style, and those students of the Bible who think they are illustrating the truths of religion by purely textual study. Theology has suffered many things at the hands of those who have attempted to explain the divine mysteries without the light which alone penetrates those mysteries. To do the commonest work with sincerity and force; to understand the simplest character; to perform the simplest services of friendship; to enter into another's trial and to give the balm of sympathy to the one who is smitten and bruised; to conduct a campaign by foreseeing the movements of an adversary, or to carry on successfully a great enterprise by forecasting its probable development; to make any invention or discovery; to be a really great preacher, physician, lawyer, teacher, mechanic;—to do any of these things one must have and one must use the imagination.

The charm with which the imagination invests childhood is due to its habitual and unconscious use by children, and is suggestive of the methods by which this faculty may be made the inspirer of all tasks and toil. The child makes vivid images of the ideas which appeal to it; it gives reality to those ideas by identifying them with the objective world; it clothes all things with which it plays with life. In his autobiography Goethe describes the door in the wall of a certain garden in Frankfort within which many marvelous things happened; a true romance of incident and adventure which became as real to the romancer as to his eager and credulous listeners. De Quincey created an imaginary kingdom, peopled with imaginary beings whom he ruled with benignant wisdom, amid universal prosperity and peace, until, in an unlucky hour, he admitted his brother into a partnership of authority; and that brother, unable to withstand the temptations of absolute power, became a remorseless tyrant. And De Quincey feelingly describes the reality of his anguish when, to protect his innocent subjects from a tyrant's rapacity, he was compelled to destroy his imaginary kingdom. The imaginative boy turns a vacant lot into an African jungle and hunts wild beasts in constant peril of his life; the imaginative girl carries on social intercourse with her dolls as seriously as with her most intimate playmates. Everything is real and alive to a child, and the world of ideas has as much substance as the world of matter.

These characteristics of a child in its play throw clear light on the true methods of the man in his work; for the play of childhood is prophetic of the work of maturity; it is the prelude in which all the great *motivs* are distinctly audible. The man who gives his work completeness and charm must conceive of that work, not as a detached and isolated activity, but as part of the great order of life; a product of the vital forces as truly as the flower which has its roots in the earth. To the growth of the flower everything contributes; it is not limited to the tiny plot in which it is planted; the vast chemistry of nature in soil, atmosphere and sky nourishes it; it seems to have the universe behind it. In like manner a man must habitually think of his work, not as a mere putting forth of his technical skill, but as the vital product of all the forces which sustain him. A real poem grows out of all that is deepest in a man's nature; to its making in spiritual conception structure, form and style his body, his mind and his soul contribute; its metre adjusting itself to the length of his breath, its ideas taking direction and significance from his thought, and its elusive suggestiveness and beauty conveying something of his mysterious personality. A true sermon is never what is sometimes called a pulpit effort; it is always the product of

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the preacher's experience; he does not and cannot make it; it must grow within him. A great oration has the same vital relationship with the orator, the occasion, the theme and human experience. It is never a bit of detached brilliancy; it is always, like Lincoln's address at Gettysburg, the summing up and expression of a vast and deep movement of the human spirit. In its form it reveals the man who makes it; in its content it is seen to be inevitable. It lies in the consciousness of a race before it rises into the consciousness of the orator and takes flight on the wings of immortal speech.

To think habitually of one's work as a growth, not a thing made out of hand; as a product of all the forces of one's nature, and not a bit of skill; as alive in the sense in which all things are alive in which spirit and life express themselves; —to conceive of one's work in this large and vital way is to keep the imagination playing through and inspiring it.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

MR. GLADSTONE'S LITERARY OPINIONS*

How far is one entitled, after conversation with a great man, to transmit his opinions to paper and to publish them at his death? That is a question which Mr. Lionel Tollemache's *Talks with Mr. Gladstone* undoubtedly raises. Mr. Tollemache met Mr. Gladstone at some dozen or so dinner parties, and while the two avoided politics, they discussed many literary questions. That Mr. Tollemache within a few days of Mr. Gladstone's death should have burst upon the country with a book about the great statesman has a little touch of modernity, which we should hardly have expected from the author of *Safe Studies* and *Stones of Stumbling*. Both those books were privately circulated for years, and were given away by Mr. Tollemache to literary friends. They made known to the few the fact that their author had a keenly critical intellect and a remarkable memory. His account of conversations with Mark Pattison and others made delightful reading. It is to him we owe that story of Pattison on his deathbed, handling some of his favourite books and wondering if he would have them with him in Heaven.

Mr. Tollemache, it is well to add here, is a son of John Tollemache, who represented different divisions of Cheshire in Parliament for thirty-one years, and who was created a peer in 1876, and he is the brother of the present Lord Tollemache.

How far, however, one asks, was Mr. Tollemache entitled to reproduce these conversations and to publish this book? The *Westminster Gazette*, usually sufficiently capable in its criticism, calls in question his taste and judgment in the matter. To me this seems to be almost an approach to cant, the more particularly when I think of the thousands of columns of far too intimate matter that were written about Mr. Gladstone while he was on his deathbed—and afterwards—by every London paper. Mr. Tollemache has simply given us Mr. Gladstone's opinions concerning Scott, George Eliot, and other writers, opinions which might have been proclaimed on the house-tops. There is scarcely, I imagine, a line in this book which Mr. Gladstone would not have willingly seen published. I am quite sure that there were many lines in the *Westminster Gazette* and in other journals at the time of his death, minute reports of death-chamber incidents and so on, which he would have profoundly deprecated.

There is the less objection to Mr. Tollemache's "Talks" in that the revelation of Mr. Gladstone is one which, on the whole, his admirers will be glad to see. It is, of course, to be regretted that he could not appreciate Mr. Meredith's novels, and that he stuck in the middle of *Diana of the Crossways*, but the fact that he recognised Emily Brontë was a great poet, and that George Eliot was *not*, may stand against that in our minds in behalf of his critical judgment.

It is charming again, to meet Mr. Gladstone in his enthusiasm for Sir Wal-

*Talks with Mr. Gladstone. By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., $1.25.

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ter Scott. A young lady at a dinner described Scott as "dull," and said she got more pleasure from Thackeray and George Eliot. Mr. Gladstone got almost angry when she expressed a belief in the individuality of Maggie Tulliver as against any of Scott's heroines. Scott's queens seemed to her, she said, to be a child's notion of a queen, and to have nothing distinctive. "What, does he make no difference between Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth?" he asked, indignantly, as he might well ask. The suggestion that there is no difference in Scott's female characters, that there are not wide gulfs between Di Vernon, Jeanie Deans, Mary of Scotland, and so on, is to be guilty of a parrot cry that has no critical faculty behind it. Carlyle, it is true, said much the same thing, but Carlyle had no capacity whatever for judging imaginative literature. Over and over again in these pages we are introduced to Scott, and it is always something sound and judicious that Mr. Gladstone has to say on the subject. In order of interest his favourite novels were *Kenilworth* and *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and next in order *Ivanhoe, Old Mortality*, and *Waverley*. He thought that after these came *Rob Roy* and *Guy Mannering*. He pronounced Mr. R. H. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, as the leading English critic since Matthew Arnold's death. That of course, was but an individual judgment; there were a dozen critics at the time equal or superior to Mr. Hutton, but Mr. Hutton was frequently a good critic, and the judgment is, at any rate, interesting. He thought Manzoni's *Ode on the Death of Napoleon* was superior to Byron's, which, indeed, he pronounced a failure. Incidentally we are told that Wellington was in favour of having Napoleon shot. Mr. Gladstone declined to regard Shelley as "a one-sided man of genius," because, as he said, dying young he never quite "broke loose from the egg-shell." He rated Huxley lower than Romanes. That, of course, was theological prejudice, and Mr. Gladstone's opinions do not make as good reading where men of science are concerned as when he is discussing men of letters.

It is often said that Mr. Gladstone never made any phrases that will live. Mr. Tollemache, however, comes to his defence in this particular, and reminds us that a lot of phrases of Mr. Gladstone's which are not usually associated with him were really of his creation, as, for example, "Prosperity advancing by leaps and bounds," turning the Turks out "bag and baggage," "Within the range of practical politics," and the division of the population into "the classes and the masses." He expressed himself with unbounded admiration of one of Ruskin's magnificently analytical sentences, and he called Mill "the saint of Rationalism." He, apparently knew very little about Lord Lytton's novels, and much surprised Mr. Tollemache by showing he did not know who was so picturesquely described as "The last of the barons." He did not share the enthusiasm for Jane Austen, and described her as "parochial," while Scott was "world-historical." On the other hand, he had a great appreciation of Miss Ferrier's *Inheritance*.

Mr. Gladstone is particularly interesting in treating of the Revised Translation of the Bible. He said he had advised the translators to bring out at an early stage a few specimens of their work, and the translators utterly refused to let their unfinished work be treated in this way. "They laughed me to scorn," said Mr. Gladstone, "and the result has been that the revised version died almost at its birth."

He spoke very humanly and reasonably about the Laureateship. He did not propose a successor to Tennyson, because he did not consider that there was anyone of sufficient standing to receive the post, by far the greatest of our English poets being practically out of the running. This, of course, was Mr. Swinburne, and everyone will agree that Mr. Gladstone was right as to the others, although why Mr. Swinburne should be out of the running is not quite clear. Many of us, indeed, have a strong conviction that he would have accepted the Laureateship if it had been urged upon him, as it ought to have been.

Mr. Gladstone had once held an amiable conversation with Carlyle at Mentone, and he was, therefore, amazed when, in Froude's *Life*, he found he was treated very contemptuously. That, of course, could easily be explained by the fact that Carlyle was a man of quick and changing emotions, and the sentiment of

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one moment was not the sentiment of another. It was only Froude's original theories of writing biography that made it possible to print such things as were printed in Carlyle's *Life* concerning the people he had met.

From all this it will be seen that in this scrappy volume there is much good matter, and that there is, above all, a very marked enhancement of Mr. Gladstone's reputation as a critic of literature. It has been said that his admiration for Homer and Dante was no sign of literary taste, and that he cared little for the more approachable writers of the modern world apart from Scott, except only those who were given over to cheap notoriety and clap-trap attempts at advertisement. Many there were who regretted this limitation of his very wide and catholic nature, but how much wider and more catholic were his tastes, we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Tollemache for having taught us. *Clement K. Shorter.*

TOLSTOY'S GOSPEL OF ART *

As relentlessly logical within its own bounds as *Anna Karénina*, incisive, vigorous, full of nervous vitality and defiant repetition, Count Tolstoy's inquiry concerning the nature of art has many of the qualities of the "art" he condemns, nor can it be said to possess in marked degree that "infectiousness" which he extols as the essential characteristic of a true art. It is at once as suggestive and as unconvincing as Wordsworth's or Arnold's theorisings upon poetry, and reflects at times a spirit as reactionary, and a tone as raucous, as Tennyson's "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." Count Tolstoy's great novel was written nearly a decade before the preacher and peasant in him began to perceive the vanity and vexation of all, including his own, creation. The present volume crystallises the maunderings and grumblings, the earthbound hopes and impossible ideals fondly formulated during the subsequent fifteen years. What in another might justly deserve to be called petulance or quarrelsomeness in Count Tolstoy must be recognised as candour and sincerity, for the author of *Sevastopol* and *The Cossacks*, the battler with Turgenieff, has truly lived, and what he has to say in his seventieth year on the subject of art is at least grounded in reality.

One can easily grasp his point of view. He looked abroad and saw art becoming exclusive, and, as he felt, "more and more incomprehensible to an ever-increasing number of people." The majority were quite unable to distinguish a good thing from the grossest counterfeit. In Moscow as in New York, no doubt, crowds stared in mute or gibbering admiration at automatic pianos and war chromos. But the people were less to blame than the artist and the critic. "So much the worse for them if they do not understand me," said the poet, glancing up from the maidens, warriors, shepherds, hermits, angels, devils, moonlight, precipices, nightingales and other "properties" which were his stock in trade. The critics, who apparently wanted all capacity of being "infected" with fresh ideas, for lack of any other standard esteemed Dante and Raphael and Bach "great" and, counselling the imitation of these, let into the fold every consistent hypocrite who knocked. Worst of all, the art schools quickly destroyed any latent talent for producing real art in those who had the misfortune to enter them, and did what they could to pervert the popular taste and flood the world with counterfeit art.

Rather a dreary view, is it not? Yet one that is likely to come to each of us —in a certain mood. At short range the finest things become tinsel; and because one usually finds what he sets out to find, the most objective and dispassionate statement by one who is in the *melée* is likely to have a mental colouring that detracts from its value.

Now if Count Tolstoy had used his fancied grievance merely as a fulcrum

*What is Art? By Lyof Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian original by Aylmer Maude. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.00.

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for a remonstrance against professionalism in art, or were content to urge upon artists a revival of simplicity as he did upon Christians a return to the simplicities of the early centuries, his discussion would impress one as eminently practical and sensible. For is it not more than half true that

> to write a rhymed poem dealing with the times of Cleopatra, or paint a picture of Nero burning Rome, or compose a symphony in the manner of Brahms or Richard Strauss, or an opera like Wagner's, is far easier than to tell a simple story without any unnecessary details, yet so that it should transmit the feelings of the narrator, or to draw a pencil sketch which should touch or amuse the beholder, or to compose four bars of clear and simple melody, without any accompaniment, which should convey an impression and be remembered by those who hear it?

But Count Tolstoy's methods are nothing if not drastic. He is for clearing away the rubbish. Rather let there be no art at all than continue the depraving art, or simulation of art, which now exists. Like Mr. Kipling's Devil he intimates that a thing may be very "striking," or interesting, or clever, and yet not be art. By all means let us first have a new definition. The generally accepted one, to the effect that art is that which makes beauty manifest, means little because beauty is what pleases, and there is no certainty that the same thing will please two persons. Let us say, rather, that art is a means of transmitting feeling. It is one of the conditions, rather than one of the accidents, of our existence. So far from being confined to theatres, concerts, statues, poems, novels, it pervades all human life from cradle song, jest, mimicry, dress, to church services, monuments and triumphal processions. The language of a work of art is understood by all; and it infects all, without distinction, with the feeling which the artist has himself experienced. Of course, it will not do for an artist to pass on another man's feeling previously transmitted to him; that would not be his feeling and would lack infectiousness. As to the value of the feelings transmitted by art, there is only one influence so widely diffused, so universally accessible, as to have the power of deciding it—religion.

Surely a lofty, not to say millennial, conception; and appearing as it does to Count Tolstoy to be applicable to the world that now is, its clash with reality must inevitably give rise to the following dilemma:

> Either art is not the vital matter it is represented to be, or that art which we call art is not real art.

This is a dilemma that I venture to say will not trouble very many persons, for the fabric of enchantment which it graces will not bear the test of common sense. Step by step one can find it in one's heart to disagree with Count Tolstoy. In the first place, when there are so many good definitions of art, why should he invent a new and inferior one? That infectiousness is an essential characteristic of art, is a postulate the enunciation of which does not carry instantaneous conviction. A dog that yowls piteously whenever "My Bonnie lies over the ocean" is played on the piano is probably "infected" with that song, but does one on such account think more highly either of the song or of the dog? Besides, persons or animals that, on viewing such a picture as the Sistine Madonna or the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, are impelled to communicate their joy in superlatives to the other beholders are an awful bore, and generally incapable of true artistic feeling. To most people Beauty—the shining of the Idea through matter, as Hegel defined it—will continue to be the chief bulwark and the subtle appeal of art. Again, it may be questioned if a work of art should instill in everyone the same emotions that the artist felt in creating it, or even should always lure one to the same point of view. When Count Tolstoy witnessed *Siegfried* he found the music "unendurable" because it contained no suggestion of art serving as a means to transmit a state of mind experienced by the author. What a funny idea! To me one of the charms of good music is its freedom from didactic impertinence. Of course it is very interesting and stimulating intellectually to trace the convolutions of a Wagnerian brain, but if the orchestration please one and send reason on a holiday, diffusing over all things visible and invisible the hues of poetry, cannot one let it go at that and be grateful for an art that does not insist on being interpreted in a stated and particular way? And finally, to say that art is potentially everywhere is akin to saying that God is

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immanent in the universe (as He doubtless is; let me hasten to add) and then mistaking a fine poetic pantheistic fervour for personal piety. A democratisation of art would be like emptying a pitcher of sparkling spring water upon the ground. A few imperceptible traces were infinitely less satisfying—in fact, scarcely the real thing. Call this watery dilution the diffusion of knowledge if you will, but let the time-honoured distinction between knowledge and art, beauty and power, be preserved intact. There is no gain to the world in levelling down everything and everybody to the comprehension of a peasant, or in overlooking the existence of a true aristocracy of life and thought. Despite the coherency of Count Tolstoy's argument, then, external considerations which are not susceptible of mathematical measurement enable one to aver that the Count's dilemma is of straw: art is every whit the vital matter it is supposed to be, and very much of that which we call art is real art.

One will discern in the present organisation of society sufficient cause for the slow diffusion of art among the masses. The latter are, as Count Tolstoy would be quick to admit, "crushed by toil." So, too, are many of the idle-rich, the difference being that their idleness represents a past period of trituration, in which heart and soul gradually became atrophied. Nor is it likely that even in Russia there are enough "simple, unperverted peasant labourers" to count convincingly against the intelligibility of art. If simplicity means ignorance, that is an obstacle rather than a help in the appreciation of art. But there are as many perverted natures, perhaps, without as within the peasant class, thus debarred from the highest participation in these delights. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see" the beautiful, is a beatitude which has been somewhat neglected in the art world, and which will be, as long as artists prefer to affect an ignorance of the spiritual underpinnings of their work. Plainly, this is not a matter which can be agitated "along class lines." Fancy some one asserting of our wealthy set that their life is rounded in three feelings, pride, sensuality, and *ennui*, and that these three feelings constitute almost the only subject-matter of the artistic productions they buy and relish! And can it be said that here all labourers, and many of the non-labouring folk, do not comprehend Dickens, Hugo, and Schiller? Why, the other day, a Russian Jew who conducts a newsstand convinced me that he had read the stories of Anton Chekhoff, translations of which were being published in a New York newspaper. And for "art-criticism" and a perception of natural beauty commend me to a coloured servant who remarked upon the "wetness" of a Shurtleff while she was dusting, and on another occasion wanted to know if the snow-encrusted grey wall of the Park was not like a white-capped wave! If she had quoted Kingsley's

> They rowed her in across the rolling foam—
> The cruel, crawling foam,

it would have been pathetic, tawdry, and all the rest, but she did not, and I therefore believe in the veracity of her sense impressions. Whatever may be the case in Russia (and the squeaking, shrinking provincials observable in the streets of St. Petersburg and Moscow are a curious commentary upon Count Tolstoy's generalisations) in God's Country there are a plenty of "labourers" to whom objects of art would be fairly intelligible under favourable conditions.

George Merriam Hyde.

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A PASTORAL DRAMA BY MAURICE HEWLETT

Pan and the Young Shepherd, by Maurice Hewlett, the author of *The Forest Lovers*, will be published by Mr. John Lane about the middle of October. Meantime Mr. Lane has kindly permitted us to give to the readers of THE BOOKMAN a foretaste of the new book, and to quote in full one of the scenes. It is a pastoral drama in two acts, and like *The Forest Lovers*, is bathed in a woodland atmosphere and vitalised with the passion of love and youth. Its relation to time and space is even more unbounded and remote from modern life and conditions than that of his novel, but it has the throbbing note of life, the spirit of everlasting youth and the human impulse in it which find the universal heart. The first scene shows us Neanias, with the longing of youth, seeking to explore the world beyond the sheepfold in the valley which has hitherto hemmed him in, save for a chance occasion two summers agone, when he "got up the mountain edge, and from the top saw the world stretched out—cornlands and forest, the river winding among the meadow flats, and right off, like a hem of the sky, the moving sea, with snatches of foam, and large ships reaching forward, out-bound." While his grandfather sleeps he makes his escape. "World, world, I am coming!" he shouts.

NEANIAS (*to his dog*)

Kep, go you down and fold the sheep; I've other work on hand. It's now or never, and I must go. Bountiful God knows the end of this. I've heard tell the Mistress o' the Green Wood is abroad at this hour and may be discerned to flit across the grass rides betwixt the shelving trees. Now I shall see the white face again. I will kiss sorrow from the open mouth. Yes, yes, Lady, I am surely coming. Ride, Moon, through your silver brake; discourse, O stars, of high ventures, while I fare forth into the lovely hidden world.

Thus ends the first scene. In the second scene Neanias comes upon the Earth Daughters, who join hands and dance around Aglaë—the Lady of the white face of whom Neanias is enamoured. They sing by turns—two of the songs are as follows:

DRYAS

I stood hid to the flanks in the thick of the fern
As the tired day fell,
Washing my body in blood shed by the sun;
In the hush of my spell
My voice chimed like a bell
As I sang, as I sang of the long peace of the woods.
Like a miracle
All in a golden cloud my hair floated and spread,
And the dusk lovéd well
My bosom's sinking and swell.

ADORA

I am the Morning Calm and the smile of me is like sleep
Even and deep;
And my eyes are twin mountain lakes, and the lashes of them
Like the swishing sedge
That hideth the water's edge.
I float on the white water ere daylight begins
Or the moon grows wan,
And I spin at a loom the life of the day to come,
A little span,
The day of the life of man.

Aglaë is the youngest of them all, and because of her resisting Pan, who chased her long through the Green Wood, he struck her dumb in his resentment and the terror thereof yet endures upon her—so she is "Virgin Dawn." Neanias, defying the ban, takes her by the hand and leads her away to his sheepfold in the valley where he makes her his wife. The vengeance of Pan follows them, and there is ruth and riot in the Green Wood for a spell, until the quiet peace and pastoral beauty of the woodland fall gently over the close.

The fourth scene of the first act contains some of the finest writing and one of the most beautiful passages of the drama. The scene is on a moor, overlooking the valley; Neanias enters carrying Aglaë; he sets her on a fallen tree and stands looking at her.

NEANIAS.

She keeps her eyes fixt on me: I think she is going to cry. The corners of her mouth are down—a bad sign. Her lips cling loosely together—a worse. She hath grey eyes—how deep and soft! How far-searching! How seeming to ask for help of me, like a dumb beast's! And her lips are cold; and she is

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dumb! What should a man do with a girl at such a time? Put his arm about her, doubtless, and give her a kiss, or kisses. There is that upon her which forbids a careless handling. Besides—oh, it would be merciless! I have heard that of old time the Squire knelt before his lady to kiss her hand, or even her foot. Shall I salute her so? I have her hand, and can see her sandall'd foot, with the little toes like windflowers peeping up through the herbage. The hand is nearer; I will kiss her hand. How small, how warm, how gentle a hand! Her cheek was cold as a stone—to be warmed some day by my fire! I have warmed her hand already in mine: let me warm the other. (*He has both her hands*). Oh, Aglaë, you are trembling! What's the matter, my dear? Art cold, art afraid, wistful Aglaë? Why, girl, thou hast a lover, a sweetheart; is it nothing to thee? Never a lass yet but hugged the darling thought, if the wisdom of man speaks true. Cheer then, cheer then, pretty maid, for I at least will be true. Ah, ah! You cast down your eyes at that; 'fore God,' you blush—O Aglaë, how soft-cheekt you are! But I say it again, I will be your true man, even as my father that is dead loved my mother whom he stole from a country far from here and taught the use of love in a quiet valley. She was a sea-bred woman, black-haired, swan-neckt, and knew nothing of sheep or husbandry. But my father taught her all that, and she loves him yet though he lies with a broken back deep under Church mould. Even as my father was to her, so to you will I be, girl: even so. Ah, Saints, she looketh up again, with beseeching and with dumb prayer! Do her lips move? No sound, no sound at all! She must speak to me; she shall speak. Look, Aglaë, do as I do; move your lips now as I move mine. Now thus: tongue to palate, that is L. Yes, yes. Open lips to form broad O, full as my heart. Wider yet, and fuller: L, O! Now lower lip to upper teeth for V, and E as mute as you. Do it now. It is done! That is LOVE. Aglaë, that is LOVE! . . . Aglaë, I will kneel before you and ask you—stay with me! Look, now, I have come over the hills for you, braving dangers, my word! and fatigues, and uncertain powers, possibly of the Devil. Stay with me. Your eyes are soft and very gentle, yet wide with waiting for fear: narrow them that peace may come in. Do you fear? You cannot fear me. Look at me, Aglaë—are you afraid? You shake your head: you are not! Then I will tell you more. I am here and you are here, none beside us, we two in the open world. Oh, my dear, I love you well! The danger and sick dread are going with the night; soon you and the day will smile together. The sun will touch the hill-tops, and race down the flanks of the high hills. He will kindle the trees in the valley, and we shall see his light, and the blue smoke make a spire to God. With a wakened world, the sounds of men and business about us, all will be well. The ringing anvil at the forge, the wash of the mill-wheel, the humming where the wheat is a-threshing, and Merla calling the cows—day will come, day will come! Hark, is that the priest's bell? Not yet, not yet: courage, wait awhile; soon will be a wedding, and a bride carried over the threshold to the hearth! You the bride, Aglaë, Virgin Dawn; and I the groom, I Neanias son of Balkis. The folk will line the Church-way, strewing flowers and branches; the men will follow you with their eyes, and the women say, "The sturdy lad!"—of me whom hitherto they have counted a baby, to talk their freedoms before me without a blush! Sturdy enough. For though I am slim built I am very strong, and could carry you, Aglaë, under my arm. My arm round your middle, I would carry you over brooks in flood, and up the moorside on dewy mornings lest you should wet your pretty toes. In the orchards I could hold you up to gather the codlings and peach-apples from the midmost branches. There should no brambles tear you, and no thistle-spines, nor sword grass that cuts like a saw. Oh, I would tend you well, Aglaë, and love you dearly! The homestead should flow with milk and honey: I would get you the first-lings of the year, apples and quinces and mellow pears. Fine wool should be your bed clothes, all of first-shear lambs: you should be drest in white wool and thin flax. My mother, you must know, is a cunning woman, deft with her fingers, and her spinning well known in our valley and beyond the high hills. Fear not to tear your hands or harden them with coarse work; fear not to line your pale and gentle face with dark thoughts or cares; fear not to drudge, fear nothing. I am with you, Aglaë: I will teach you love; and love, say they, is life. Happy love, therefore, is blessed life. . . . O Aglaë, will you cry again? Sure, you cannot see me for tears. You tremble again, your lips quiver, sobs are in your throat. Your head on my shoulder, dear: there, that's happy, that's happy. Oh, what a beating heart! Look now, Aglaë, cry your fill; don't be ashamed—I am not looking at you. I felt a tear on my arm; I know your eyes are brimming. Cry, cry, my bird, you will be better after. Have no fear, I hold you close—side to side: we will be nearer yet—heart to heart some day. Ah, ah, you are mine! I have made you mine. I am a man by now, and you are mine, and mine, and mine, and my wife for ever! Come, Aglaë, away. Come! . . . See, Aglaë, the white dawn steals round the rim of the world: soon spears of fire will spike the East. Virgin Dawn, this is the day, this is our wedding day. Hark! what is that far off and below us in the haze? The priest's bell, by our Lord's joy! Sir Topas at his Mass. Come, my bride, my well-beloved! Come, heart of mine, to whom love draws near. Let us seek Sir Topas at the altar rail. Dawn! Dawn!

(He takes her hand; they go down the moorside together. Day-break.)

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A NIETZSCHE BREVIARY

Readers who were interested in the study of Nietzsche published under the title "A Mad Philosopher," in our last number, will turn with curiosity to the following "Nietzsche Breviary," which has since appeared in the London *Academy*.

No conqueror believes in chance.

It is not the contending of opinions which has made history so rich in powerful deeds, but the strife of belief in opinions, which is called conviction.

Since man was created, man has enjoyed himself too little; that is man's original sin.

The more we learn to enjoy, the more we cease to do and think what is painful to others.

Where in the world is greater folly committed than by the pitiful and compassionate, and what in the world does more harm than the folly of the pitiful and compassionate?

The virtuous require to be paid. They expect reward for their virtue, to exchange earth for heaven, to-day for eternity. They love their virtue as a mother loves her child; but who ever heard of a mother wanting reward for loving her child?

Of all means of comfort, none does those in need of comfort so much good as the assurance that in their case there is no comfort. When they hear it they instantly lift up their heads.

Only as creators can we annihilate.

Without music life would be a mistake. The Germans picture God Himself singing songs.

Passions become evil when they are held to be evil.

The individual in what concerns his happiness wants no fingerpost to direct him to happiness. Individual happiness springs from one's own laws, which are unknown to others. Guidance from without only hinders and dams it up.

What is food and balm for the soul of a higher sort is an ordinary soul's poison.

In his friend a man should see his best enemy.

You should look at your friend when he is asleep to know what he is really like. Till then, the face of your friend is but your own face reflected in an imperfect mirror.

A slave cannot *be* a friend; a tyrant cannot *have* a friend.

There is much of the slave and the tyrant hidden in the nature of woman; thus woman is not yet capable of friendship, but only of love.

In the love of woman is injustice and blindness to all that she does not love.

Woman is a riddle to which there is one solution—childbearing.

For woman, man is a means. The object is always the child.

There are two things a *true* man likes, danger and play. He likes woman because she is the most dangerous of playthings.

A man should be reared for the vocation of a warrior. A woman for the recreation of the warrior. All else is rubbish.

A woman's principle of honour is to love more than she is loved, so as not to be second.

In any game where love or hate is not at stake, women play a mediocre part.

All women behind their personal vanity cherish an impersonal contempt for *woman*.

What the superfluous multitude call "Marriages made in heaven": Poverty of soul *à deux*. Impurity of soul *à deux*. Pitiful self-satisfaction *à deux*.

Does a child exist that hasn't reason to weep for its parents?

As a rule, a mother loves herself in her son more than the son himself.

The chief danger that besets artists of genius lies in woman. The worshipping woman is their ruin. Hardly one has character enough to resist his ruin when he finds himself treated like a god. Man is a coward in face of the *ewig Weibliche*, and no one knows it better than the small woman.

Women indulge in literature as they commit a little sin, glancing round to see if anyone is looking—*i. e.*, to attract attention.

The snake that cannot change its skin perishes. So the mind that is hindered from changing its opinions ceases to be a mind.

Every great mind needs a mask. The mask develops with the mind.

The most convenient mask for the unusual mind is the mask of mediocrity, because it takes in mediocrities.

Dare to believe in yourself. . . . Not to believe in yourself is to lie perpetually.

It is the aim of the weak to be independent, it is the right of the strong.

It is one step forward to self-knowledge to express views which seem shameful to those who secretly cherish them. Through this fire the gifted soul must pass to belong to itself.

Aphorisms written with the heart's blood are not written to be read but to be learnt by heart.

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LITERARY LONDON

I wrote last month about the magazine war. The Messrs. Harmsworth have made the concession of raising the price of their magazine to threepence halfpenny, as it was difficult to make out the exact terms to news-agents, but it is claimed that the news-agent now will have a profit of three farthings on every copy he sells. Many, however, are still dissatisfied, and threaten to sell the magazine at fourpence, and that only to customers who give express orders. At the time of writing I believe that Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son still refuse to sell the periodical, but negotiations are going on. Meanwhile Mr. Pearson is to start a threepenny magazine of his own to be called *The Royal Magazine*. He says that the price will be threepence, and that the terms to news-agents will be good. He is to print a million of the first number, and spend £20,000 in advertising it, and he is prepared to risk £50,000 on the experiment. The general view of practical men is that the magazines are a mistake, that they can never yield any return worth the trouble. So far the sixpenny magazines have not been in the least affected, but I should hesitate to make confident predictions as to the ultimate result. This is probably the first time that the news-agents as a whole have taken up a quarrel with unanimity of spirit. If they would combine they could do anything, but combination seems to be difficult.

The sensational news of the month is that the Messrs. Macmillan have bought up the business of the Messrs. Bentley. Bentley has been long one of the most honoured publishing firms in London. Among the authors who gathered around the first Richard Bentley were Dickens, Harrison Ainsworth, and Barham of the *Ingoldsby Legends*. Barham and Bentley were schoolfellows at St. Paul's, and the *Ingoldsby Legends* were written for *Bentley's Miscellany*. It need hardly be said that they have been a source of great profit to the firm in their book form. Dickens was editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, and there published his *Oliver Twist*. He edited the periodical very well, with a curious anticipation of the modern "readable from cover to cover" style. He also contributed to the *Miscellany* one of his minor works, "The Mudfog Papers," a caricature of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which is by no means without some excellent touches. Dickens, however, thought that he was not getting enough for his work, and he got out of his contracts with Bentley and gave up the *Miscellany* to Harrison Ainsworth. Under Ainsworth the magazine dragged on in the most wonderful manner for a great many years. It could hardly have paid the publishers, but through it they found a new writer of great popularity in Mrs. Henry Wood, who contributed to its pages one of her first and most successful books, and whose works were to the last published by Messrs. Bentley. The *Miscellany* went on in a dead and alive state, like Colburn's *New Monthly Magazine*, but it expired at last. Its place was taken by *Temple Bar*, which came into Bentley's hands in 1866. A full history of the foundation of this famous magazine will be found in Edmund Yates's excellent and trustworthy reminiscences. *Temple Bar* has been admirable in its way, and continues to be so. Among the later writers of distinction it has introduced to the public is Maarten Maartens.

Another enterprise of the firm was a daily paper, started about 1845, which came to nothing, and another was *Bentley's Quarterly Review*, of which we think four numbers were published. *Bentley's Quarterly* had for its most distinguished contributor the present Marquis of Salisbury, and it is well worth while to turn back to Lord Salisbury's estimate of Mr. Gladstone in its pages. Among the other contributors were Miss Anne Mozley and Dr. Basil Jones, afterwards Bishop of St. David's. The firm gradually came under the control of Mr. George Bentley, one of the most charming, accomplished, and delightful of publishers. His father died in 1871, but Mr. George Bentley had long before that taken an active part in all that was done. Under Mr. George

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Bentley the firm did excellent work. Perhaps their specialty was fiction, and some of their happiest hits were due to the keen perception of Mr. George Bentley. It was he who detected the element of popularity in Miss Marie Corelli, and accepted her first work in spite of the unfavourable reports of various "readers." It was in *Temple Bar* and through the house of Bentley that Miss Rhoda Broughton's most popular stories appeared. Among other authors Mr. Bentley discovered were Maarten Maartens, Miss Cholmondeley, the author of *Diana Tempest*, and Mrs. Margaret Woods. The Messrs. Bentley did much also to make American literature known in England. One of their most popular authors was Sam Slick, some of whose books are still in their catalogue.

The late Mr. George Bentley was one of the most accomplished and genial publishers in London. He was a man of fine literary taste, and he knew what the public wanted. He overflowed with reminiscences, mostly very genial, of the famous literary people with whom he had dealings. But these reminiscences were never put in print, though many of his delightful letters are in the hands of private correspondents. Mr. Bentley had not a high opinion of Dickens as a man, but on the whole he was very good natured and even generous. In his time a large part of the business consisted in the issue of novels in three volumes which were taken up by the circulating library. This was a quiet and safe trade, leaving a fair profit for publisher and author, while there was very little risk. It was destroyed, however, by the circulating libraries insisting that novels should be published at six shillings. At six shillings it takes a good many purchasers to make a book successful, and Messrs. Bentley struggled against the decree, but in vain. Mr. George Bentley also edited *Temple Bar*, and edited it with great skill. It has a reputation of its own for a peculiar kind of biographical articles, and its short stories are nearly always good. The firm also published books of memoirs to a large extent, the most notable being the reminiscences of Lord Roberts. This was a most successful book, but as it was published on commission the profits to the publishers were not very large. Mr. Bentley died at his beautiful residence near Windsor some years ago. He had long suffered torments from asthma, but was wonderfully bright and cheerful though pale and wasted. His son, Mr. Richard Bentley, an accomplished scientific man, has conducted the business since, but owing to an affection of the eyes he has found it advisable to discontinue such work, and the publications of the house have passed into the hands of Messrs. Macmillan and Company It is a most honourable history that has now been honourably closed, and many will hope that Mr. Richard Bentley will be able to give us a contribution to the annals of publishing from the numerous and valuable documents in his beautiful home near Windsor. Mr. George Bentley somewhat seriously contemplated a book of reminiscences, but his feeble health prevented him from putting his hand to the work, though to the end he met cheerfully every demand made upon him in the ordinary course of business.

I understand that it is Messrs. Macmillan's intention to insert their imprint on books as new editions are called for; in the meantime they will sell the existing stock with the old imprint. They will continue to publish *Temple Bar* and the *Argosy*. Thus in time the name of Bentley will vanish from the publishing world. It is said, but without good authority, that the sum paid for the business was £40,000. Messrs. Macmillan's new and beautiful house is one of the sights of London, and I do not know that there is anything like it at once so convenient and so business-like, even in the United States.

There are rumours of other amalgamations among publishing firms, but I hesitate to give currency to them at present. I imagine that small publishing firms will find it more and more difficult to exist. Without large capital and elaborate organisation it does not seem possible to make money by publishing nowadays. The probabilities are that within the next five years many houses will disappear, and I doubt whether any new one will be successfully established where the capital is not £50,000 at least. But in the department of publishing it is not possible to look very far ahead.

I hear that the *Academy* which is now owned by Mr. John Morgan Richards,

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the father of John Oliver Hobbes, will change its character in the autumn. It will become partly a society journal, and will appear in a new and striking colour. The *Academy* under Mr. Lewis Hind has become the most readable of our literary journals, and the circulation has more than doubled.

Mr. Clement K. Shorter, editor of the *Illustrated London News*, is collecting some of his literary essays for publication in a volume form. The book will be published by Messrs. Ward Lock and Company. Mr. James Bowden will issue Mrs. Shorter's new volume of poems, most of which have appeared in our best periodicals. It is possible that before long Mrs. Shorter will also publish a volume of stories.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and her children are at present in London. It is understood that they came over to make arrangements for the publication of Mr. Stevenson's life. The general feeling is that the publication has been delayed too long. The *Vailima Letters* though interesting was a disappointment. The fact is Stevenson's readers did not take kindly to Samoa and its politics, and thought that his mind and his writings were much too full of the theme. On almost any other subject he could hold them, but not upon that. There is every reason, however, to think that the biography when it does appear will be of great interest. I have had the advantage of seeing not a few of the letters, and if the editor is not too discreet they will make excellent reading. As I have previously said, there is a certain amount of discontent about the Stevenson memorial. It will be a tablet in a Presbyterian church in Edinburgh. Stevenson though a religious man, and like every Scotsman interested in ecclesiastical politics, was not exactly a model churchgoer. No doubt the subscriptions would have been more successful if the form of the memorial had been settled, and if it had been more acceptable. Mr. Shorter suggests that Stevenson's house should be brought over from Samoa and rebuilt near Edinburgh. This is in my opinion an excellent idea but it comes too late. The sculptor has already received his commission, and it would be very hard to raise more money. Nevertheless there is no memorial to a man like the house he lived in. Nobody can really understand the story of Carlyle who does not visit with attention his house in Chelsea. I am sorry to say that the Keats house in Hampstead is to be destroyed, but there is a spirit in the country favourable to the preservation of these shrines.

A book on Stevenson's Edinburgh days by Miss Eve Blantyre Simpson is in the press. Miss Simpson is a daughter of the great physician Sir J. J. Simpson, and she is already favourably known as the writer of a very successful memoir of her father. Between the Simpsons and the Stevensons there was a peculiarly close intimacy. Sir Walter Simpson, Miss Simpson's brother, who died lately, was Stevenson's companion, the "Cigarette" in the famous *Inland Voyage*, and there exist in manuscript stories written by him in conjunction with Stevenson. There is no likelihood that these will ever be published.

W. Robertson Nicoll.

LITERARY PARIS

Your budget of French literary news will come this time from the rugged and smiling coast of Brittany. May it carry to you a little of the freshness of the ocean breezes, a little of the beauty of the emerald waters that fill every bay and inlet from the Mont Saint Michel to bold Cape Fréhel, and which fairly dazzle the eyes when beholden in wide expanse from the heights of our cottage-covered cliffs.

Even here some event may happen that is of no small interest to the bookman. Men of letters, and women, too, are, of course, to be met on the sand of our beaches; here are Pierre Wéber, the author of that stinging satire, *Monsieur et Madame L'Homme*, and his no less brilliant brother, Jean Wéber, the artist; here was René Doumic, whose visit to America you have not yet forgotten; here, too, Périvier, the editor of the

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Figaro, and Paul Strauss, another Paris journalist whom the press recently led to a seat in the Senate; your countrywoman, Madame Charles Bigot, Healey's daughter, better known in literature by her signature of Jeanne Mairet; Louis Tiercelin, the poet, Alfred Manière, and many others.

The greatest of our literary visitors, however, I have not yet mentioned. They were Ferdinand Brunetière and Viscount de Vogüé, who "honoured with their presence" the great literary festival in honour of the memory of Châteaubriand on the 7th and 8th of this month. The occasion of the celebration was the occurrence of the fiftieth anniversary of the burial of Châteaubriand on the rock of the Grand Bé (or Bey as they spell it now).

Curiously enough the date selected for the celebration was not the real anniversary. Châteaubriand died in Paris on July 4, 1848. His body did not start for Saint Malo until several days later, and reached his native Breton city only on the 17th. He was finally buried on the 18th. Why then wait until the 7th of August for this year's celebration? The reason is that the organisers had a local problem to solve. They wanted the celebration to take place on a Sunday, so as to enable the whole population of Saint Malo and the neighbourhood to take part in it, and they wanted it to include a kind of pilgrimage in the afternoon to Châteaubriand's tomb, where speeches were to be delivered and poems read. Now the Grand Bé is twice a day for several hours cut off from the mainland by the tide, while the rest of the time it is accessible to the pedestrian by means of a narrow causeway. It was therefore necessary to find a Sunday on which the tomb would be accessible for several hours in the afternoon and no such Sunday appeared before the appointed date.

The celebration was quite a success. It included first a solemn mass in the old cathedral and a funeral eulogy. Mass for the repose of the soul of the great dead was celebrated by no less a person than Cardinal Mathieu, Archbishop of Rennes, Doland Saint Malo, the greatest dignitary of the Catholic church in Brittany. The funeral eulogy was delivered by that same Father Ollivier, who a year and a half ago created such a stir by his indiscreet sermon in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, on the occasion of the funeral of the victims of the *Bazar de la Charité* catastrophe. It is not because of that speech, of course, that he was selected as Châteaubriand's eulogiser, but simply because it was intended to make the celebration as much of a Breton affair as possible, and Father Ollivier is himself a native of Saint Malo. I was not a little anxious to hear the fiery Dominican. I more than heard him; I had the pleasure of a long and charming talk with him the next day on our trip to the hereditary seat of the Châteaubriand family. He is a short man, with a round and rather chubby head, eyes sparkling with wit and joviality; the very reverse of the ascetic monk I had expected to meet. He is an impulsive orator, a child of the people, anxious to keep close to the people by the simplicity of his words, which do not always eschew vulgarity. He is easily carried away by the flow of his spontaneous eloquence, and here you have the whole story of the blunder which now closes against him the loftiest pulpit in France. But in Saint Malo he was in a congenial atmosphere. Leaving out the visitors from Paris (and even from New York)), he knew nearly every face in the audience and there was a good-natured exultation in his speech which made it a real delight to hear him. There was wit, there was passion, but also, I must say, as moreover in all the other speeches of the day, a little too much of a determination to make Châteaubriand out as perfect a Christian and as consistent a Royalist as ever lived. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, to be sure. But is that good for fifty years?

The second part of the celebration took place around Châteaubriand's statue, which stands, or rather sits, between the sea and the harbour, just outside the main entrance into the walled old town. There we had to hear poems recited by local singers, and to listen to the oratory of local authorities; the whole interrupted and sometimes covered by the screeching whistles of the steam tramways which connect Saint Malo with the neighbouring boroughs of Paramé and Cancale. The last of the speeches had an ending which deserves to be remembered. It was delivered by a

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young orator who represented the small city of Châteaubriant, in Southern Brittany, which claims to have been founded by the ancestors of the great writer, and his last words were *"A Châteaubriand, Châteaubriant!"*

Then began the procession. We marched through the whole city, entering through one gate, coming out of another, and after treading the causeway, which was then left dry by the low tide, climbed almost in Indian file the broad and lofty rock on the summit of which, without a single inscription, under a plain stone cross, Châteaubriand sleeps lulled by the ceaseless breaking of the waves. The sun then, which had been obscured part of the day, shone brightly on the impressive scene. The rock was covered by thousands of human beings, crowding upon each other in their eagerness to hear the speeches of the eulogisers of their great townsman, and two hundred feet below the boundless emerald of the sea smiled and sparkled away to the line of the horizon. More poetry, more speeches, one in the name of the French Academy by Viscount de Vogüé, who poorly read a brightly written essay.

The sliding down from the rock took place in the most charming confusion. It is then that I had my first chance of a personal contact with the Dominican orator whose voice I had heard a few hours before under the roof of the cathedral.

The most important part of the affair, from a literary point of view, was yet to come. It was a lecture by Brunetière in the ball-room of the Hôtel de Ville. Strange to say, I had never heard my old classmate lecture since he had made a name for himself as a public speaker. All I can say is, that he deserves his reputation. What is rugged and rough in his style disappears when he speaks; what may be somewhat obscure to the reader is made clear by the inflexion of the voice, by the spare motion of the arm, by the glitter of the eye. Brunetière is always Brunetière; his aggressiveness never deserts him; did he not, in that very lecture, call Sainte-Beuve a venomous rat, a somewhat unfair characterisation of the author of the *Causeries du Lundi*, although they include the celebrated article on Châteaubriand *romanesque et amoureux*, which makes curious reading by the side of the religious pages of the *Génie du Christianisme?* But everything is softened by the clever handling of a remarkably mellow voice. Nothing rasping, nothing harsh. The something which is lacking in Brunetière's articles, the colour and warmth of sentiment, is given to his speech by the music of his voice and the harmony of his gestures.

As it was a French celebration we had, of course, to meet again all at dinner. The dinner, a very good one, was served in the *Salle des Grands Hommes*, of the Hôtel de Ville, and truly I felt no little pride in that small city of twelve thousand inhabitants, when, looking at the portraits on the wall, I saw that it had given to France not only such hardy mariners as Surcouf and Duguay-Trouin, such explorers as Jacques Cartier, but also such thinkers, philosophers, and writers as Broussais, La Menuais and Châteaubriand.

The epilogue of the celebration was our pilgrimage the next day to the château de Combourg, where Châteaubriand spent his younger days, and where we were charmingly entertained by the descendants of his elder brother, who still own this noble specimen of feudal architecture and have had it in late years very intelligently restored. The interior, though made convenient for modern needs, hardly belies the imposing and forbidding exterior, with its four mosaic towers, and it is no small labor to climb through interminable winding stairways to the small room where young Châteaubriand slept one hundred and twenty years ago and where the pious remembrance of his kin now keeps the relics of his life and the small iron bed on which he breathed his last on the seventy-second anniversary of the proclamation of American independence.

You will excuse this rather long narrative. It explains to a certain degree the continuous strength of French literature, by showing the rank that literary renown occupies in the minds of the people even far away from literary centres, in a city entirely given over to the display of practical energies, a home of fishermen, of sailors, of shipowners, of traders, the mother of the privateers of old, Saint Malo.

As for the usual literary news I have

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not very much to say; the summer months are never very prolific of books. One, however, deserves special mention; it is the *Journal d'un Grinchu*, by Gyp. I pity the translator who may have to render the title in English, as the word *grinchu* is of the hardest to translate; it denôtes a peculiar species of the-crabbed variety of the genus man. Gyp's *grinchu* has a good deal to say that is interesting and witty about the men and events of the present day and his own story is very interesting. The book belongs, on the whole, to the same family as Anatole France's novels. France, by the way, has nearly finished the third installment of his curious *Histoire Contemporaine*, which is to form the sequel to the famous *Mannequin d'Osier*.

A good deal that is of interest from a literary point of view is in preparation for the stage; first Rostand's new play, *L'Aiglon*, the hero of which is Napoleon's son. The title is suggested by a line of Victor Hugo's, in his beautiful poem, *Napoléon II.*

L'Angleterre prit l'aigle, et l'Autriche l'aiglon!

The play will be given at the Renaissance and rumour has it that it is Sarah Bernhardt's intention to appear in the part of the Duc de Reichstadt.

In connection with Rostand it may interest you to know that Richard Mansfield has a contract with him for the production of *Cyrano de Bergerac* in the United States.

The Théâtre Français is to give a new version of *Othello*, by Jean Ricard, with Mounet-Sully as the Moor. Richepin promises us two plays, *La Gitane* at the Renaissance and *Les Truands* at the Odéon, and we are to have also two plays by Catulle Mendès, *La Reine Fiammette* at the Odèon and *Médée* at the Renaissance. Mendès, Richepin, Rostand, poets, all three! You see France does not forget that the drama is poetry.

You are to have soon an interesting visitor, Viscount Georges d'Avenal, the author of a remarkable work on *Richelieu et la Monarchie Absolue*. There had been some talk of Jules Lemaître's going to America on a lecturing engagement, but it has fallen through. I hear now that Bourget may take his place and pay you a second visit.

Adolphe Cohn.

THE REQUIEM OF THE SEA

FEAR NOT TO SLEEP—
THY SHROUD IS WOVEN OF HEAVEN'S TEARS,
THE TALL STARS
ARE THE BLESSED CANDLES
BURNING AT THY HEAD;
THE DRIFTING MIST OF OCEAN,
THE INCENSE, THE HOLY SONG,
THE WIND THAT WHISPERS ITS RESPONSES
TO THE DEEP INTONING OF THE SEA,
THE STARS, AND WINDS, AND WATERS
SAY MASS FOREVER FOR THY SOUL.
FEAR NOT TO SLEEP—
THESE WAVES WERE ONCE
THE PATHWAY OF OUR LORD.

Paul Kester.

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THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

I.

We announced last June that as usual we should close the Letter-Box during the summer, in order to rest our mind. Contrary to custom, our subscribers have not followed our example, but have been working their own minds all through the dog-days; so that we find more letters awaiting our return than we can answer in a single number. We feel bound to print the following, however, just because it is so unkind:

Dear BOOKMAN: I congratulate you on having closed your Letter-Box for the rest of the summer in order that you may "rest your mind."

Your "mind" really needs a rest, and I hope you will not hesitate to give it a long vacation.

Yours faithfully,

D. C.

II.

We have often said that we could not take any notice of criticisms relating to the work of the various contributors to THE BOOKMAN who sign their names. Some of our correspondents apparently have forgotten this, and have sent in animadversions upon some of the signed articles that have lately appeared. In a general way we refer the critics to the persons whom they criticise and who are quite able to defend themselves without any assistance from us. Two of these correspondents, however, raise grammatical questions which it is perhaps worth while to consider. Here, for instance, is a letter from Delhi, New York:

Editors of THE BOOKMAN,

Dear Sirs:—Permit me to call your attention to the following which appears on page 373 of the July BOOKMAN:

"Mr. Gladstone's occupation of the most prominent position in public life for upwards of sixty years *were* combined, etc." Why "were?" Another sentence which attracted my attention is on page 377 of the same number:

"Mr. W. Hyde, whose full-page illustrations to a limited edition of *The Nature Poems* of George Meredith printed by the Messrs. Constable *is* likely to command, etc."

Why the use of "is?" I feel safe in the prediction that there will be many to call your attention to these two deviations from the customary grammatical form.

Yours truly,

A. B. C.

If these two sentences had occurred in some passage in the ancient classics, the points noted would be carefully culled out and set up on little linguistic shrines and sanctified as being "grammatical exceptions." As it is, they are nothing but plain ordinary blunders. It is easy, however, to see how they occurred; for the verb in each case has been attracted to the preceding noun—in one instance plural and in the other instance singular—and has therefore been switched off from its proper subject. We are sorry that two such grammatical immoralities should have been found in the otherwise chaste pages of THE BOOKMAN.

III.

Another reader who rather shockingly signs himself or herself "One Devil" calls in question the following sentence found on page 473 of our August number. It reads as follows:

Walter Grindley Simpson was born some four years before his father, then a professor in Edinburgh, discovered in 1847 what a good man called God's best blessing to his suffering children,—chloroform.

"One Devil" seems to think that this reads as though Mr. Simpson had been born before his father. But this is surely hypercritical. One should never criticise a sentence on the basis of stopping in the middle of it. It is rather fine, in fact, to hold the meaning in suspense until the end. This is rather classical and German and all that sort of thing.

IV.

A typewritten postal card from Jackson, Mississippi, asks two questions which concern Mr. Richard Harding Davis.

(1) Do you think that the author of *The King's Jackal* read Daudet's *Kings in Exile* when in Paris?

We don't know where he read it, but we think he read it.

(2) If so do you think it improved his style?

No.

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V.

Here is a letter from New York but signed by "A Boston Lady:"

Dear Sirs:—Will you kindly inform me through your columns where any literature pertaining to the origin of the "Yellow Kid" may be obtained?

We advise the Boston Lady to address the editor of the New York *World;* but what is the use at this late day of investigating the origin of anything so repulsively vulgar?

VI.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX:

Frequently I have had occasion to contract "shall not" and have insisted on writing it "sha'n't"—using the apostrophe to indicate the omission of the double *l* as well as of the *o*. On page 425 of the July BOOKMAN I notice you print it "shan't."

Though it be inelegant to use sha'n't, still one often has to, and there must be a right and wrong way of writing it.

Very truly, FELIX.

In these matters usage governs; and our way of printing the word is that which is adopted with almost entire unanimity.

VII.

Here is a letter from Louisville, Kentucky, which requires no answer:

Editor BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX:

Dear Sir: On page 295 of the June BOOKMAN there is a letter from Mr. Longfellow anent the poems printed in fac-simile on the previous page. It seems that Mr. L. and the editors of THE BOOKMAN (or the proof-reader, if you will) have both been very dense regarding the word "Tay," which in German rhymes with "*frei.*" Even if it were not printed Tay in the German version, Mr. L. should have seen the error. But he does not, even after seeing the correct spelling in Motherwell. Strange! Also strange that Mr. Cuneo did not discover it. Passing strange that it passed the critical eye of the omniscient BOOKMAN. *En passant*, the German *gut* is a very inadequate translation of "bonnie."

JAMES STEWART.

VIII.

A student writing from Oakland, California, sends us the following:

Editor of BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX:—

In a translation of Vergil, I used the adjective "ancient" as a translation of *longæva* used to modify *sacerdos*. "Thus spake the *ancient* priestess." My professor took great delight in calling me down before the class, saying that "ancient" was only used to describe inanimate things, and partook of humour when modifying persons. If so, why "The Rime of the *Ancient* Mariner?"

Sincerely, STULTUS.

"Ancient" was not a very good translation for *longæva* in the particular passage which you mention, but your professor was very much out of the way in formulating a rule so sweeping.

IX.

Some one has sent us an indignant letter originally sent by him to the editor of the Boston *Transcript* in denunciation of Mrs. Atherton's last two novels, than which he says "two viler and vulgarer books have not appeared in our time." The editor of the *Transcript* did not print his letter; probably because its language is considerably worse than any that we have observed in *Patience Sparhawk* and *American Wives and English Husbands*. For the same reason we also decline to print it, not desiring to shock our readers.

X.

A gentleman in Baltimore, Maryland, wants to know what is the meaning of Mr. Richard Hovey's sonnet entitled "The Thought of Her" which appeared in our August number. He says that he doesn't know, and that nobody else in Baltimore knows. We reply that Mr. Hovey may be addressed in the care of his publishers, Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company, Boston.

XI.

A lady who is indignant, and we think justly indignant, at the conduct of the late *Chap-Book* in accepting and printing two contributions of hers and then declining to pay for them, writes us a long letter on the subject. She doesn't care about the money, but she wants to get even with the editors. We should think that she ought to be satisfied by this time, inasmuch as the poor *Chap-Book* has died for lack of support. And when you come to think of it, how can you expect a periodical to pay its contributors when it never paid its publishers?

XII.

A correspondent sends us the following little joke which we cheerfully print, although as he does not give us either his name or his address we shall not be able to send him any bill for its insertion:

Editors THE BOOKMAN:

I hope that your paper will oppose the annexing of Manila. Such an act would increase the supply of yellow papers in the United States. PHILADELPHIA.

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A TWILIGHT FANTASIA

Through sunlit hours, a goblin grey,
Deep in the mine I toil,
But when evening burns and the west is red,
I quit my golden spoil;—
Then gaily alight is my firefly lamp,
Alow and aloft it gleams,
White 'gainst the sunset's dying glow,
Gold where the young moon streams,
As I lift and flash on my fairy wings,
Through the shadow of flower and tree,
Seeking thee.

Under the king-fern's feathery frond
I peer as I swiftly pass,
Where the tall proud pine doth pierce the sky,
'Neath the blade of the dew-bent grass,
Somewhere, somewhen, I shall see thee stand,
Dainty and small and white,
With thy rainbow gems and thy mist-white hair,
And thine eyes of elfin light;
My firefly lamp thou shalt smile to see,
Seeking thee.

Is it the gleam of her fairy robe,
Half-hid by the leaves of the clover?
I flash to the meadow, I rise, I fall,
I poise for an instant over,—
Away! 'tis the white of the clover bloom,
Tender and small and sweet,
The dew-drops' sparkle that gems the grass,
Not the touch of her elfin feet,—
Away! on my endless quest I flee,
Seeking thee.

But the hour shall come that shall give me back,
Sheen of robe from a fairy loom,
When the moonlight shines where the west is grey;—
Or the dark pine's barren gloom
Shall answer the flash of my firefly lamp
With the light of thy longing eyes,
Then my light shall fade and my wings shall fold,
When the goblin hath found his prize,
No more to flutter from flower to tree,
Seeking thee.

So better, perchance, is the wild free flight
Of a joyous, endless quest,
Than the hush of a heart that hath not to seek
But hath found its first and best.
By day and by night a goblin grey,
Heaping the golden spoil?—
Nay, gaily alight is my firefly lamp,
For past is my day of toil;
And, white where the sunset has died away,
Gold where the moonlight streams,
It flits, it flashes, where shadows move,
In the long lush grass it gleams,
Then, love, through the twilight fleeteth free,
Seeking thee.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

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NOVEL NOTES

HER LADYSHIP'S ELEPHANT. By David Dwight Wells. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

A farce long drawn is a rather risky undertaking. The author manages, however, to sustain this one to the length of a sizeable volume with a good deal of success. The story opens with improbability and goes on to wildest absurdity, yet one can read it through and can laugh most of the time. The tale in the beginning touches the burning question of international marriages. An American takes an English wife, and an Englishman takes an American wife on the same day. The bridegrooms are close friends and out of this fact arise most of their misadventures. One of them is a consular officer of the United States, but that circumstance is incidental. It is because they are friends and are married on the same day that each happens to be talking to the bride of the other as they take the train for the wedding journey. Neither knows where the other is going, which would not be anything unusual on this side of the Atlantic, but which seems to be a mode just arrived on the other side. For, strange to say, English society, with all its indifference to American fashions in most matters, has recently adopted our matrimonial methods to an almost revolutionary extent. The mystery as to the destination of these newly-married couples may be instanced as merely one case in point. The fact that the Englishman's American bride has taken the entire management of the journey in her own hands, even to buying the tickets without telling her husband where they are going, is about the only feature of the affair likely to strike an American as remarkable. However this may be, the wrong husband jumps into the right railway carriage as the train leaves Waterloo station, in London, and the right husband is shut in with the wrong bride, and it turns out there are two trains going in different directions, and so the farce gets well under way. There is some clever work showing the different way in which the English bride and the American bride meet the situation, which is certainly calculated to try the mettle of any woman of any nationality. And there is a fair realisation of the national characteristics in the conduct of the two Americans who find themselves on a wedding journey with another woman's husband and another man's wife. It is all absolutely absurd, of course, and her ladyship's elephant—a literal and not a figurative factor—is the most absurd of all. Yet it is never dull and it amuses throughout, which is to achieve the aim of the farce.

JOHN BURNET OF BARNS. By John Buchan. New York and London: John Lane. $1.50.

Mr. John Buchan's second story fills a substantial, well-bound volume. Mr. Buchan is one of those people who rise very early in the morning to take up their labours. Whether these early risers by the end of the day do more than other people who take things leisurely we are inclined to doubt. Mr. Buchan's first story, *Don Quixote of the Moors*, was a very fair imitation of Mr. Crockett. The new romance is longer and more ambitious. Mr. Buchan has many merits. He writes fluently and correctly, though never with distinction. He scrupulously avoids faults of taste. He knows just how a story of love and adventure should be written, but the misfortune of it is that many of us know this just as well as he, and can tell when the thing is done rightly, and when it is done wrongly. And yet in spite of this we ourselves cannot produce the story. Was it not Dr. Johnson who said that he excelled all men in writing a preface explaining how a book should be written, and how, owing to various misfortunes, the author had failed to do it as it should be done? We read Mr. Buchan's book in Holland, where part of the scene is laid, and just managed to get through it, having nothing else to read except eleven volumes of hotel advertisements bound in bright red with gilt edges. Under ordinary circumstances we fear we should have failed, for, good as is Mr. Buchan's work, his story lacks life. He avoids Mr. Crockett's faults, and I daresay could make merry over them as well as anybody could. But then he has few of Mr. Crockett's merits, little of his abounding vitality and zest. Mr. Buchan's romance of love is of the most temperate order, and his adventures are of an uninteresting kind. The fact is things are made a great deal too easy for his hero. If Mr. Buchan will take Mr. Blackmore's too little known romance *Clara Vaughn*, and read the story of the fight between the Devonshire wrestler and the Cornwall champion, he will understand perhaps the pallor, the thinness, the ineffectiveness, and the weakness which make his own work a failure.

MATERFAMILIAS. By Ada Cambridge. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.00.

This is we should say the best story "Ada Cambridge" has ever written. It appeared originally as a serial, but it should be read as a whole. One sees the leading character better as the traits are accumulated one by one. "Materfamilias," who tells her own story and paints her own picture, is not a bad sort of woman, and she succeeds in always persuading herself that she is right and reasonable and that everyone who contradicts her is wrong. The fate of such a person depends entirely upon her husband. If he stands by her she may get through her battles fairly well; if he does not, she must choose between yielding and misery. Materfamilias was the kind of woman who would always find it hard to yield, but she had an affectionate heart, and greatly as she contrived to worry her children by her vulgarity, her meanness, and her fussiness, she did not

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lose their love. She tells the whole story very entertainingly from her own point of view, and though one is inclined to pity her husband, Tom, yet perhaps he is no worse off than many others are. The book reminds us very much of Mr. George R. Sims's *Memoirs of a Mother-in-Law*. It is easy for superior persons to say that such books have no literary merit or serious claim, and in a sense that is true, but they have the merit of being frankly and simply written, true to nature, and thoroughly readable. "Ada Cambridge" is not so good as George R. Sims, who is a master in his own way, but she is good notwithstanding, and we like her much better here than in certain other of her recent productions.

THE LAKE OF WINE. By Bernard Capes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

This is a prince among jewel mysteries—a sorry class of books, taken as a whole, and framed only for the brief need and the divided attention of a railway journey. But *The Lake of Wine* is in the running with the best—that is *The Moonstone*—in plot, though it does not win the race; and in all other ways, in character-drawing, in wit, in style, it has no rival among them at all. Candidly, we think a good deal of Mr. Capes's excellent work is wasted on the subject—a good subject, a fantastic, ingenious subject, we own, but one whose merits would have shone out the clearer for a little more simplicity of treatment. That is, if we look upon the mystery as the *raison d'être* of the book. But we are free to look upon it as a mere means used by circumstance to rouse the attractive rake of a hero out of his unwholesome life, and set him afresh on a stirring and a hopeful road. The heir of Linne is so fine a compound of daredevil, wit, rake, and good fellow, that he is worth, and he demands, such elaboration from whomsoever would tell his story. He is the kind of man to attract queer characters and bad characters and high characters about him, even though he had never been the unwitting custodian of the Lake of Wine. Hence the personnel of the story is so delightfully free from tameness. The only failures are the women. Angela is an unrealisable mass of unfamiliar affections. Darda and Bet are too articulate, the one for her intellect, the other for her station. Mr. Capes has aimed at making his story literature, and he has not failed. There is witty and there is beautiful writing in it, and there is a general sense of power. We by no means admire all of it, and the occasionally precious manner is irritating. Mr. Capes should forget Mr. Meredith as soon as possible, and he can safely do so, for he has stuff in him to make him independent of any model.

EZEKIEL'S SIN: A Cornish Romance. By J. H. Pearce. New York: George H. Richmond & Son.

Ezekiel, a Cornish crab-fisher, robbed the body of a dead sailor, not to satisfy his own greed, but mainly to bring brightness into the life of a loved child. His purpose was defeated by the sensitive conscience of his child; only those to whose happiness he was indifferent, benefited. His deed had been watched, too; and he lived henceforth in a terror of shame and anxiety, accused by his own soul, and threatened by a blackmailing pedlar. How the unconfessed sin, ever present to the melancholy Celt, leading a lonely life on the waters and in his quiet hamlet, saps his strength and wrecks his life, is told in a most impressive fashion. It would be an effective story without the diabolic pedlar; it would be more effective without the interposition of the accusing revival preacher at the end. But granting that these incidents give variety to the tale, we feel that Mr. Pearce has spun it out too long. One chapter might have done the work of ten in the story of the slow vengeance. Yet we name this defect reluctantly, for there is excellent and most sympathetic writing in every chapter. Especially have we admired the love-story of Morvenna, that dainty flower of Cornish girls, running side by side with the dark drama working its tragic course through the desolate mind of her doomed father.

A BISHOP'S DILEMMA. By Ella D'Arcy. New York: John Lane. $1.00.

The title notwithstanding, the bishop has very little to do with the story and his dilemma was only momentary. He simply sets the scene in the first chapter and appears to round off the conclusion. The central figure, and the one who provides such vivacity as there is in the book, is Lady Welford who "runs" the Roman Catholic chapel and priest and all that appertains to them entirely after her own ideas. She is unamiable but lively, which the other characters are not. They are simply invertebrates. The priest weakly falls in love with his patroness's somewhat doleful companion, and when the old lady promptly and very properly removes her, he weakly takes to drink. Finally, he collapses totally and we are left to foresee that he will die by-and-bye if he can screw himself up to the point of doing anything so absolute. Miss D'Arcy has an admirable knack of bringing her readers into the mental atmosphere of her characters. Therefore, she should avoid writing about depressing or irritating people. She makes them too real.

THE LOOMS OF TIME. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser's long residence in Santiago gives her very special authority in writing about that part of the world. She has made good use of her opportunities of observing South American life, both in its social and its adventurous aspects. In the Prologue to *The Looms of Time* she plunges us at once into the midst of the wild life of gold-seekers among the Cordilleras. But having disposed of a whole party of men in a dozen pages or so, by poison, by battle, by suicide to escape torture—a fair record, surely!—she transfers us to less sanguinary scenes, and allows us to idle pleasantly through several chapters with a pair of charming lovers on board the SS. *Corotaxi*. The blood-red lake, the gold-veined cave, and the long-sought treasure appear again later on, for the Prologue is not without its pur-

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pose, and has a bearing on the development of the story. The plot is sufficient to keep us interested to the end, and the description of the household at the hacienda bears in every line the evident impression of its truthfulness. The types of character, perhaps, have nothing especially original about them, but the story is one of incident, not of mental analysis, and as such is a distinct success.

THE FIRE OF LIFE. By C. K. Burrow. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

It was by no means a scorching fire, being excellently well regulated by means of all the modern appliances. And the little company who gathered round it were most of them extremely well-bred people with their emotions thoroughly under control. There was an occasional flash, however, which led to complications and provided a story. Its interest is quiet and unobtrusive, and does not exceed the bounds of moderation even during the flood and the flight. There is plenty of fresh air, a good deal of music, and a lively and delightful old lady, so that the book does not lack attractions. The reader who has had a surfeit of melodrama will find in this a very agreeable antidote.

KING CIRCUMSTANCE. By Edwin Pugh. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.

Under this name Mr. Pugh has collected a very miscellaneous batch of tales—commonplace tales, tragic tales, comedies, allegories, and others that do not conveniently come under any head. Some are very good, and a few are but middling. We doubt if the volume shows much advance on *A Man of Straw*, but it reveals all kinds of unguessed possibilities in Mr. Pugh. He is something of a poet, not a little of a preacher, very frequently a mere story-teller, and then he is at his best. "Bettles" was written in that frame of mind; so were "The Story of Hannah Wray," "The Man of Silence," and "The Inevitable Thing." There never was a more uncertain writer. He is reticent, he is gushing, he is austere, and he is hysterical; his style and attitude to life are on the level now of a philosopher and again of a minor newspaper reporter. But he has included nothing in this volume that should erase his name from the list of the most promising writers. He has a thinking head, a feeling heart, and a seeing eye. His manner is still in the making, but it should be an excellent one if he does justice to his powers.

YOUNG BLOOD. By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

There is not so much "young blood" in the story as we should like. Harry Ringrose, the hero, stands the blows of fate rather phlegmatically on the whole, and is a good deal more tolerant of low principles and shady transactions than high-spirited youths are apt to be. His part in the story is not of much account, nor is that of his lady-love. Neither can we take much interest in his father, who disappeared into space in the wake of financial ruin and dishonour, and who reappeared after many years without a stain upon his character. These are but foils to the fascinating Gordon Lowndes. It is very much to the credit of Mr. Hornung that he took the pains to develop this extraordinary character in the pages of a book which without this attraction would have amply contented the public. It might have been a very ordinary, very readable tale of vicissitudes, with the desired happy ending. He has not made *Young Blood* more popular by the introduction of Lowndes; but he has raised it from the level of a common story-book to an important novel of character. Whether Lowndes be entirely realised or not does not much matter. The conception of him is already a distinction. He is an adventurer of genius, but not built on the usual lines. He is always doing the unexpected thing, and living in the unexpected way; his good luck and his ill luck are as impossible to foresee as his character is difficult to define. He is a villain, of course, but not a bit of an egoist. He is tremendously interested in other people's affairs, and genuinely serviceable. And his vitality is inexhaustible. We leave him scheming a composite daily paper on absolutely new lines—"to knock out the *Times* and the *Guardian* on the one hand, and *Punch* and the *Pink 'Un* on the other"—leave him, not without a stain upon his character, but with considerable regret in our minds.

YE LYTTLE SALEM MAIDE. By Pauline Bradford Mackie. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.25.

This is a fresh, readable story—the best, indeed, in a long time—on a subject that can never lose its terrible fascination. Again the weird tale of witchcraft is told with complete regard for Salem records. Again the strange sinister characters who played the leading rôles in that awful inscrutable drama are brought before the searchlight. Cotton Mather, Judge Sewall and the rest are all there, only to seem farther removed than ever from the reason and the humanity which rule mankind to-day.

One departure, however, the author makes, and in so doing brings the story close to modern comprehension and sympathy. Deliverance, the little Salem maid and her friend Abigail, another little Salem maid, are so eminently human and lovable, that the monstrous superstition which nearly destroys dear, dainty little Deliverance shows more hideous, more inconceivable than ever before. The atmosphere of sweet, simple domesticity surrounding the child in the beginning is perfectly natural. The picture that she makes stealing among the dewy flowers to try on the yellow satin frock which she recognises as a snare of the Evil One and yet cannot resist, is too charming to be readily forgotten. There are in truth many beautiful and memorable scenes in the story, especially the one in which the kitten comes to Deliverance in prison and by doing so furnishes strong proof that the child was in league with dark spirits, since Satan was well known to frequent the form of a black cat. Of course the outline of the story is not new, but its details are essentially fresh and the interest is well sustained. Moreover the work has literary quality and deserves especial mention on account of its

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admirable style. It is also to be commended for the thorough study of the phenomenon upon which it is founded, a thoroughness revealed on almost every page. And more and more strange grows that period of national history.

CORNELL STORIES. By James Gardiner Sanderson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00.

College yarns must always run along much the same lines, and the six comprising this volume deal as usual with a little learning and a little love, a great deal of athletics, and more fun. But with these ruling characteristics, the stories have an imaginative and poetic quality that distinguishes the work from its rough-and-tumble kind, as for example, when the student first catches sight of the college campus. "He had never even seen a picture of the campus, and he looked out eagerly around which and beneath whose walls there lay a wealth of sweet untasted mystery. He looked down at the town clinging to the hillside and straggling over the lowlands. He looked at the lake winding its rippling bends and turnings into the dimness of the hazy forest banks and then he looked at all three, and sighed contentedly."

Most of the stories however have to do with the practical phases of student life, the contests in class and field, mainly the last. "Little Tyler" is perhaps the most notable of the athletic sketches, in that it is written with striking spirit. "One Who Did," may be mentioned as the best tale of the intellectual side of college life, and in this also are the poetic touches already referred to. "It certainly seemed longer ago than yesterday that he and Blake had strolled over the campus, taking their last farewell of their own haunts. It must have been longer ago than that, when they stood in the centre of the old athletic field and looked around in silence at all their old stone friends. Then they walked back of the Fiske-McGraw, and lying on the grass, watched the sun slowly sinking beyond the lake. . . . They felt as though dusk had overtaken them at the foot of the lane, and that to-morrow's sun would rise upon paths which led far away from the old buildings, and the campus, and each other, and sometimes those might be paths on which the sun did not shine."

MORAL IMBECILES. By Mrs. S. P. McLean Greene. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The title of this story gives a fairly good idea of its character, though hardly the idea that the author meant to convey. The whole story—if a budget of strained irrelevance may be called a story—has the titular tone of forced wit; the same obvious intention to be funny at all costs. This mutual strain on the writer and reader, makes itself felt from start to finish. It should perhaps suffice to mention the fact that the book begins with "Darling!" It is not difficult to classify fiction of that calibre. But, to be entirely just, the work is better in spots than such a beginning would seem to promise. Bright things are scattered hap-hazard. The demented old gentleman says most of them, and his is perhaps the most real character notwithstanding its unmistakable suggestion of an original by Dickens. The other characters, one and all, are mere lay figures, moving and speaking like a Punch and Judy show. There are no "moral imbeciles" in particular. The family, the grandmother, granddaughter, and grandson presented as such are simply ordinary people of the most conventional pattern; the very last people in the world likely to become insanely infatuated with the distinctly disagreeable young woman, who commences without any adequate reason to dominate their lives. The dislike that the reader conceives for this young woman is the one distinct and lasting impression of the work.

THE LADY OF CASTELL MARCH. By Owen Rhoscomyl. New York: Doubleday and McClure Co. $1.00.

It was about two years ago that the author first appeared before an American audience, making his appearance in *Battlement and Tower*, with a great sound of trumpets and clash of arms. The work was good in its way, and the field which it opened had not hitherto been explored by fiction. The average American, at all events, knows little more of the history of Wales during Tudor times than he knows of past or present happenings in Mars, and the social conditions implied in this new story, as well as in the older work, seem as far-off and unreal as any speculations regarding life on that planet. There are assurances, however, from the author that the records of the Highlands under the Clan system of the Scottish Borders in the days of the Raiders and of Ireland under the Pale, show his stories to be founded upon fact. Be this as it may, they are certainly readable, and while the new novel, *The Lady of Castell March* bears a marked general resemblance to *Battlement and Tower* and *The Jewel of Ynys Galon*, it is in several respects better work than either. There is a fitness in the construction of the tales that cannot be found in the earlier stories. Moreover, this is romance, which may be regarded as an advance upon adventure, and there is in it a large element of spirituality finer than anything revealed by the older books. There are touches of poetry too, as when a woman's pleadings in an unknown tongue are likened to the wailings of a harp. Then there is the effect of the mystical, the fascinating uncertainty whether the lady is an angel or a demon—that same fascinating uncertainty which other men have felt in other countries and other times. But, although the new story is more psychological than the older ones, this also is full of good fighting and filled with the sound of marching and drums.

DICKY MONTEITH. By T. Gallon. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.00.

It is a recommendation that this story comes from the author of *Tatterley*. There are several reasons why *Tatterley* should be favourably remembered. It is well written; it touches the deep things, and most of all, it is true and fine in feeling.

None of these traits will be found in the

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new work. The writing is rather careless, the story is far from being clear cut and, most disappointing of all, its feeling is false throughout. The central figure set up for approval is the sort of man that every manly man and every womanly woman despises—the sort of man who is weak in everything, who lacks force, firmness and directness even in wrong-doing, the sort who accepts service from women of all ranks—letting a poor girl cook the food that a rich girl supplies—and repays both with sentimental generalities and melancholy posing. The type is familiar enough in life but has hardly yet been accepted as heroic in fiction. Apparently the author has written too deep in the shadow of Dickens. Agnes and "the Marchioness" are plainly visible behind Dorothy and Sally Flinders. But the imitation is unmistakably from a feminine point of view. No man in a story or out of it ever regarded, or expected anybody else to regard such a being as Dicky Monteith with any other sentiment than contemptuous pity. The mystery is how the creator of *Tatterley,* which reveals such fine perception of the true and the high, could have created such a hero.

THE DISASTER. By Paul and Victor Margueritte, New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

The Disaster, though written in a much quieter strain, is almost as sad reading as M. Zola's *Paris.* In it you have the unvarnished story of the capitulation of Metz, one of the most pitiful tragedies of the nineteenth century. MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte are never hysterical—M. Zola sometimes is—but they have succeeded in giving a picture of the war which brings home to the reader in all its fulness the fearful helplessness of the French army. They have done for the officers what M. Zola did in *La Débâcle,* for the "piou-piou." Du Breuil, the hero of the novel, is an officer in the "état-major." He has not even the unspeakable consolation of ignorance that belongs to the common soldier, for he is made to understand, in all its humiliating detail, the inevitableness of the disaster. The defeat crushed the spirit out of him, as it did out of better and stronger men, and at the end of the book we leave him, a desolate figure, staring blankly at the future, trying to gather some grain of comfort from the fact that at last France understands her weakness and knows her foe.

The Disaster is not the story of a man, but of a war. Du Breuil and his comrades are not men but officers, and we follow their adventures not because they themselves interest us, but because with them we can sometimes catch a glimpse of the fighting, because with them we are able to dash to and fro in the rain and the mud and the dust, seeing everything, hearing everything, understanding everything of the inner workings of the campaign. The novel is well written; it is full of the noise of battle. You may read stories crammed with the results of minute historical research, and the Franco-Prussian War will still be a mere list of names and statistics; but read this novel, and you will feel that you too have tramped with the army of the Rhine to Borny, Regonville, Saint-Privat, and Noisseville—that you, too, have been duped and betrayed by a cowarlly general—that you, too, have known the degrading humiliation of the capitulation of Metz.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE

UNFORESEEN TENDENCIES OF DEMOCRACY. By E. L. Godkin. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. $2.00.

The cure for some part of the melancholy which is sure to be engendered by reading Mr. Godkin's able and fair-minded book, is to be found in the Introduction. The most striking statements there go to prove that democracy has not done what it was expected to do, that, as the representative of a huge and little known force, it is still sure to do the unexpected. As hopes have been belied, so may fears be. Mr. Godkin does not write as an anti-democrat, only as a man careful of the honour of the morrow and alive to the perils of to-day. He writes for America. But in certain portions we feel he is speaking to the world as well as to this country; and in pointing to dangers here, he is giving useful counsel to incessant watchfulness. The state of fusion in which he describes America to be, where there are no distinctly defined characters, no more "moral or intellectual moulds," may be recognised in the more sophisticated circles of Europe, where it is already making itself felt to the confusion of their politics. It is almost impossible nowadays to get a clear answer to an inquiry made of the mass of voters. Elections give but rough and ready responses; too many influences and agencies are acting on them. Newspapers are neither serious enough nor pure enough to voice any section of American opinion; but in England, the struggle for a clean press may one day be greater than was the struggle for a free one. There is there no such hunt for places as shows a disregard for special fitness in fulfilling public duties. Mr. Godkin tells of the man who was ordered by the boss to resign his seat in Congress and to become a city treasurer. (This reminds one of the fate of the sporting editor, whom his chief found fault with. "That fool Jones knows nothing of cricket; but what is one to do? he has a wife and five children." "Oh, put him on the Art," said a colleague.) But the docile Congressman and Massachusetts farmer, who was made a member of the legislature because he had lost some cows by lightning, seems in our eyes to have had oligarchic rather than democratic luck. The great self-confidence of a *large* democracy has not yet been sufficiently considered. It will not take lessons easily; and it may be ignorant of how many of its experiments have been

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tried before and failed. Indeed, the distrust of past experience is not unjustifiable, for if human nature remain the same, the demands on its faculties are now infinitely more numerous and various and complicated than they ever were before. It is a new world, and if the complication increases, there is a danger that only the self-assured amateur will care to meddle with its governing.

In discussing the reasons for the decay of political interest, Mr. Godkin has many suggestive things to say. But is he right in his doleful conclusion about the increased incapacity for continuous attention? The provision of snippets of news, "mainly about people," is no doubt a perilous temptation; but those who find these touch their utmost effort in concentration, are they not, prosperous and even schooled as they may be, the sons and daughters of such as would have found the snippet of news almost too much a tax on their intelligence unless it related to their own trade or parish? The capacity for continuous attention in the mass of people has not been lost: it is not yet evolved. But when he declares the modern world to be "moulded as never before by economic rather than religious, or moral, or political considerations," there can be no dissentient. It is now "governed mainly by ideas about the distribution of commodities." "The legislation which excites most attention is apt to be legislation which in some way promises an increase of physical comfort." Every question nowadays comes round to money and its value. This is only indirectly an effect of democracy. The untrammelled human creature has made much wealth out of his free energy. When oligarchies became suddenly rich, they grew demoralised. The temptations and opportunities are now more widespread. Our middle classes are becoming debauched and materialised. But when they have rioted and revelled, will they rise out of their vulgarity and look for a better ideal than surpassing their neighbours in ostentation? It is human nature that is on its trial and not any form of government.

HANDBOOK OF LATIN INSCRIPTIONS ILLUSTRATING THE HISTORY OF THE LANGUAGE. By W. M. Lindsay, M.A. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.25.

Within the past twenty-five years the study of the classics has received a new impulse, because of the recognition of the importance of the great and ever increasing number of inscriptions in the discovery and verification of facts of history, archæology, and philology. The huge *Corpus* of Latin inscriptions has now reached a degree of completeness which permits of the use of the gathered material as the basis of many valuable deductions. This process of deduction in the philological field is well illustrated for students in the little book which now claims our atention. It is edited by Mr. W. M. Lindsay, and published under the supervision of Professors Chas. E. Bennett and J. C. Rolfe.

Scholars are already indebted to Mr. Lindsay for his works, *The Latin Language*, and *A Short Historical Latin Grammar*, and the present work only increases the debt, for it resembles the earlier books in its clearness and freedom from abstruseness, so characteristic of works on philology.

This little manual of 134 pages is a collection of specimens of Latin arranged chronologically so as to illustrate the historical development of the Latin language. The selected specimens are classified in four chapters severally entitled, "The Earliest Period and the Beginning of Literature," "The Period of Republican Literature," "The Period of Cicero and the Early Empire, Classical Latin," and "Imperial and Late Latin." Each chapter opens with a suitable introduction explaining the philological tendencies and peculiarities of the period in question.

Excellent judgment has been shown in the selection of the material and there is no more useful book for a class which is studying inscriptions simply as a source of philological knowledge. The purpose of the book prevents it from being of any special value to the student of epigraphy. The chapter assigned to Late Latin will be of peculiar interest to the increasing number of teachers who are turning their own attention and that of their students to the language in the era of its decadence. An entire book might well be devoted to this special period.

Two or three errors of an epigraphic nature deserve mention. The amplification—*Pel(igna)* (*tribu*) of the abbreviated *Pel.*, p. 36, is a pure assumption since no such *tribus* is known and the editor of *C. I. L.* XIV. regards the Latin in it as being part of an unknown cognomen. In the second line of the Duilius Inscription, p. 45, *cepit* should be *cepet*, the reading of the stone. In the *elogium* preliminary to the elegiac epitaph of Scipio Hispanus, p. 78, *tr. mil.* II. *xvir sl. iudik.* should be amplified thus: *tr(ibunus) mil(itum) iterum, decemvir sl(itibs) iudic (andis)*. The reading of the inscription of the lead slug on p. 101 should be *Calve* not *Calvi*, as the lettering shows the vulgar form of the letter e.

The publication of this little handbook makes available illustrative material for lecture courses on the history of the Latin language. It is also to be recommended for reading in the class-room, as the text can be readily interpreted with the aid of the abundant notes.

MEDITATIONS ON GOUT. By George H. Ellwanger. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00.

This handsomely printed volume with a "premonstration" in the Burtonian manner, calls one's attention to the fact that even amid the throng of new and fashionable diseases which of late have occupied so much time and attention, gout still holds its own. The book is a pleasantly written discourse with a touch of quaintness about it and with an abundance of literary and other allusion. As to the theory of gout, one need not say very much, since not one cares greatly about the theory, anyhow; but when the questions of the palliatives, the regimen, and the wines that one may or may not drink are taken up in order, then the subject grows very interesting, especially to the person who has begun to feel a little queer in his joints. The chapter on wine is written with a very

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delicate epicurean touch. The different wines of the different countries are enumerated with a really loving appreciation of their delightfulness, so much so, indeed, that we should think it unsafe for a gouty person to read this chapter at all, so delicious is the description of some of the golden Rhenish vintages and of all the varieties of the kingly Burgundy. The pages (140-143) are simply deadly from this point of view, as no one can read them without at once experiencing an inordinate desire for what the author calls "suave, mellow, full-bodied port of a lovely colour, fragrant in flavour and with its poison masked by unctuousness and age." We shall not reveal just what advice Mr. Ellwanger gives as to the use of wine by gouty persons. As a matter of fact one is inclined to think that he hates to condemn any noble, generous vintage, and that in consequence he has left a convenient way open for the sorely tempted sinner by the implication that, after all, the use of wine and the choice of wine alike depend on the patient's own idiosyncracies; so that each person may experiment for himself and drink the wine which hurts him least. The whole book is most pleasant and suggestive reading, and its perusal confirms the old belief that gout is the most aristocratic of all diseases, being enshrined in literature since the earliest days, and having about it associations that are in every way distinctively patrician.

MILITARY EUROPE. By Major-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A. New York: Doubleday and McClure Company. $1.50.

As is well known, General Miles was sent abroad by our War Department at the time of the Græco-Turkish campaign for the purpose of observing the progress of hostilities in Greece. Arriving somewhat too late for this, so rapidly did the Turks break down the military resistance that was made, General Miles continued his observations elsewhere on a sort of roving commission. The present volume gives a brief account of what he saw in Greece, in Russia and in Germany, and also in England at the time of the Queen's Jubilee of 1897. As a matter of fact, however, the text of this book has no particular importance, although it is interesting to read; but it serves rather as an excuse for a series of fifty-six very admirable illustrations, extremely well produced and covering every possible variety of military subject, besides portraits. Among the subjects treated pictorially are the Turkish fleet and the Turkish army; various types of British soldiers; reviews and manœuvres of French, Russian and German troops; and a sort of bird's-eye view of one hundred and sixty-eight vessels of the British navy, which are properly described as "the most powerful and effective fleet that ever floated upon the waters of the earth." A number of the illustrations, and by no means the least interesting, are those which have to do with the Queen's Jubilee. Altogether, we must regard this volume as a picture-book pure and simple, with a certain amount of reading matter thrown in; and as such we commend it very heartily for its interest and beauty.

VONDEL'S LUCIFER. Translated from the Dutch by Leonard Charles Van Noppen. New York and London: Continental Publishing Company. $5 00.

It is to students and admirers of Milton that this volume will most appeal, inasmuch as it has been generally held that *Paradise Lost* was almost surely suggested, and very probably in part imitated from this poem of a great Dutch writer, or as his admirers call him, "the Dutch Shakespeare," Joost van den Vondel. The present volume puts into the hands of every one who knows no Dutch an admirable *apparatus criticus* for an examination of this theory. The book contains, in addition to a rendering of the poem of *Lucifer* into English verse, a translator's preface, a rather scrappy introduction by Professor William H. Carpenter of Columbia University, a good account of Vondel and his poem by Dr. G. Kalff, a sketch by the translator of the life and times of Vondel, together with an interpretation of the poem, a bibliography, an enumeration of the alleged parallelisms between Vondel and Milton, and finally the original dedication by Vondel, and sundry other minor matters. The volume is a very beautiful piece of book-making, the edition being a limited and numbered one, containing fourteen illustrations by John Aarts, with an excellent portrait of the Dutch poet himself. The book, we presume, was brought out with the aid of the Holland Society of this city to which body the translator has dedicated it. We are inclined to think that Milton's obligation to this work has been very decidedly overrated, except in so far as it may have given a general suggestion for *Paradise Lost*. Mr. George Edmundson, who industrially collected some years ago all the supposed parallels between the poems of the two writers, in many cases very certainly strained a point in order to make out a case, and we regret that, in reprinting in the present volume the list of these parallellisms, the quotations were not given in full instead of merely by reference, thereby saving the student and also the general reader a great deal of trouble in the matter of reference, and also making the case against Milton much less formidable, because many of the apparent parallelisms when carefully examined amount to very little, whereas the enumeration of them is on the face of it rather impressive.

THE VARIORUM SHAKESPEARE. The Winter's Tale. By H. H. Furness. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4.00.

The fact that so many volumes of this work have appeared before rather increases than chills the enthusiasm with which the eleventh is now welcomed. It is a series which any student of the poet must be miserable without. Dr. Furness would hardly be called imaginative, but he is cautious and sane and thorough, and each volume which he compiles gives practically all of importance there is about the play which it contains—interpretation of particular passages by the leading editors, sources of plot, date of composition (now certainly fixed as 1610 or 1611), and interesting criticisms on the play, the characters, and the most famous

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actors who have taken the rôles. One interest especial to this volume is the light which is thrown on the principle of absorption by the unusual use of apostrophes in the printing, due to an exceptionally excellent set of compositors. "That goes to bed with sun," for instance, and many similar passages show clearly that the supposed fault of construction in such places as "There lies more danger in thine eyes than twenty of their swords" is nothing but poor printing, the apostrophe being omitted after "than." The editor is mild with the strange mutilations of the play concocted by Garrick, Dryden, and others, and lays down the naïve principle that when managers hack up a masterpiece and the public approves all the blame should be put on the public. What he is most severe with is fancy. George Brandes's belief that Shakespeare treats youthful love in this play as if it were outside of it, whereas in earlier days he treated it more from the same level, Dr. Furness looks upon as a sign of the inability of foreigners to understand adequately. Surely Brandes's perception is simple and just, and when we remember the remarks of Pope and Dryden on this play we should be chary of international dogmas. However, this is comparatively unimportant. The essential point is that this edition is by far the most useful in existence.

THE WONDERFUL CENTURY: ITS SUCCESSES AND FAILURES. By Alfred Russel Wallace. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

This curious and remarkable book is one to be recommended to the notice of all thoughtful readers, but hardly to be discussed in detail in the pages of a literary journal. Subjects are broached in it which must be decided by science, by sociology, and by political experiment, and around which prejudice no doubt very often masquerades as opinion. Dr. Wallace's plan is seen in his division of the book into two parts, the first dealing with the successes of the century, the second with its failures. It is a wholesome plan. The average smugness with regard to modern England is neither wise nor healthy. No one is better fitted to deal with the great scientific and industrial advancement since 1800 than Dr. Wallace; and for concise and accurate accounts of these up to this date, the book must remain of permanent value. It is a matter for congratulation that this summary has been made for us by a master, and not by a mere maker of popular handbooks. As to the other part, the discussion of the failures, it is Dr. Wallace's private confession of faith. Were all who are discontented in some degree with modern progress to write of the shortcomings of the century, there would be very little agreement in the lists. We are very individual in our grumblings. This writer complains that phrenology is neglected, that hypnotism is hindered, that vaccination is enforced, that militarism is on the increase, that greedy commercialism is rampant, and that the cry of the hungry is still a reproach to the prosperous. Dr. Wallace is clear-spoken, courageous, uncompromising. When he suggests "free bread" as a remedy for starvation, he forestalls the usual objection by the frank assertion, "Better a hundred loafers than a thousand starving." We know where we are with him. He forces us to argument, and in doing so, must force some of us to think.

THE MUSIC DRAMAS OF RICHARD WAGNER AND HIS FESTIVAL THEATRE IN BAYREUTH By Albert Lavignac. Translated from the French by Esther Singleton. With illustrations and diagrams. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

There could not be a better book for lovers of Wagner, and especially for Bayreuth pilgrims, than Professor Lavignac's admirable account of the great music dramas. He gives a bright and graceful biography of the master; he relates the history of his theatre; and describes with many helpful details the doings at Bayreuth in Festival week. The analyses of the dramas—first of the poems and then of the music—are the clearest, simplest and most satisfactory we have seen—just what the amateur requires to aid his understanding of the series. The chapter on "The Interpretation" gives an interesting and not over-technical account of the methods of the various Bayreuth conductors. M. Lavignac's manner of writing is distinctly French—crisp, bright and piquant—and its charm is preserved in Miss Singleton's excellent translation. There is no irritating panegyric, no intrusion of the writer's private emotions and sensations, but a clear, sympathetic, and appreciative elucidation of Wagner's splendid and unique work. The portrait is worth a word to itself—one so seldom sees a satisfactory one of Wagner. This is excellent. The wry and yet attractive face, alert, sympathetic and full of power, has just the expression which a Wagner lover likes to see.

GLADSTONE THE MAN. A Non-Political Bibliography. By David Williamson. New York: M. F Mansfield. 75 cents.

This is a smug little book without much consecutiveness and surely without anything in it that is at all novel. The things related of Mr. Gladstone are the sort of things that might have been told by some amiable curate who lived near by, and occasionally took tea at Hawarden Castle, where he heard a certain amount of gossip from the other guests. Possibly the editor of the local newspaper might also have written it; only we think that he would have done it better, inasmuch as he would have had access to his various exchanges and would, therefore, have picked up more interesting anecdotes. On turning over the pages rather carefully, we have discovered no anecdote that is either new enough or significant enough to quote, and consequently we are obliged to restrict our commendation of it to the various portraits and other illustrations which it contains and which are worth fairly well preserving.

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JOHN SPLENDID.

*The Tale of a Poor Gentleman, and the Little Wars of Lorn.**

By Neil Munro,

The Author of "The Lost Pibroch."

CHAPTER XXV.

It may seem, in my recounting of these cold wanderings, of days and nights with nothing but snow and rain, and always the hounds of fear on every hand, that I had forgotten to exercise my mind upon the blunder and the shame of Argile's defeat at Inverlochy. So far is this from the fact that M'Iver and I on many available occasions disputed—as old men at the trade of arms will do—the reasons of a reverse so much unexpected, so little to be condoned, considering the advantage we had in numbers compared with the fragments of clans Alasdair MacDonald brought down from the gorges of Lochaber to the waters of Loch Lhinne and Locheil. It was useless to bring either the baron-bailie or Sonachan into our deliberations; neither of them had any idea of how the thing had happened, though they were very well informed indeed about certain trivial departures from strict forms of Highland procedure in the hurried marshaling of the troops.

"Cheap trash of pennyland men from Lochow-side were put on the right of gentlemen cadets of the castle and Loch Finneside lairds," was the baron-bailie's bitter protestation.

Sonachan, who was naturally possessed of a warm side to the people, even common quality, of his own part of the country, would sniff at this with some scorn.

"Pennyland here, pennyland there, they were closer in blood on Black Duncan than any of your shore-side partans, who may be gentrice by sheepskin right but never by the glaive."

So the two would be off again into the tanglements of Highland pedigree.

The mind of the man with the want was, of course, a vacant tablet, washed clean of every recollection by the copious tears he had wept in his silliness since ever the shock of the battle came on him; Stewart was so much of an unscrupulous liar that no word of his could be trusted, and the minister alone could give us any idea of what had been the sentiment in the army when the men of Montrose (who were really the men of Sir Alasdair, his major-general) came on them. But for reasons every true Gael need not even have a hint of, we were averse from querying this dour, sour Lowland cleric on points affecting a Highland retreat.

So it was, I say, that the deliberations of M'Iver and myself were without any outside light in somewhat dark quarters; we had to guide us only yon momentary glimpse of the stricken field with its flying men, seen in a stupid blur of the senses, as one lying by a dark hill tarn at night waiting for mallard or teal, sees the birds wheeling above the water ere he has appreciated the whirr of their presence, lets bang his piece at the midst of them, and is in a dense stillness again before he comprehends that what he has waited for in the cold night has happened.

"The plan of old Gustavus did it, I'll wager my share of the silver-mine," would John insist; "and who in heaven's name would think Alasdair *mosach* know the trick of it? I saw his horsemen fire one pistol-shot and fall on at full speed. That's old Gustavus for you, isn't it? And yet," he would continue, reflecting, "Auchinbreck knew the Swedish tactics, too. He had his musketeers and pikemen separate, as the later laws demand; he had even a hint from myself of the due proportion of two pikes to three muskets."

"But never a platoon fired a volley," I recalled. "It was to steel and targe from the onset." And then I would add, "What's to be said for MacCailein?"

On this John Splendid would ruffle up wrothily with blame for my harping on that incident, as if it were a crime to hint at any weakness in his chief.

"You are very much afraid of a waff of wind blowing on your cousin's name," I would cry.

"My chief, Elrigmore, my chief. I make no claim to consideration for a cousin, but I'll stand up for Argile's name so long as the gyrony of eight and the gallery for Lorn are in his coat of arms."

Inverlochy, Inverlochy, Inverlochy—the black name of it rang in my head like a tolling bell as I sought to doze for a little in Dalness house. The whole events of the scandalous week piled up on me; I no sooner wandered one thought away in the mists of the nether mind than a new one, definite and harassing, grew in its place, so that I was turning from side to side in a torture-rack of reflection when I should be lost in the slumber my travel and weariness so well had earned me. Something of an eeriness at our position in that genteel but lonely house lay heavy on me, too; it had no memories of friendship in any room for me; it was haunted, if haunted at all, with the ghosts of people whose names we only breathed with bitterness in the shire of Argile. And constantly the wind would be howling in it, piping dismally in the vent of the room the minister and I were in together; constantly the rain would be hissing on the embers of the fire; at a long distance off a waterfall, in veering gusts of greater

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vehemence, crashed among its rocks and thundered in its linn.

M'Iver, who was the first to take watch for the night, paced back and forth along the lobbies or stood to warm himself at the fire he fed at intervals with peat or pine-root. Though he had a soldier's reverence for the slumbers of his comrades, and made the least of noise as he moved around in his deer-skins, the slightest movement so advertised his zeal, and so clearly recalled the precariousness of our position, that I could not sleep. In an hour or more after I lay down —with my clothing still on, I need hardly say —M'Iver alarmed the advance-guard of my coming sleep by his unconscious whistle of a pibroch, and I sat up to find that the cleric was sharing my waukrife rest. He had cast his peruke. In the light of a cruisie that hung at the mantel-breast he was a comical-looking fellow with a high bald head, and his eyes, that were very dark and profound, surrounded by the red rings of weariness, all the redder for the pallor of his face. He stretched his legs and rubbed his knees slowly, and smiled on me a little mournfully.

"I'm a poor campaigner," said he; "I ought to be making the best of the chance we have; but instead I must be thinking of my master and patron, and about my flock in Inneraora town."

I seized the opportunity as a gled would jump at a dove.

"You're no worse than myself," I said, rising to poke up the fire; "I'm thinking of Argile, too, and I wish I could get his defalcation—if that it may be called—out of my mind. Was it a—was it—what you might call a desertion without dignity, or a step with half an excuse in policy? I know MacCailein had an injured arm."

Gordon rose and joined me at the fireside. He seemed in a swither as to whether I was a fit confidant or not in such a matter, but at last would appear to decide in my favor.

"You have heard me speak well of Argile," he said, quietly. "I never said a word in his praise that was not deserved; indeed, I have been limited in my valuation of his virtues and ornaments, lest they should think it the paid chaplain who spoke and not the honest acquaintance. I know pious men, Highland and Lowland, but my lord of Argile has more than any of them the qualities of perfection. At home yonder, he rises every morning at five and is in private till eight. He prays in his household night and morning, and never went abroad, though but for one night, but he took his write-book, standish, and English New Bible, and Newman's Concordance with him. Last summer, playing one day with the bullats with some gentlemen, one of them, when the Marquis stopped to lift his bullat, fell pale, and said to them about him, 'Bless me, it is that I see my lord with his head off and all his shoulder full of blood.' A wicked man would have counted that the most gloomy portent and a fit occasion for dread, for the person who spoke was the Laird of Drimmindorren's seventh son, with a reputation for the second sight. But Argile laughed at the thing, no way alarmed, and then with a grave demeanour he said, said he, 'The wine's in your head, sir; and even if it was an omen, what then? The axe in troublous times is no disgrace, and a chief of Clan Diarmaid would be a poor chief indeed if he failed to surrender his head with some show of dignity.'"

"But to leave his people twice in one war with no apparent valid excuse must look odd to his unfriends," I said, and I toasted my hose at the fire.

"I wish I could make up my mind whether an excuse is valid or not," said the cleric; "and I'm willing to find more excuses for MacCailein than I'll warrant he can find for himself this morning, wherever he may happen to be. It is the humour of God Almighty sometimes to put two men in the one skin. So far as I may humbly judge, Argile is the poor victim of such an economy. You have seen the sort of man I mean; to-day generous to his last plack, to-morrow the widow's oppressor; Sunday a soul humble at the throne of grace, and writhing with remorse for some child's sin, Monday riding vain-gloriously in the glaur on the road to hell, bragging of filthy amours, and inwardly gloating upon a crime anticipated. Oh, but were the human soul made on less devious plan, how my trade of Gospel messenger were easy! And valour, too, is it not in most men a fever of the moment; at another hour the call for courage might find them quailing and flying like the coney of the rocks."

"Then Argile, you think, was on those occasions the sport of his weaker self?" I pushed. I found so many obstacles in the way of satisfaction to my natural curiosity that I counted no persistence too rude now.

"He was the result of his history," said the minister quickly, his face flushing with a sudden inspiration. "From the start of time those black moments for the first Marquis of Argile have been preparing. I can speak myself of his more recent environment. He has about him ever flatterers of the type of our friend, the sentinel out there, well-meaning but a woeful influence, keeping from him every rumour that might vex his ear, colouring every event in such a manner as will please him. They kept the man so long in a delusion that fate itself was under his heel, that when the stress of things came——"

"Not another word!" cried M'Iver from the doorway.

We turned round and found him standing there wrapped up in his plaid, his bonnet over a frowning brow, menace in his eye.

"Not another word, if it must be in that key. Has Archibald, Marquis of Argile and Lord of Lochow no friends in this convocation? I would have thought his own paid curate and a neighbour so close as Elrigmore would never waste the hours due to sleep upon treason to the man who deserved better of them."

"You should have eavesdropped earlier and you would have learned that there was no treason in the matter. I'm as leal friend to my lord of Argile as you or any of your clan. What do I care for your bubbly-jock Highland vanity?" said Gordon.

"We were saying nothing of MacCailein

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that we would not say to you," I explained to M'Iver, annoyed in some degree by his interference.

"Ay, ay," said he, with a pitying shrug of the shoulder, and throwing off his last objection to my curiosity; "you're on the old point again. Man, but you're ill to satisfy! And yet we must have the story sooner or later, I suppose. I would rather have it anywhere than in this wauf and empty foreign domicile, that is a melancholy in itself enough for any man. But since the minister's in a key for history let him on."

"I'm in no key for history at all," said Master Gordon, very shortly. "If you would have the truth, I'm searching my wits for some accounting for the conduct of a nobleman I love more than a brother."

"And that's no great credit to you; have you ever known his equal?" cried M'Iver, always in the mood for bickering with this Lowland scholar, the only person or almost the only person I found him unwilling to pick and choose words for.

"You're speaking there as a kinsman and clansman," said Master Gordon; "I'm speaking as man of man. I like this one for his struggle, sometimes successful, sometimes not all that way, to keep a manly and religious front before those contending passions within him. He is a remnant of the old world of Highland sturt and strife, and still to a degree in the midst of it, and at the same time a man endowed by heaven with a genius of peace and intellect. Fighting with a horde of savages against reivers no more dishonest than his own clans, is it a wonder that sometimes MacCailein's spirit, the spirit of the thinker and the scholar, should sink at the horror of his position? For all that, he has a courageous front nine times out of ten, and it would have been a miracle itself if he had not taken to the galley at Inverlochy yesterday morning."

"Yesterday morning!" I cried. "Good God! I thought it was years ago, or something in a dream."

"And it was just yesterday morning," spoke on the cleric, "and to-day there's a marquis on his way south somewhere thinking of yesterday (I make no doubt) even on, with every recollection of his life lost for a space below that salt sea of remorse. And so simple the thing, too, like every pregnant moment of life. We lay on the flat land yonder as you left us on your reconnoitre, changed shots on the Saturday night with wandering malcontents as we thought them, and found Montrose on the braes above us as the dawn broke. We had but a shot or two apiece to the musket, they tell me. Dunbarton's drums rolled, the pipes clamoured, the camp rose from its sleep in a confusion, and a white moon was fainting behind us. Argile, who had slept in a galley all night, came ashore in a wherry with his left arm in a sling. His face was like the clay, but he had a firm lip, and he was buckling a hauberk with a steady hand as the men fell under arms. Left alone then, I have a belief that he would have come through the affair gallantly; but the Highland double-dealings were too much for him. He turned to Auchinbreck and 'Shall I take the command, or ——' leaving an alternative for his relative to guess at. Auchinbreck, a stout soldier but a vicious, snapped him very short. 'Leave it to me, leave it to me,' he answered, and busied himself again in disposing his troops, upon whom I was well aware he had no great reliance. Then Sir James Rollock-Niddry, and a few others pushed the Marquis to take his place in his galley again, but would he? Not till Auchinbreck came up a second time, and seeing the contention of his mind, took your Highland way of flattering a chief, and made a poltroon act appear one of judgment and necessity. 'As a man and soldier only, you might be better here at the onset,' said Auchinbreck, who had a wily old tongue; 'but you are disabled against using sword or pistol; you are the mainstay of a great national movement, depending for its success on your life, freedom, and continued exertion.' Argile took to the galley again, and Auchinbreck looked after him with a shamed and dubious eye. Well, well, Sir Duncan has paid for his temporising; he's in his place appointed. I passed the knowe where he lay writhing to a terrible end, with a pike at his vitals, and he was moaning for the chief he had helped to a shabby flight."

"A shabby flight!" said M'Iver, with a voice that was new to me, so harsh was it and so high set.

"You can pick the word for yourself," said the minister; "if by heaven's grace I was out of this, in Inneraora I should have my own way of putting it to Argile, whom I love and blame."

"Oh, you Lowland dog!" cried John Splendid, more high-keyed than ever, "*you* to criticise Argile!" And he stepped up to the cleric, who standing by the chimney-jambs, glowered hellishly in his face, then with a fury caught his throat in his fingers, and pinned him up against the wall.

CHAPTER XXVI.

I caught M'Iver by the coat lapels and took him off the gasping cleric.

"Oh, man!" I cried, "is this the Highland brigadier to be throttling an old soldier of Christ?"

"Let me get at him and I'll set him in the way of putting the last truth of his trade to its only test," said he, still with a face corp-white, tugging at my hold and eyeing Master Gordon with a very uplifted and ferocious demeanour.

I suppose he must, in the midst of his fury, have got just a glisk of the true thing before him—not a worthy and fair opponent for a man of his own years, but an old, wearied man of peace, with a flabby neck, and his countenance blotched, and his wig ajee upon his head so that it showed the bald pate below, for he came to himself as it were with a start. Then he was ashamed most bitterly. He hung his head and scraped with an unconscious foot upon the floor. The minister recovered his wind, looked with contempt in every line at the man who had abused him, and sat down without a word before the fire.

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"I'm sorry about this," said M'Iver, fumbling about his waistbelt with nervous fingers; "I'm sorry about this, Master Gordon. A Highlander cannot be aye keeping God's gift of temper in leash, and yet it's my disgrace to have laid a hand on a gentleman of your age and calling, even for the name of my chief. Will you credit me when I say I was blind to my own act? Something in me rose uncontrollable, and had you been Hector in armour, or my grandfather from the grave, I was at your neck."

"Say no more about it," answered Gordon. "I have seen the wolf so often at the Highlander's heart that I need not be wondering to find him snarling and clawing now. And still—from a gentleman—and a person of travel——"

"Say away, sir," said M'Iver, bitterly; "you have the whole plea with you this time, and I'm a rogue of the blackest. I can say no more than I'm sorry for a most dirty action."

Gordon looked at him, and seemed convinced that here was a genuine remorse; at least his mien softened and he said quietly, "You'll hear no more of it from me."

We were standing, M'Iver and I, in front of the hearth, warming to the peat glow, and the cleric sat in an oak armchair. Out in the vacant night the rain still pattered and the gale cried. And all at once, above the sound of wind and water, there came a wild rapping at the main door of the house, the alarm of a very crouse and angry traveler, finding a hostel barred against him at unseasonable hours. A whole childhood of fairy tale rose to my mind in a second; but the plain truth followed with more conviction, that there was no witch, warlock, nor fairy, but some one with a better right to the tenancy of Dalness than seven broken men with nor let nor tack. We were speedily together, the seven of us, and gathered in the hall, and listening with mouths open and hearts dunting, to the rapping that had no sign of ceasing.

"I'll have a vizzy from an upper window of who this may be," said John, sticking a piece of pine in the fire ill it flared at the end, and hurrying with it thus lighted up the stair. I followed at his heels, while the rest remained below ready to give whatever reception was most desirable to the disturbers of our night's repose. The window we went to looked out on the most utter blackness—blackness that seemed to stream in at the window as we swung it softly back on its hinge. M'Iver put out his head and his torch, giving a warder's keek at the door below where the knocking continued. He drew in his head quickly and looked at me with astonishment.

"It's a woman," said he. "I never saw a campaign where so many petticoats of one kind or another were going. Who, in God's name, can this one be, and what's her errand to Dalness at this hour? One of its regular occupants would scarcely make such to-do about her summons."

"The quickest answer could be got by asking her," I said.

"And about a feint?" he said, musing. "Well, we can but test it."

We went down and reported to our companions, and Gordon was for opening the door on the moment. "A wanderer like ourselves," said he, "perhaps a widow of our own making from Glencoe. In any case, a woman, and out in the storm."

We stood round the doors while M'Iver put back the bars and opened as much as would give entry to one person at a time. There was a loud cry, and in came the Dark Dame, a very spectacle of sorrow! Her torn garments clung sodden to her skin, her hair hung stringy at her neck, the elements had chilled and drowned the frenzied gleaming of her eyes. And there she stood in the doorway among us, poor woman, poor wretch, with a frame shaking to her tearless sobs.

"You have no time to lose," she said to our query, "a score of Glencoe men are at my back. They fancy they'll have you here in the trap this house's owner left you. Are you not the fools to be advantaging yourselves of comforts you might be sure no fairy left for Campbells in Dalness? You may have done poorly in Inverlochy—though I hear the Lowlanders and not you were the poltroons—but blood is thicker than water, and have we not the same hills beside our doors at home, and I have run many miles to warn you that MacDonald is on his way." She told her story with sense and straightness, her frenzy subdued by the day's rigor. Our flight from her cries, she said, had left her a feeling of lonely helplessness; she found, as she sped, her heart truer to the tartan of her name than her anger had let her fancy, and so she followed us round Loch Lhinne-head, and over the hills to Glencoe. At the blind woman's house in the morning, where she passed readily enough for a natural, she learned that the eldest son in the bed had set about word of our presence before we were long out of his mother's door. The men we had seen going down in the airt of Tynree were the lad's gathering, and they would have lost us but for the beetle-browed rogue, who, guessing our route through the hills to Dalness, had run before them, and, unhampered by arms or years, had reached the house of Dalness a little before we came out of our journey in swamp and corry. A sharp blade, certes! he had seen that unless something brought us to pause a while at Dalness we would be out of the reach of his friends before they had gained large enough numbers and made up on him. So he had planned with the few folk in the house to leave it temptingly open in our way, with the shrewd guess that starved and wearied men would be found sleeping beside the fire when the MacDonalds came round the gusset. All this the Dame Dubh heard and realised even in her half frenzy as she spent some time in the company of the marching MacDonalds, who never dreamed that her madness and her denunciations of Clan Diarmaid were mixed in some degree with a natural interest in the welfare of every member of that clan.

M'Iver scrutinised the woman sharply, to assure himself there was no cunning effort of a mad woman to pay off the score her evil tongue of the day before revealed she had been reckoning; but he saw only her

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dementia gone to a great degree, a friend anxious for our welfare, so anxious, indeed, that the food Master Gordon was pressing upon her made no appeal to her famishing body.

"You come wonderfully close on my Frankfort story," said M'Iver, whimsically. "I only hope we may win out of Dalness as snugly as we won out of the castle of the cousin of Pomerania."

For a minute or two we debated on our tactics. We had no muskets, though swords were rife enough in Dalness, so a stand and a defence by weapons was out of the question. M'Iver struck on a more pleasing and cleanly plan. It was to give the MacDonalds tit for tat and decoy them into the house as their friends had decoyed us into it, and leave them there in durance while we went on our own ways.

We jammed down the iron pins of the shutters in the salmanger, so that any exit or entrance by this way was made a task of the greatest difficulty; then we lit the upper flats, to give the notion that we were lying there. M'Iver took his place behind a door that led from the hall to other parts of the house, and was indeed the only way there, while the rest of us went out into the night and concealed ourselves in the dark angle made by a turret and gable, a place where we could see, without being seen, any person seeking entry to the house.

All the paths about the mansion were strewn with rough sand or gravel from the river, and the rain, in slanting spears, played hiss upon them with a sound I never hear to-day but my mind's again in old Dalness. And in the dark, vague with rain and mist, the upper windows shone blear and ghostly, dull vapours from a swamp, corp-candles on the sea, more than the eyes of a habitable dwelling warm and lit within. We stood the seven of us against the gable (for the woman joined us and munched a dry crust between the chittering of her teeth) waiting the coming of the MacDonalds.

I got to my musing again, puzzled in this cold adventure, upon the mystery of life. I thought it must be a dream such as a man has lying in strange beds, for my spirit floated and cried upon that black and ugly air, lost and seeking as the soul of a man struggling under sleep. I had been there before, I felt, in just such piteous case among friends in the gable of a dwelling, yet all alone, waiting for visitors I had no welcome for. And then again (I would think), is not all life a dream, the sun and night of it, the seasons, the faces of friends, the flicker of fires and the nip of wine; and am not I now stark awake for the first time, the creature of God, alone in His world before the dusk has been divided from the day and bird and beast have been let loose to wander about a new universe? Or again (I would think), am I not dead and done with? Surely I fell in some battle away in Low Germanie, or later in the sack of Inneraora town, that was a town long, long ago before the wave threshed in upon Dunchuach?

The man with the want, as usual, was at his tears, whispering to himself reproach and memory and omens of fear, but he was alert enough to be the first to observe the approach of our enemy. Ten minutes at least before they appeared on the sward lit by the lights of the upper windows, he lifted a hand, cocked an ear, and told us he heard their footsteps.

There were about a score and a half of the MacDonalds together, of various ages, some of the old gutchers that had been better advised to be at home snug by the fire in such a night or saying their prayers in preparation for the looming grave, some of them young and strapping, all well enough armed with everything but musketry, and guided to the house by the blind woman's son and a gentleman in a laced coat, whom we took to be the owner of Dalness because two men of the bearing and style of servants were in his train and very pretentious about his safety in the course of a debate that took place a few yards from us as to whether they should demand our surrender or attack and cut us down without quarter.

The gentleman sent his two lackies round the house, and they came back reporting (what we had been very careful of) that every door was barred.

"Then," said the gentleman, "we'll try a bland knock, and if need be, force the main door."

He was standing now in a half dusk, clear of the light of the windows, with a foot on the step of the door; behind him gathered the MacDonalds with their weapons ready, and I dare say, could we have seen it, with no very pretty look on their faces. As he spoke, he put his hand on the hasp, and to his surprise, the heavy door was open. We had taken good care of that too.

The band gathered themselves together and dived into the place, and the plaiding of the last of them had scarcely got inside the door than Stewart ran up with the key and turned the lock, with a low whistle for the guidance of M'Iver at the inner door. In a minute or less, John was round in our midst again with his share of the contract done, and our rats were squealing in their trap.

For a little there was nothing but crying and cursing, wild beating against the door, vain attack on the windows, a fury so futile that it was sweet to us outsiders, and we forgot the storm and the hardship.

At last M'Iver rapped on the door and demanded attention.

"Is there any one there with the English?" he asked.

The gentleman of Dalness answered that he could speak English with the best cateran ever came out of MacCailein Mor's county, and he called for instant release, with a menace added that Hell itself could not excel the punishment for us if they were kept much longer under lock and bar. "We are but an advanced guard," said he, with a happy thought at lying, "and our friends will be at your back before long."

M'Iver laughed pawkily.

"Come, come, Dalness," said he, "do you take us for girls? You have every man left

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in Glencoe at your back there; you're as much ours as if you were in the tolbooth of Inneraora O; and I would just be mentioning that if I were in your place I would be speaking very soft and soothing."

"I'll argue the thing fairly with you if you let us out," said Dalness, stifling his anger behind the door, but still with the full force of it apparent in the stress of his accent.

M'Iver laughed again.

"You have a far better chance where you are," said he. "You are very snug and warm there; the keg of brandy's on the left-hand side of the fire, though I'm afraid there's not very much left of it now that my friend of Achnatra here has had his will of it. Tell those gentry with you that we intend to make ourselves cosy in other parts of the house till the morn's morning, and that if they attempt to force a way out by door or window before we let them we'll have sentinels to blow out the little brains they have. I'm putting it to you in the English, Dalness—and I cry pardon for making my first gossip with a Highland gentleman in such a tongue—but I want you to put my message in as plausible a way as suits you best to the lads and *bodachs* with you."

The man drew away from the neighbourhood of the door; there was a long silence, and we concluded they were holding parley of war as to what was next to be done. Meantime we made preparations to be moving from a place that was neither safe nor homely. We took food from the pantries, scourged Stewart from a press he was prying in with clawing fingers and bulging pockets, and had just got together again at the rear of the house when a cry at the front told us that our enemies, in some way we never learned the manner of, had got the better of our bolted doors and shutters.

Perhaps a chance of planning our next step would have been in our favour; perhaps, on the other hand, it would have been the worse for us, because in human folly we might have determined on staying to face the odds against us, but there was no time for balancing the chances; whatever was to be done was to be done quickly.

"Royal's my race!" cried Stewart, dropping a pillow-slip full of goods he carried with him —"Royal's my race—and here's one with great respect for keeping up the name of it." And he leaped to a thicket on his left. The man with the want ran weeping up to the Dark Dame and clung to her torn gown, a very child in the stupor of his grief and fear. The baron-bailie and Sonachan and the minister stood spellbound, and I cursed our folly at the weakness of our trap. Only M'Iver kept his wits about him.

"Scatter," said he in English—"scatter without *adieux*, and all to the fore by morning search back to the Brig of Urchy, comrades there till the middle of the day, then the devil take the hindmost."

More than a dozen MacDonalds came running round the gable end, lit by the upper windows, and we dispersed like chaff to the wind before M'Iver's speech concluded. He and I ran for a time together, among the bushes of the garden, through the curly kail, under low young firs that clutched at the clothing. Behind us the night rang with pursuing cries, with challenge and call, a stupid clamour that gave a clue to the track we could follow with greatest safety. M'Iver seemingly stopped to listen, or made up his mind to deviate to the side after a little; for I soon found myself running alone, and two or three men—to judge their cries—keeping as close on me as they could by the sound of my plunging among twig and bracken. At last, by striking to an angle down a field that suddenly rolled down beside me, I found soft carpeting for my feet, and put an increasing distance between us. With no relaxation of my step, however, I kept running till I seemed a good way clear of Dalness policies, and on a bridle-path that led up the glen, the very road, as I learned later, that our enemy had taken on their way from Tynree.

I kept on it for a little as well as I could, but the night was so dark (and still the rain was pouring, though the wind had lowered) that by and by I lost the path, and landed upon rough water-broken rocky land, bare of tree or bush. The tumult behind me was long since stilled in distance, the storm itself had abated, and I had traversed for less than an hour when the rain ceased. But still the night was solemn black, though my eyes, by usage, had grown apt and accustomed to separate the dense black of the boulder from the drab air around it. The country is one threaded on every hand by *cas* and brook that drop down the mountain sides at almost every yard of the way. Nothing was to hear but the sound of running and falling waters, every brook with its own note, a tinkle of gold on a marble stair as I came to it, declining to a murmur of sweethearts in a bower as I put its banks behind me after wading or leaping; or a song sung in a clear spring morning by a girl among heather hills, muffling behind me to the blackguard discourse of banditti waiting with poignards out upon a lonely highway.

I was lost somewhere north of Glen Etive; near me I knew must be Tynree, for I had been walking for two hours and yet I dare not venture back on the straight route to-morrow's rendezvous till something of daylight gave me guidance. At last I concluded that the way through the Black Mount Country to Bredalbane must be so close at hand it would be stupidity of the densest to go back by Dalness. There was so much level land round me that I felt sure I must be rounding the Bredalbane hills, so I chanced a plunge to the left. I had not taken twenty steps when I ran up against the dry-stone dyke that bordered the Inns of Tynree.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Tynree is the Gaelic of a name that in the English is King's House. What humour gave so gaudy a title to so humble a place I have been always beat to know. For if the poorest of the chiefs of the poor isles had his choice of the gallows at once or Tynree for a long habitation, I'm thinking

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he would cry, "Out with your rope." Standing all its lee lone on the edge of the wildest moor of all the Scotish kingdom, blustered on by the winds of Glencoe and Glen Etive, the house, far apart from any other (even a hunter's bothy among the corries), must be eerie, empty of all but its owner at most seasons of the year. He will have nothing about him but the flying plover that is so heart-breaking in its piping at the gray of morn, for him must the night be a dreariness no rowth of cruisie or candle may mitigate. I can fancy him looking out day after day upon plains of snow and cruel summits, blanching and snarling under sodden skies, and him wishing that God so good was less careless and had given him a home and trade back among the cosy little glens if not in the romping towns. But they tell me—people who rove and have tried Tynree in all weathers—that often it is cheerful with song and story, and there is a tale that once upon a time a little king, out adventuring in the kingly ways of winter stories, found this tavern in the wilds so warm, so hospitable, so resounding with the songs of good fellows that he bided as a guest for a week of the winter weather.

When I came on Tynree, it was sounding with music, just it might be as in the day of the king in the story. Three of the morning, yet the hostel sent out a most hearty reek and firelight, the odours of stewing meats and of strong waters, and the sound of piping and trumping and laughing.

I stood back a piece from the house and debated with myself whether or not it was one where the tartan of Diarmaid would be sure of a welcome even if his sporran jingled with gold to the very jaws. All I wanted was shelter till the day broke and—this may seem odd to any one who has not known the utter wearisomeness of being a hunted man jinking in the dark among woods and alleys—the easy conversation of some human beings with no thought bothering them but what would be the next meal, or the price of cattle at a town tryst. And song and trump—come, I'll tell the God's own truth upon that! They called me Sobersides in those days; M'Iver gave me the name and kept it on me till the very last, and yet sobriety of spirit (in one way) was the last quality in those old days of no grace to find in my nature. I liked to sit in taverns, drinking not deeply, but enough to keep the mood from flagging with people of the young heart, people fond of each other, adrift from all commercial cunning, singing old staves and letting their fancy go free to a tune twanged on a Jew's-trump or squeezed upon a bagpipe or zigged upon a fiddle. So the merriment of Tynree held me like a charm, and a mad whim at last seized me, and in I went, confident that my instinct of comradery would not deceive me, and that at least I had the boon-companion's chance.

The company never even stopped their clamour to look at me; the landlord put a jug at my elbow, and a whang of bread and cheese, and I was joining with an affected gusto in a chorus less than ten minutes after I had been a hunted man on the edge of Moor Rannoch, ready to toss up a bawbee to learn whither my road should be.

It was an orra and remarkable gathering, convened surely by the trickery of a fantastic and vagabond providence, "not a great many, but well picked," as Macgregor the Mottled said of his band of thieves. There were men and women to the number of a score, two or three traveling merchants (as they called themselves, but I think in my mind they were the kind of merchants who bargain with the dead corp on the abandoned battlefield, or follow expeditions of war to glean the spoil from burning homesteads); there were several gangrels, an Irishman with a silver eye, a strolling piper with poor skill of his noble instrument, the fiddler who was a drunken native of the place, a gipsy and his wife and some randy women who had dropped out of the march of Montrose's troops. Over this notable congregation presided the man of the house, none of your fat and genial-looking gentlemen, but a long, lean personage with a lack-lustre eye. You would swear he would dampen the joy of a penny wedding, and yet (such a deceit is the countenance) he was a person of the finest wit and humour, otherwise I daresay Tynree had no such wonderful party in it that night.

I sat by the fire-end and quaffed my ale, no one saying more to me for a little than "There you are!" Well enough they knew my side of the issue—my tartan would tell them that—but wandering bodies have no politics beyond the conviction that the world owes them as easy a living as they can cheat it out of, and they never mentioned war. The landlord's dram was on, and 'twas it I had shared in, and when it was over I pulled out a crown and bought the heartiest goodwill of a score of rogues with some flagons of ale.

A beetle-browed chamber, long, narrow, stifling with the heat of a great fire, its flagged floor at intervals would slap with bare or bauchled feet dancing to a short reel. First one gangrel would sing a verse or two of a Lowland ballant, not very much put out in its sentiment by the presence of the random ladies, then another would pluck a tune upon the Jew's-trump, a chorus would rise like a sudden gust of wind, a jig would shake upon the fiddle. I never saw a more happy crew nor yet one that—judging from the doctrine that thrift and sobriety have their just reward—deserved it less. I thought of poor Master Gordon somewhere dead or alive in or about Dalness, a very pupil of Christ, and yet with a share of His sorrows, with nowhere to lay his head, but it did not bitter me to my company.

By and by the landlord came cannily up to me and whispered in my ear a sort of apology for the rabble of his house.

"You ken, sir," said he in very good English—"you ken yourself what the country's like just now, given over to unending brawl, and I am glad to see good-humoured people about me, even if they are penniless gangrels."

"My own business is war," I acknowledged; "I'll be frank enough to tell you I'm just now making my way to Inneraora as

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well as the weather and the MacDonalds will let me."

He was pleased at my candour, I could see; confidence is a quality that rarely fails of its purpose. He pushed the bottle towards me with the friendliest of gestures, and took the line of the fellow-conspirator.

"Keep your thumb on that,' said he, "I'm not supposed to precognosce every lodger in Tynree upon his politics. I'm off Clan Chattan myself, and not very keen on this quarrel; that's to say, I'll take no side in it, for my trade is feeding folk and not fighting them. Might I be asking if you were of the band of Campbells a corps of MacDonalds were chasing down the way last night?"

I admitted I was.

"I have nothing to do with it," said he, "and I'll do a landlord's duty by any clan coming my way. As for my guests here, they're so pleased to see good order broken in the land and hamlets half-harried that they'll favour any man whose trade is the sword, especially if he's a gentleman," he added. "I'm one myself, though I keep a sort of poor hostel here. I'm a younger son."

We were joined by the gipsy, a bold, tall man, with very black and lambent eyes, hiccoughing with drink, but not by any means drunken, who took out a wallet and insisted on my joining now in his drink. I dare not refuse the courtesy.

"Would you like your fortune spaed, sir?" asked my black friend, twitching his thumb in the direction of his wife, who was leering on me with a friendliness begot of the bottle. The place was full of deafening noises and peat-smoke. Fiddle jigged and pipes snored in the deep notes of debauchery, and the little Jew's-trump twanged between the teeth of a dirty-faced man in a saffron shirt and hodden breeks, wanting jacket or hose, a wizen little old man going around the world living like a poet in realms whereto trump and tipple could readily bring him.

"Spae my fortune!" said I, laughing; "such swatches of the same as I had in the past were of no nature to make me eager to see what was to follow."

"Still and on," said he, "who knows but you may find a wife and a good fortune in a little lurk of the thumb? Jean! Jean! woman," he cried, across the chamber to his callet, and over she came to a very indifferent and dubious client.

I had got my hand read a score of times ere this (for I am of a nature curious and prying), and each time the reading was different, but it did not altogether shake my faith in wise women, so half for the fun of it, I put some silver pieces in the loof of my hand and held it before the woman, the transaction unnoticed by the company. She gave the common harangue to start with. At last, "There's a girl with a child," said she.

"Faith, and she never went to the well with the dish-clout then," said the black man, using a well-known Gaelic proverb, meaning a compliment in his dirty assumption.

"She's in a place of many houses now," went on the woman, busy upon the lines of my hand, "and her mind is taken up with a man in the ranks of Argile."

"That's not reading the hand at all, good wife," said I; "those small facts of life are never written in a line across the loof."

"Jean is no apprentice at the trade," said her man across her shoulder. "She can find a life's history in the space of a hair."

"The man found the woman and the child under a root of fir," said the woman, "and if the man is not very quick to follow her, he may find kinship's courting get the better of a far-off lover's fancy."

"*Dhè!*" said I; "you have your story most pat. And what now, would you say, would be the end of it all—coming to the real business of the palmist, which, I take it, is not to give past history but to forecast fate?"

I'll not deny but I was startled by the woman's tale, for here was Betty and here was MacLachlan out before me as plainly as they were in my own mind day and night since we left Inneraora.

The woman more closely scrutinised my hand, paused a while and seemed surprised herself at its story.

"After all," said she, "the woman is not going to marry the man she loves."

I plucked my hand away with a "Pshaw! what does it matter? If I doubled your fee you would give me the very best fortune in your wit to devise."

The Irishman with the silver eye here jostled a merchant-man, who drew his gully-knife, so that soon there was a fierce quarrel that it took all the landlord's threats and vigour of arm to put an end to. By this time I was becoming tired of my company; now that the spae-wife had planted the seed of distress in my mind, those people were tawdry, unclean, wretched. They were all in rags, foul and smelling; their music was but noise demented. I wondered at myself there in so vicious a company. And Betty—home—love—peace—how all the tribe of them suddenly took up every corner of my mind. Oh! fool, fool, I called myself, to be thinking your half-hearted wooing of the woman had left any fondness behind it. From the beginning you were second in the field, and off the field now—a soldier of a disgraced army, has the cousin not all the chances in the world? He'll be the true friend in trouble, he'll console her loneliness in a sacked burgh town; a woman's affection is so often her reward for simple kindness that he has got her long ago at no greater cost than keeping her company in her lonely hours. And you are but the dreamer, standing off trembling and flushing like a boy when you should be boldly on her cheek, because you dare not think yourself her equal. The father's was the true word: "There's one thing a woman will not abide, that her lover should think lightly either of himself or her."

All that black stream of sorry thought went rushing through me as I sat with an empty jug in my hand in a room that was sounding like a market-place. With a start I wakened up to find the landlord making a buffoon's attempt at a dance in the middle of the floor to the tune of the Jew's-trump, a trans-

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parent trick to restore the good humour of his roysterers, and the black man who had fetched the spae-wife was standing at my side surveying me closely out at the corner of his eyes. I stood to my feet and ganted with great deliberation to pretend I had been half-sleeping. He yawned, too, but with such obvious pretence that I could not but laugh at him; and he smiled knowingly back.

"Well," said he in English, "you'll allow it's a fair imitation, for I never heard that a put-on gant was smittal. I see that you are put about at my wife's fortune; she's a miracle at the business, as I said; she has some secrets of fate I would rather with her than me. But I would swear a man may sometime get the better even of fate if he has a warning of its approach."

"I can scarcely see that by the logic of Porphyrius or Peter Hispanus with the categories, two scholars I studied at Glascow. But you are surely a queer man to be a vagabond at the petticoat-tails of a spae-wife," said I.

"I've had my chance of common life, city and town, and the company of ladies with broidery and camisole and washen faces," he answered, with no hesitation, "and give me the highroad and freedom and the very brute of simplicity. I'm not of these parts. I'm not of the Highlands at all, as you may guess, though I've been in them and through them for many a day. I see you're still vexed about my woman's reading of your palm. It seems to have fitted in with some of your experience."

I confessed her knowledge of my private affairs surprised me, and his black eyes twinkled with humour.

"I'll explain the puzzle for just as much money as you gave her," said he, "and leave you more satisfied at the end than she did. And there's no black art at the bottom of my skill, either."

"Very well," said I: "here's your drink-money; now tell me the trick of it, for trick I suppose it is."

He pocketed the money after a vagabond's spit on the coin for luck, and in twenty words exposed his by-love's device. They had just come from Inneraora two or three days before, and the tale of the Provost's daughter in Strongara had been the talk of the town.

"But how did your wife guess the interest of the lady in a man of Argile's army?" I asked.

"Because she spaed the lady's fortune too," he answered, "and she had to find out in the neighbourhood what it was like to be before she did so; you know that is half the art of the thing."

"Yet your woman's guess that I was the man—that's beyond me!"

"I was struck myself when she out with that," he confessed. "Oh, she's a deep one, Jean! But your manner and tongue betrayed the returned soldier of fortune; of such officers in the ranks of Argile there are not so many that it was risking too much to believe all of them knew the story of the Provost's daughter and your conduct, once she got that length, did the rest."

"And about kinship's courting?" I asked, amazed at the simplicity of the thing.

The man dashed his fee on the board and ordered more liquor.

"Drink up," said he, "and drown care if you're the man my good wife thought you, for faith there's a little fellow from over the loch making himself very snug in the lady's company in your absence."

There was no more drinking for me; the fumes of this wretched company stank in my nostrils and I must be off to be alone with melancholy. Up I got and walked to the door with not fair-good-e'en nor fair-good-day, and I walked through the beginning of a drab disheartening dawn in the direction that I guessed would lead me soonest to Breadalbane. I walked with a mind painfully downcast, and it was not till I reached a little hillock a good distance from the inns at Tynree, a hillock clothed with saugh saplings and conspicuously high over the flat countryside, that I looked about me to see where I was.

(To be continued.)

THE BOOK MART

For Bookreaders, Bookbuyers, and Booksellers.

EASTERN LETTER

New York, September 1, 1898.

August is undoubtedly the dullest month of the year for the retail bookseller, everyone being out of town or too indolent from the warm weather to buy or even read much. This, however, does not apply to the publisher, who is already making shipments for the opening school session, while those having holiday goods are busy preparing and showing to the trade their new lines.

That an early revival of business is expected is indicated by the large additions in all departments of book making as announced for the coming season. The various editions of sixteenmos and twelvemos are almost innumerable and the dealer who undertakes to carry all the different editions will have a store full of these alone. Among the most attractive of the recent series are the Phoenix, Sanspareil, Oakleaf, Ajax, Montauk and American.

Juvenile literature will again be very prominent. It is interesting to note that books for boys are much more numerous than those for girls, and that in fact so far but comparatively few of the latter shown are

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likely to be popular, while of the former it is difficult to make choice. Some of the new titles are *Success against Odds*, by Stoddard; *Two Young Patriots*, by Tomlinson; *The Cruise of the Comet*, by Otis, and *Yule Logs*.

The competition in the teachers' editions of Bibles will again be very severe and it is now possible to get styles and bindings for less than one-half the price formerly paid. The more expensive illustrated editions of standard works are not numerous, but will probably appear later. There are, however, already published and announced for early publication a considerable number of works of travel and biographies of well known men which may be expected to sell readily.

Sales during the month, particularly in the latter portion, have included a good demand for school books for the lower grades, those for the academies and colleges not yet being needed. In this class may be mentioned the noticably increasing call for the *Students' Standard Dictionary*. Library business has also continued brisk and promises to increase in the near future. The principal sales, however, have been in fiction of recent publication and of a popular character, the successes of the spring and early summer continuing to lead in demand, especially *Penelope's Progress*, *Caleb West*, *The Forest Lovers* and *The Pride of Jennico*.

There was a marked falling off in the sales of literature pertaining to war matters, and while a number of new books were published and others are announced, the demand is just at present little above normal. *Yesterdays in the Philippines*, by Joseph Earle, has again been the leading book of this class for the month.

The order of popularity as indicated by sales is somewhat difficult to determine as there are at present no titles in exceptional demand:

Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.

The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50.

Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 2 vols. $2.00.

In His Steps. By Charles M. Sheldon. Paper, 25 cents; cloth, 75 cents.

The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50.

The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. $1.25.

Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25.

The Lost American. By A. C. Gunter. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.25.

The Story of an Untold Love. By P. L. Ford. $1.50.

Evelyn Innes. By George Moore. $1.50.

Silence, and Other Stories. By Mary Wilkins. $1.25.

Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. 2 vols. $2.00.

American Wives and English Husbands. By Gertrude Atherton. $1.50.

WESTERN LETTER

CHICAGO, September 1, 1898.

The end of the war came at an opportune time for autumn business, and August was remarkable for what may be called a revival of expectation. The actual improvement so far, however, has not been very marked, for the month's business scarcely exceeded the average. On the other hand, not even the most sanguine could expect substantial results so soon, it being a well-known fact that the book business is one of the earliest to be affected by depressed or unsettled times, and one of the last to recover, when general trade takes an upward tend. The improvement is coming nevertheless, and this month should show an increase, and prepare the way for a lively holiday season.

Perhaps the apparent slackness of the last few months may be largely accounted for by the scarcity of new publications. Good novels especially have been few in number, even for midsummer. Then, too, when the public reads newspapers as eagerly as they have been read lately there is very little time left for the perusal of books. Yet upon the whole the effect of the war upon trade has not been so depressing as the majority of those best qualified to form an opinion anticipated when it first broke out,—the brilliant and unbroken successes of our arms being undoubtedly responsible for this.

A flood of books upon the war may now be expected, several histories and numerous juveniles being already announced. Most publishers are preparing a war book of some kind or other. This will probably be the feature of the season.

There is a tendency nowadays on the part of publishers to put books of a standard character in uniform bindings. Formerly very little, except non-copyright fiction and popular books in other classes, were treated in this way, but recently several houses have issued the "pick" of the books upon their lists in this shape, with apparently good results. Last year it will be remembered one of the successes of the season was Lippincott's Popular Library, which contained among other things, all the popular German translations of Mrs. Wister, and this season Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company's Ajax Series, in which all the E. P. Roe books appear, is selling by far the best of any of the new lines of the better class of twelvemos.

Not a single new book reached us last month which could be included in a list of the first fifty best selling books, and yet those which led the sales went very well indeed. *Rupert of Hentzau* and *The King's Jackal* were especially popular, while the numbers sold of *The Gadfly* and *Spain in the Nineteenth Century* were astonishingly large, the demand for the last named work not being at all affected, apparently, by the close of the war. *Yesterdays in the Philippines* was in lively demand, and many calls were received for "something on Porto Rico," which could not, unfortunately, be filled satisfactorily.

The following were the best selling books last month, the list varying but little from that of the previous month:

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Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.
The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25.
Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00.
The Gadfly. By E. Voynich. $1.25.
Spain in the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. $2.50.
Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.
Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25.
The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50.
The Choir Invisible. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.
The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50.
The Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson J. Hudson. $1.50.
Yesterdays in the Philippines. By J. E. Stevens. $1.50.
The Hon. Peter Stirling. By Paul L. Ford. $1.50.
Hugh Wynne. By Weir Mitchell. $2.00.
The Girl at Cobhurst. By F. R. Stockton. $1.50.
The Terror. By Félix Gras. $1.50.
The Story of an Untold Love. By Paul L. Ford. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER

LONDON, July 18 to August 20, 1898.

Trade is usually at its lowest ebb during this period, and this has been the case during the month. Nevertheless, there is not much ground for complaint, when taken in comparison with other years. No doubt during the last fortnight it has been too hot even for reading.

The export trade is very brisk; orders for Christmas stock are already coming in freely.

Such books as are being read are as usual six-shilling novels, and the sale of this class of publication has been better than might have been expected. Anthony Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau* leads, and E. T. Fowler's *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* comes next, its popularity having revived. The death of Prince Bismarck caused a slight inquiry for biographies, which lasted a few days only.

Cricket literature is very popular, as can readily be imagined. Gale's *Light Side of Cricket* and Prince Ranjitsinhji's *With Stoddard's Team* and *Jubilee Book of Cricket* are selling freely.

Very little Gladstone literature is now being sold, but the great statesman's *Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture* is in fair demand.

Much attention is now devoted to work on the cultivation of physical strength. Sandow's *Strength and how to Obtain it* is the favourite text-book, and judging from its sales, the next generation should include many a Samson.

Theology is much neglected, at least from the bookseller's point of view. The only book of this class for which there is any marked demand is the Rev. J. E. C. Welldon's *Hope of Immortality*.

The accompanying list of books shows the public taste of the moment, and as might be expected at this season of the year, includes very little serious reading.

Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. By E. T. Fowler. 6s. (Hodder.)
House of Hidden Treasure. By M. Gray. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Silence, etc. By M. E. Wilkins. 6s. (Harper.)
Evelyn Innes. By G. Moore. 6s. (Unwin.)
Romance of the First Consul. By M. Malling. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Dull Miss Archinard. By A. D. Sedgwick. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Via Lucis. By K. Vivaria. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Forest Lovers. By M. Hewlett. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Life is Life, etc. By Zack. 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
The Admiral. By D. Sladen. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Londoners. By R. Hichens. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Meg of the Scarlet Foot. By M. E. Tirebuck. 6s. (Harper.)
Kronstadt. By M. Pemberton. 6s. (Cassell.)
Penelope's Experience in Scotland. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s. (Gay.)
Romance of a Regiment. By J. R. Hutchinson. 6s. (Low.)
Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. H. Ward. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Wooings of Jezebel Pettifer. By H. McFall. 6s. (Richards.)
The Yellow Danger. By M. P. Shiel. 6s. (Richards.)
The Hope of Immortality. By J. E. C. Welldon. 6s. (Seeley.)
Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. By J. K. Jerome. 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett.)
The Light Side of Cricket. By Gale and others. 2s. 6d. (Bowden.)
With Stoddard's Team. By K. S. Ranjitsinhji. 1s. and 2s. (Bowden.)

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

New books in order of demand, as sold between August 1, 1898, and September 1, 1898.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Red Lily. By A. France. $1.50. (Brentano.)
3. Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.50. (Holt.)

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4. Seven Seas. By Kipling. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Letters to an Unknown. By Mérimée. $1.25. (Brentano.)
6. Love of an Obsolete Woman. $1.00. (Fenno.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. The Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
4. The King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribners.)
5. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. American Wives and English Husbands. By Atherton. $1.50. (Dodd, Mead.)

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Terror. By Félix Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Dicky Monteith. By Gallon. 50 cents. (Appleton.)
3. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. In the Sargasso Sea. By Janvier. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. Moriah's Mourning. By Stuart. $1.25. (Harper.)

ATLANTA, GA.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
4. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.
5. Ghosts I have Met. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Penelope's Progress. By K. D. Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. The Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.25. (Macmillan.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
3. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Collections and Recollections. $2.50. (Harper.)
5. Duenna of a Genius. By Francis. $1.50. (Little, Brown & Co.)
6. Yesterdays in the Philippines. By Stevens. $1.50. (Scribners.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Evelyn Innes. By George Moore. $1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Caleb West. By F. H. Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
6. Penelope's Progress. By Kate D. Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
2. The King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. $1.25. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)
3. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00. (The Macmillan Co.)
4. Spain in the Ninteenth Century. By Mrs. E. W. Latimer. $2.50. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)
5. The Gadfly. By E. Voynich. $1.25. (Holt & Co.)
6. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
2. Jessamy Bride. By F. F. Moore. $1.50. (Stone.)
3. Collections and Recollections. By One Who Kept a Diary. $2.50. (Harper.)
4. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Song of the Tzar. By James Graham. $1.25. (Stokes.)
6. The Descendant. By Ellen Glasgow. $1.25. (Harper.)

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Hassan. By Henry Gilman. $2.00. (Little, Brown & Co.)
3. Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Henry Holt & Co.)
4. The Pride of Jennico. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

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5. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Henry Holt.)
6. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.50. (Holt.)
6. The Choir Invisible. By Allen. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Caleb West. By F. H. Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. Rose à Charlitte. By Saunders. $1.50. (L. C. Page & Co.)
5. Ghosts I Have Met. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
4. Yesterdays in th Philippines. By Stevens. $1.50. (Scribner.)
5. Ghosts I Have Met. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper & Bros.)
6. Evelyn Innes. By Moore. $1.50. (Appleton.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
3. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. Sowers. By Merriman. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Jessamy Bride. By Frankfort Moore. $1.50. (Stone.)

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Henry Holt.)
2. Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
4. King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
5. The Terror. By Félix Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Kronstadt. By Pemberton. $1.50. (Appleton.)
3. Simon Dale. By Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Hugh Wynne. By Mitchell. $2.00. (Century.)
5. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Standard Bearer. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Yesterdays in the Philippines. By J. E. Stevens. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Her Ladyship's Elephant. By D. D. Wells. $1.25. (H. Holt & Co.)
3. Rupert of Hentzau. By A. Hope. $1.50. (H. Holt & Co.)
4. In the Sargasso Sea. By T. A. Janvier. $1.50. (Harper.)
6. Helbeck of Bannisdale: By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. The Forest Lovers. By M. Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
2. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
3. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
4. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Auld Lang Syne. By Müller. $2.00. (Scribner.)
6. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Terror. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. The Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. The Valley Path. By Dromgoole. $1.25. (Estes.)
4. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Cross Trails. By Waite. $1.50. (Page.)
6. To Arms. By Balfour. $1.50. (Page.)

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Ghosts I Have Met. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harpers.)
4. An Oregon Boyhood. By Banks. $1.25. (Lee & Shepard.)
5. The Gadfly. Voynich. $1.25. (Holt.)
6. The Terror. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

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3. Simon Dale. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Stokes.)
4. Caleb West. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
6. King's Jackal. By R. H. Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. Hugh Wynne. By S. Weir Mitchell. $2.00. (Century Company.)
2. Caleb West. By F. H. Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
3. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (H. Holt & Co.)
4. Madam of the Ivies. By E. F. Train. $1.25. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)
5. Ghosts I have met. By J. K. Bangs. $1.25. (Harper & Bros.)
6. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. H. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope. $1.50. (Holt.)
2. King's Jackal. By Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
4. Caleb West. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
5. The Gadfly. By Voynich. $1.25. (Holt & Co.)
6. The Terror. By Gras. $1.50. (Appleton.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Smart Set. By Clyde Fitch. $1.00. (H. S. Stone.)
2. The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
3. Pride of Jennico. By Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
4. The Celebrity. By Churchill. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
5. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Caleb West. By Hopkinson Smith. $1.50. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By A. Hope. $1.50. (H. Holt & Co.)
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. H. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
3. The Haunts of Man. By R. W. Chambers. $1.25. (F. A. Stokes.)
4. The Terror. By Félix Gras. $1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)
5. Pride of Jennico. By A. and E. Castle. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Evelyn Innes. By G. Moore. $1.50. (D. Appleton & Co.)

TORONTO, CAN.

1. The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Company.)
2. John Marmaduke. By S. H. Church. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Company.)
3. The Girl at Cobhurst. By Frank Stockton. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25. (The Copp-Clark Company.)
4. *Kronstadt. By Max Pemberton. Paper, 75 cents: cloth, $1.25. (Cassell & Co.)
5. *Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. H. Ward. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25. (Macmillan.)
6. *The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25. (Macmillan.)

TORONTO, CAN.

1. †Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (G. N. Morang.)
2. †The False Chevalier. By W. D. Lightall. $1.50. (Grafton & Sons.)
3. *Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $1.25. (Macmillan.)
4. *Hon. Peter Stirling. By Ford. $1.25. (Hutchinson & Co.)
5. Rose à Charlitte. By Marshall Saunders. $1.50. (L. C. Page Co.)
6. *The Forest Lovers. By Hewlett. $1.25. (Macmillan.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25. (Scribner.)
2. Ye Lyttle Salem Maide. By Mackay. $1.50. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co.)
3. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
4. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)
6. Girl at Cobhurst. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner & Sons.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Yesterdays in the Philippines. By Jos. Earle Stevens. $1.50. (Scribners.)
2. Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
3. The King's Jackal. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.25. (Scribners.)
4. Collections and Recollections. $2.50. (Harpers.)
5. Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. $1.50. (Holt & Co.)
6. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. H. Ward. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are—

1. Rupert of Hentzau. By Hope.
2. Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Ward.
3. The King's Jackal. By Davis.
4. The Pride of Jennico. By Castle.
5. Caleb West. By Smith.
6. { The Gadfly. By Voynich.
   { Penelope's Progress. By Wiggin.

*Colonial edition.
†Canadian edition.

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